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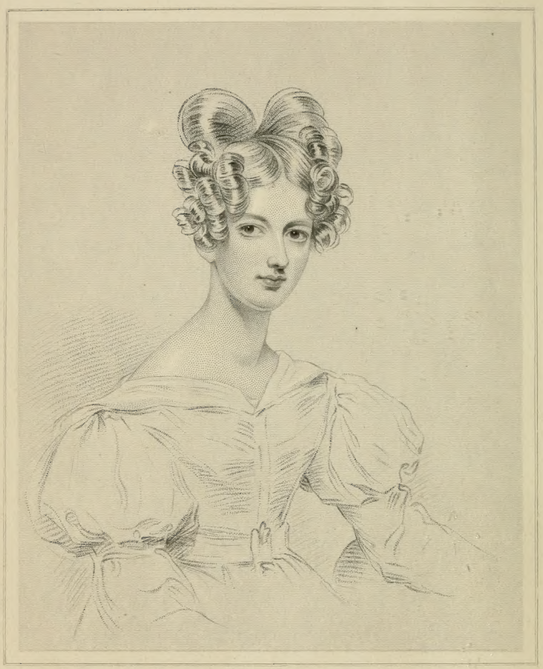

Maria Leycester, 1829.

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MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE

By AUGUSTUS J.ohn C.uthbert HARE

AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN ROME," ETC.

IN TWO VOLS.—I.

FIFTH EDITION.

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PREFACE.

LONG ago, in the first months of her widowhood, these Memorials were begun by my dearest mother, as a Memoir of her husband, and of their common life at Alton. Many old friends of the family then gladly lent their assistance, and came forward with letters and journals which they offered for her use. But in her weak health she was unable to bear the strain of a work so full of conflicting excitements of pleasure and pain, and, after a long effort, she was reluctantly compelled to lay it aside.

Many years after, when, upon the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Julius Hare, the last link was broken with another portion of her sacred past, and when the remembrance of all that Hurstmonceaux Rectory had been, seemed likely to perish with the loving circle of those who had shared its joys and sorrows, my mother again took up the pen she had so long laid aside, and wished to continue her work as a Memorial of the Two Brothers, Augustus and Julius Hare, who were the authors of the "Guesses at Truth." But age and infirmity were already pressing upon her, and she soon became unable to do more than arrange the materials in her hands, and add notes for my guidance as to the form and manner in which she wished them to be applied.

In the last two years of her life she yielded to my earnest wish, that—in carrying on her work if I survived her—I might make her who had been the sunshine of my own life the central figure in the picture. And she then consented to employ the short interval through which she was still spared to bless us, in writing down or dictating many fragments concerning those with whom her earlier life was passed, and who had long since joined the unseen "cloud of witnesses."

My mother had always tried to make the simple experience of her own quiet life as useful to others as it might be, and many who came to visit her had found in her gentle counsel that help and comfort which many books and much learning had failed to inspire. Her own heart was always so filled with thankfulness for the many mercies and blessings of her long life, so grateful to the Power which had upheld, guided, and comforted her, that she was ever filled with an earnest yearning to lead others to establish themselves on the same Rock; and whenever she felt that the story of God's dealings in her own life could lead others to a simpler faith and more entire trust in Him, she never allowed any self-seeking reticence to interfere with this instrumentality. "If I might only be a bridge upon which any Christian might pass over the chasm of doubt and become altogether believing," was her constant feeling, and "Oh, that my past life, which has been so wonderfully blest by God, might be made useful for His service and lead others to more entire trust in Him." And in this feeling, when she was passing away from me, she permitted me, if I thought it could be made useful for others, to uplift the veil of her home life, and allow others to look in upon her private thoughts and meditations, and so endeavour to make them in some degree sharers in the blessing her dear life has been to me.

My mother's existence was so bound up with that of the immediate circle of her beloved ones, especially with that of her husband, her sister, her brother-in-law Julius, and her two sisters-in-law, Lucy and Esther Hare, that the story of her life becomes of necessity that of their lives also, and this I have tried to tell in no words of my own, but in such selections from their common letters and journals as may give the truest picture of what they were.

It has been rightly observed that no real interest can be derived from a memoir which tells less than "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" and thus—while in collecting the fragments which remain from the lives of my loved and lost ones, I am chiefly urged by the desire of making others feel the influence of the sunshine of love which has lighted up my past life—I have striven to make my story no mere eulogy of those of whom I have written, but to give such traits of their living, acting reality as shall present a true portrait to the reader's mind.

"They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

"I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

"O holy hope, and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me
To kindle my cold love."

HOLMHURST, *August*, 1872.

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I.

CHILDHOOD.

> "I begin
> My story early—not misled, I trust,
> By an infirmity of love for days
> Disowned by memory—ere the breath of spring,
> Planting my snowdrops among winter snows."
> WORDSWORTH, *The Prelude.*

ABOUT a mile from the small town of Knutsford in Cheshire, an avenue of elm-trees leads to the pleasant old-fashioned house of Toft. No family but one have ever lived in that house. The family of De Toft claimed direct descent from Gunnora, Duchess of Normandy, grandmother of William the Conqueror, and the first De Toft who settled in England came over to this country with his royal cousin. In 1300, the property passed into the hands of the Leycesters, when its heiress, in the reign of Richard II., married Rafe Leycester, of Tabley, a younger brother of the family who then, as now, occupied the adjoining estate. Until late years the alliances of Cheshire gentry were almost always sought within the limits of "the good old county," and thus, in the time of Charles II., the owner of Toft again married into the family of his neighbour at Tabley, in the person of Eleanor, daughter of Sir Peter

Leycester, the historian, from whom therefore the families of Tabley and Toft are equally descended.

The "Hall" of Toft was built about 1600, on the site of an earlier manor-house, for the chapel of which the Pope had granted an indulgence in 1412. It consists of a central tower with a long, low wing on either side, once of red brick, but long since covered with stucco; and it looks, on one side across the richly wooded Cheshire plain to the rock which is crowned by Beeston Castle, and on the other upon a low-lying park, studded with fine trees, and upon a large pool into which the family threw their wine at the time of the rising of the Stuarts,* and whence it was fished up, not much improved, a hundred years after.

Rafe Leycester of Toft, whose widow was still living in the old family house at the time this story opens, had been the father of thirteen children of very different ages; several of these had died in childhood, others were dispersed by marriage or other causes; but the youngest, Oswald, at that time Vicar of Knutsford, was established at Toft with his mother and his eldest brother George, who was unmarried; and then, and long after, Toft was the centre and rallying-point of the whole family, and beloved and looked upon as one of the dearest and pleasantest of homes to the circle of relations and friends to whom it was ever open. Its very name as well as look cheered the heart and spoke of love and unity. An aged member of the family used to say that she always thought of this family home in reading that verse in Acts iv., "Neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common." It was such a spirit as this which was long manifested in the domestic circle at Toft—what was for the good and enjoyment of one, was also for the others; for all, *meum* and *tuum* was *tuum* and *meum* also.

---

* The family plate and the maids' hoops were at the same time buried under the mangers.

Oswald Leycester had married Miss Mary Johnson, of Timperley; and at Toft, in the family home of many generations, his four children were born: Catherine, April 15, 1791; Edward, Sept. 16, 1794; Charles, March 10, 1796; and Maria, Nov. 22, 1798.

Among the notes which my mother has left concerning her childhood are the following:—

"When I (Maria Leycester) was born, my grandmother Leycester was still living, and the earliest record of my existence was a quaint Cheshire saying of hers on first seeing the new-born babe—'Well, she is hearty fow (very ugly), to be sure.' She died in the following February, at the age of ninety.

"My uncle George, with whom we lived, loved to play with me, and used to put me on the chimney-piece, and then laughed at my terror. When my nurse Sally was ordered to take me away, because I cried at the sight of visitors, he would say, 'Let them see her cry, for they have seen her laugh often enough;' and his question of 'why are your eyes so dirty, Maria?' was one which I fully believed to be founded on fact, and not on the brown colour of my eyes.

"The earliest recollections of my childhood centre around my mother and my nurse Sally. 'The days of my years are now threescore and ten,' but I remember them both perfectly. I have been told that in her earlier days my mother was very pretty, with a very delicate colour in her cheeks. My recollection of her is as very pale, with light blue eyes, rather a long upper lip, and brown curls in 'a front'—as her own hair was shorn close, and she wore a turban of white muslin, and a clear white muslin handkerchief in folds under her gown. She taught me in all my lessons except French, but her weak health and bad headaches often prevented her hearing me, and many a time I had to stand outside her door waiting till I could be heard, which fretted me a good deal. When the lessons went ill, I was sentenced to sit on the staircase till I was good, and the task perfect. I imagine that though my mother was most gentle, she was firm in her management of me. In after years, her successor, Mrs. Oswald Leycester, used to say that when she had suggested my doing something because it would be *pleasant*, my mother appealed to me, 'I think my little girl has a better motive for it; what is it, Mia?' and, 'Because it is *right*,' was my reply.

"My nurse was as passionately fond of me as I was of her. Many years after, when she had married, and had a little boy of her own, she said, 'Oh, Miss Maria, I think I am beginning to love him almost as much as I did you.' She had been very well trained, for she had lived as a girl with my aunt J. at Wilmslow, who was so strict with her servants that she kept a pincushion on which she stuck a pin for every fault they committed, as a reminder. With this, my loving nurse, how well I remember the delight of our walks, on spring evenings, into the Toft fields, to see the young lambs and to pick spring flowers. We had also our gardens in the wood, and my brother Edward had a project of digging through the earth to the other side of the world, which gave us unfailing occupation. He and Charles went to school at Warrington before they went to Eton and Rugby. Their holidays were a joyful time to me, and Edward used to amuse me by taking me on his knee and telling me stories of Sinbad and Ali Baba. The family habit was to dine at three, and to have a hot supper at nine; and on a Sunday evening, when my brothers were at home, we were allowed to sit up to this supper, having first been made to repeat the Church Catechism. When Edward repeated the explanation he had learnt at school, and ended that of the Lord's Prayer by calling its close the 'Doxology,' we looked upon him as a model of wisdom and knowledge. On these Sunday evenings also, when my sister Kitty was at home, she played a sonata of Haydn or Mozart for uncle George's amusement. This she did with great spirit and execution, and she taught me, though I shed many tears over her lessons.

"My stock of childish literature was limited to a very few books. 'Juvenile Travellers,' 'The Robins' (by Mrs. Trimmer), 'Evenings at Home,' 'Perambulations of a Mouse,' 'Dick the Little Pony,' 'Jemima Placid,' and Mrs. Trimmer's Old and New Testament abridgments, with her Roman and Grecian histories, were our whole library, till, by the recommendation of some one, my mother procured me 'Goldsmith's Geography,' 'Scripture Biography,' 'Sacred Dialogues,' and the 'Parent's Assistant,' which last I esteemed a perfect treasure, and read and re-read.

"My great delight was to go to Alderley Park and play with the 'Miss Stanleys'; and it was a joy when, standing by the breakfast-table, I heard it settled that the carriage was to be ordered to go to Alderley, and that I was to be of the party. In these visits to Alderley, one great source of pleasure was in the children's books which were lent me, of which 'Tales of the Genii,' and such like, were the most attractive. When my little friends returned my visits, we had tea under the trees opposite the book-room, and hide-and-seek followed.

"Another happiness of my childhood was derived from the visits of the Ralph Leycesters, who came to Toft every alternate year. Charlotte Leycester and I were inseparable, and for the day before they went away our grief was uncontrollable. I remember vividly the misery of the dreary winter's morning, when little Charlotte came in before daylight to give me a last kiss and say good-bye, before another two years' separation,—and the sad day that followed. We slept in the same room, and many talks we had after we had lain down, ending sometimes with the request, 'When you are asleep, tell me.'

"I had another young companion in the orphan child of my mother's sister, Mrs. Bower, who, on the death of her father, came to live with my mother; but she was less congenial to me, and I was not sorry when she was sent to live under Mrs. Butler's care, by the seaside, where she died before she was grown up.

"One of my father's sisters having married a brother of Lord Stamford, a great intimacy was carried on between the two families, so that we were very intimate with Lord Stamford's daughters—the Ladies Charlotte, Maria, and Jane Grey, of whom the two elder were about my age. One of our amusements was to change our designations. The Ladies Grey thought it as charming to be called 'Miss,' as we did to be styled 'Lady,' and we thus always transferred our titles in our plays.

"The dress of those days was very different to that which children have now. My white frocks were of lawn or Irish cloth, without any work or ornament; and, when I went out, I used to wear a little green-baize coat. My food also was of the simplest kind, consisting principally of buttermilk and potatoes.

"The church at Knutsford which we attended, and of which my father was vicar, was very large and very ugly. The most striking remembrance that I retain of that church is of the Sunday after the news of Nelson's death, when every one appeared in the appointed mourning, with scarlet and black ribbons.

"Great events in the annals of our Toft life were the periodical visits of my father's cousin, Lady Penrhyn, who was prepared for as if she had been the queen; and she arrived with six horses, and always drove to church with this state. Having no children herself, she had no love for them, and in her visits we were always kept out of the way; but I amused myself by imitating her pomposity, and strutting about saying, 'Now I am milady Penrhyn.'

"When my sister returned from school, in 1806, she began to educate herself, and a little dressing-room out of our bedroom was furnished with a bookcase and bureau, where she read and wrote; and, in imitation of her, I also set up a little table with my books and writing things, where I prepared my lessons, which she taught me from that time.

"In 1809 my sister accompanied Mrs. Stanley (afterwards Lady Maria) to London, and I was then sent to a small school kept by Mrs. Butler, a widow lady, who had been governess to the Alderley children. She lived at Leighton Cottage, a pretty picturesque house, near Parkgate, and situated in a lane leading up from the sea-beach to some fields and a barn, which was the scene of our plays. Along the side of this lane flowed a clear brook, and there I first learnt my love of wild flowers,—cranesbill, speedwell, and forget-me-nots. Two of the Stanleys were my companions here, and many other girls. We were all devoted to Mrs. Butler, who wished us all to be like her own children, and we thought it the highest privilege when our turn came for a walk with her, or to have a private talk in her room.

"In 1806 my father's old college friend, Sir Corbet Corbet, had presented him to the living of Stoke-upon-Terne, but we only passed the summer months there for the first two years, when my uncle George always accompanied us. This dear uncle of my childhood used to say that he did not see why we should pray against 'sudden death,' he thought it so desirable to avoid a long illness, and in 1809 he was found dead in his bed at Cheltenham, whither he had gone for his health. Upon this, my father resigned the living of Knutsford, and we went to live altogether at Stoke, and my uncle Ralph Leycester, with his children and grandchildren, came to reside at Toft.

"On the 8th of May, 1810, my sister was married in Stoke Church to Edward Stanley, Rector of Alderley. Upon her marriage I left Leighton Cottage, and until my mother's death I remained at home. My father gave me lessons in—it must be confessed—*bad* French and Italian, but it was my sister who still directed my studies by letter, constantly sending me questions on the books which I read, and expecting me to write her the answers. In this way I in a certain sense conducted my own education, and much did I enjoy these studies. Sometimes they were carried on in a little bathing-house on an island in the river Terne, which had been given to me as a possession to plant as I liked with primroses, violets, and snowdrops, and which was a great delight.

"Edward Stanley was to me the kindest of brothers, and great was the amusement he gave by the playful verses he wrote to please me, especially those on the death of one of my black bantams. These bantams were given to me by Lady Corbet, and were fed after breakfast from the dining-room windows: it was the time when Bonaparte's name was held up in terror to every one, so that when two of the cocks fought the hens, they were named Bonaparte and the King of Rome.

"A rival with Edward Stanley in my affections, as well as in his fun and humour, was my dear uncle, Hugh

Leycester. He was, both with his brothers and nieces, the great favourite of the family—his knowledge and kindness, his generosity and affection, his wit and anecdotes, alike conducing to render him beloved. The only fault which people could find in him was his violent political zeal and Tory partisanship, which made him intolerant of any opposition on these subjects. He had been an intimate personal friend both of Pitt and Perceval, and the sudden death of the latter was a great grief to him. In the later years of his life he was quite deaf, and we could only communicate with him by writing on a slate; but he continued his lively interest in us all, and after they were too infirm to meet, he kept up a witty daily correspondence with his old friend, Mr. Jekyll, who was his next neighbour in New Street, Spring Gardens.

"Another constant visitor at Stoke was our dear cousin, Eliza White, who often passed many months with us at a time, and who always made herself most pleasant to us all. Often did I sit on a little stool at her feet, pouring out all my childish joys and sorrows, and receiving her counsel.

"As I had no companion, I always accompanied my parents in their visits. Those to Sir Corbet Corbet, at Adderley, were always a great pleasure. Lady Corbet was most amusing. Every morning after breakfast she put on a gardening dress, and with a bunch of keys, knife, &c., at her side, sallied forth to make the round of her stable yard, poultry yard, pigstyes, and gardens, and I thought it a great treat to go with her. Then in the evening she would read to us out of her Italian journals, and my first longings to see Rome came from this source. The house was filled with pictures by old masters, and over the drawing-room chimneypiece was a very beautiful bas-relief of the Nine Muses. The only drawback to the pleasure of Adderley lay in the early dinners at three o'clock, and Sir Corbet's impatience of any unpunctuality; when he was fidgety, Lady Corbet used to call him 'Sir Crab.'

"The autumn of 1811, which was one of several we spent at Penrhyn Castle, was most delightful, as Edward and I enjoyed it together, riding on Welsh ponies to the different mountains and waterfalls. How enchanting were the morning walks to the bathing-house; how pleasant the picnic expeditions to Ogwen Bank, with its waterfalls and garden seats shaped like mushrooms! Then also there were visits to the slate quarries, and the sight of all the different kinds of slate, called 'Duchesses, Countesses,' &c. In the afternoons, after dinner, we used to walk to Pennysinnant, an ornamented farmhouse, to see the poultry yard, on which occasions I gave great offence to Lady Penrhyn, by admiring the sight of the mountains more than her poultry, and she used to complain of it to my mother. She was very formal and stately, and we were greatly afraid of her, and many a hard gallop home did Edward and I have upon our ponies, to be in time for the early dinner, for fear of the scolding which should await us. Lady Penrhyn had three pugs, very ugly, and always dressed in little scarlet bonnets and cloaks. When she was in London, in her house in Grosvenor Square, they used to be taken out thus attired to walk in the square, with a footman to attend them. She left them each an annuity when she died, and they lived an immense time. Once, in Lord Penrhyn's time, when she and Lord P. were driving in their coach and six, through the streets of Northwich, the pugs were looking out of the windows, and the bystanders, mistaking their species, exclaimed, 'Eh! milord and milady are mighty fine, but their children are hearty fow.'

"On our way to and from Penrhyn Castle, we used to visit the Ladies of Llangollen. They were dressed in men's hats and cloth habits, with powdered hair. Lady Eleanor Butler was short and fat, but Miss Ponsonby was tall and thin, and used often to be supposed to be a man in disguise. They had a romantic attachment for each other, and had forsaken their own family to be more entirely together, but though professing to lead a recluse life, few people could see more of the world, and their correspondence was with royalties and nobility of all nations. Their cottage was filled with *oggetti* of every kind, chiefly presents they had received, and it had coloured glass windows and carved oak furniture. It was they who first told Lady Penrhyn that my handsome brother Edward was like her, and it is said they thus gave her the first idea of making him her heir; but I believe that which really made her do so was her amusement when her young cousin in riding home had not enough money left to pay a turnpike gate, and was obliged to leave his handkerchief in pawn with the toll-collector.

"In July, 1812, my dear mother had a paralytic stroke. Though the immediate danger was averted, she was unable to do anything, or to speak clearly from that time. Every night I used to read to her, and kneel by her bedside to pray before going to bed. She had gradually been regaining her lost powers, could read a few lines, and had begun to knit some socks for her little grandchild, Owen Stanley, when, on October 12, we were waked in the night by her having another seizure, and on the following afternoon her spirit passed away. It was my first affliction, and a very great one. On the day of her burial, I saw the procession from my bedroom window, and realised the lines which I had long been familiar with in Cowper's Poem on his mother's picture :—

> 'I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
> I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,' &c.

My brothers were my chief comforters, and we all tried to soothe our father's grief.

"I do not remember ever hearing the slightest cross or angry word pass my mother's lips. She preferred everybody's opinion before her own, and thought no good office too trivial for her performance. She seemed only able to see the good in others, and was ever willing to make allowance for their faults. To the poor she was most kind and charitable, working for them herself with the greatest diligence, and assisting them in every way. To those who had displeased her she was always forgiving, and she never would show any impatience against them, but would reprove them mildly and gently, and during her illness she was always satisfied and grateful for all that was done for her. My brother Edward wrote some lines after her death, which I will insert here:—

'If filial love could animate the clay,
Or bid the flitting soul resume its sway,
Say, could I wish reversed the mournful doom
Which laid my mother in the silent tomb?
No; while with moistened cheek and downcast eye
I heave in selfish grief the bitter sigh,
Still let me own that lenient was the blow
Which put the period to a mother's woe,
Which bid disease and pain for ever cease,
And whispered, e'en in death, eternal peace.'"

Her mother's death was perhaps the first event which led Maria Leycester, young as she was, to seek the highest source of comfort, and to endeavour to make her life useful and helpful to others. An old yellow fragment of paper still exists on which she poured forth her soul in prayer in the first burst of sorrow.

"*Oct.* 14, 1812.—Oh! most holy and merciful God, now in this time of affliction I call unto thee. Oh! forsake me not—give me strength and fortitude to bear this great trial with resignation to thy divine will. Oh! comfort and support my afflicted parent and his motherless children; make us sensible of the justice and wisdom of all thy decrees; and in thinking of and admiring *her* virtues, may we endeavour to imitate them, and become, as we hope and trust she is, partakers of thy everlasting kingdom. Oh! enable me to be a support and blessing to my dear father, may I make it the business of my life to console and comfort him, and may I never give myself up to my own selfish pleasures, but consider him in all my actions. I am deprived of the dear and excellent mother who has been the guide and protector of my youth. Oh! may I always act as she would wish me to do if she were present, and may I look for that motherly protection (of which I am bereft here on earth) to my heavenly Father. Direct and guide my steps in the paths of wisdom and virtue, make me sensible of the uncertainty of human life, and grant that I may be prepared for death whenever it shall arrive. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord'—'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' Amen."

From the many letters which were written by Mrs. Stanley for the instruction of her young sister, the insertion of the following may not be deemed superfluous:—

C. S. *to* M. L.

"*July* 28, 1809.—The first and great object of your reading should be to improve your own knowledge, and thereby enlarge your mind and give you a guide in the most important duties of life, by furnishing you with the opinions and examples of others, and by enabling you to form opinions for yourself. When you sit down to your book, then, consider that you are not taking it up to amuse and pass away the present hour, but to give you some information you have not had before, to acquire some new ideas, or perhaps to see some of your own ideas put in a better form than you would have been able to put them yourself. 'There are many who read with constancy and diligence, and yet make no true advancement in knowledge. They are deluded with the notions and things they read of as they would be with stories that are told, but they make no observations upon them, learn nothing from them, their eyes glide over the pages or the words over their ears, like the shadows of a cloud flying over a green field in a summer's day.' If, when you have shut your book, you have also shut your mind; if you never call yourself to account for what you have been reading and learning, if you skim over the pages and read only those parts which can amuse or divert your mind at the time, without bestowing one thought upon it afterwards, though you read every day and all day, you will have made no improvement in any way, and would have been doing almost as much in counting the grains of sand upon the sea-shore could that have been any amusement to you, though you would probably be shocked at the idea of so wasting your time. Books of amusement —mere amusement—are naturally pleasing and alluring at your age, and indeed at any age, and, with a disposition and desire to improve as well as amuse yourself, there is no book of mere amusement, unless it be very silly indeed, from which you may not gain something; and, even in a silly book, you may exercise your judgment by finding out what is foolish, and how it would have been better otherwise. What I mean to impress upon your mind is that you are not to fancy yourself fond of improving yourself merely because you are fond of reading, for reading, without observation while you are reading, and reflection afterwards upon what you have read, is, as I have said before, little better than loss of time.

"I wish you to write down your observations and remarks upon every book you read, of whatever kind it is, in your MS. book. Put down in it the pages which have particularly pleased or interested you, or those which have given you any new ideas, if you think the subject sufficiently important to be remembered and fully understood, which a little consideration will soon enable you to judge of;—give a short account of the contents of the book, or the contents of any part of it which you have especially liked. Any book that is worth your reading is worth these pains, for your own experience will tell you that you have but a faint recollection of the books you read a year, or even half a year ago,—at least, if you were called upon to give an opinion about them, and point out any parts you liked or disliked, though you might have a general idea of whether the book on the whole pleased you, and of the general nature of its contents, its details will completely have faded from your remembrance, and you would be unable to give any opinion concerning it, or to recall any observations which occurred to you while reading it. What I have been recommending to you will obviate this entirely; you will have your opinions of books in their first clearness and freshness to refer to, besides having them more deeply imprinted on your memory by the very act of writing them down and thinking about them more than you would otherwise have done.

"You are now in a progressive state of improvement; every year makes a more sensible and perceptible difference in your powers of mind *now* than perhaps it will do some few years hence; if you would look back even into the *last* year of your life, into all your feelings and thoughts for one day, you would probably be surprised to find them so different from what they are now, and you would wonder what pleasure you could take in things which then appeared to you the height of happiness, and how you could be so stupid as to find no pleasure in things you now delight in. And in future years, when you look back upon your present enjoyments, you will be able more accurately to estimate your advance in knowledge, &c., by having a few of the remarks and ideas of different periods of life to refer to, than by any other means I can think of. Do not let your observations be confined to the things you particularly *like;* mark also those passages you do not understand, either to have them explained by some abler head than your own, or that you may explain them yourself *to* yourself at some more advanced period of knowledge. A few books read in this way, I need hardly tell you, will be of more service than a whole library swallowed as children usually swallow books —*whole*, without either chewing or digesting them, so as to render them serviceable to the general welfare of the mind. You are not too young to begin this, because the moment you can know and feel that you have a mind capable of improvement, it becomes your duty to improve it to the utmost extent of that capability." . . . .

In the spring following her mother's death, Maria Leycester paid her first visit, with her cousins, the Ralph Leycesters, to London, where she had the benefit of masters. After the summer holidays, she returned for a time to the care of Mrs. Butler, but came to live at home again upon her father's second marriage, in June, 1814, to Eliza White, the beloved cousin of his first wife. The news of his engagement was a source of unmixed joy to his daughter Maria, to whom the friend of her childhood became thus a constant companion ; and her warm reception of her stepmother was never forgotten by Mrs. Oswald Leycester, who, while fulfilling to the utmost a mother's duties towards all her husband's children, reserved the principal warmth of her affection for his youngest daughter.

Miss White *to* M. L.

"*May* 27, 1814.—You have gratified every feeling of my heart, my dear Maria, by your reception of the news of our future relationship, and I would not even have dispensed with your *tears* on the occasion. They were a just and feeling tribute of affection to the memory of her who so well deserved our love, and whose example will, I trust, through life, have an influence over both your character and mine. With my best ability I will strive *to be* what she *was* both to your father and her children—most particularly to you and Charles, as the only two about whom she was wont to express anxiety.

"On the 14th of next month the gig will be sent to fetch you to Stoke, where I hope you will be in readiness to receive me on the 27th. I have been so accustomed to see there so many dear faces brighten up on my arrival, so many kind hands extended to welcome me, that I confess I sickened at the thought of taking possession only of empty apartments. My dear Maria will in that moment seem all the world to me, for she will appear to me as the dear representative of her most dear mother. . . I wish you to be to me only what you have been ever since you could distinguish right from wrong. The terms 'authority' and 'obedience' must not be known or felt among us ; we must live together as persons united for life in the bonds of mutual affection and social interest, each seeking to live for the happiness of the other, and striving to banish every selfish consideration . . . God bless you, my own little Maria."

II.

STOKE, ALDERLEY, AND HODNET.

"La jeunesse devait être une caisse d'épargne."
MADAME SWETCHINE.

"This life which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air,
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath."
WILLIAM DRUMMOND, 1585—1649.

THE great interest and pleasure of my mother's early home life came from Hodnet, two miles from her father's rectory, where Reginald Heber held the living. Her first acquaintance with the Hebers began through her constantly walking across the heath from Stoke to the afternoon Sunday service, to hear him preach. From frequently seeing her at church, the Reginald Hebers began to invite her to pass Sunday with them; and the intimacy thus engendered increased till scarcely a day passed, part of which was not spent at Hodnet—Maria Leycester joining the Hebers in their afternoon rides through the delightful glades of Hawkestone, and remaining to dinner; while, in the evenings, Mr. Heber would read aloud, poetry, or Walter Scott's newly published novels, "Waverley," "Guy

Mannering," and "Ivanhoe," which, for several years, while their authorship remained a mystery, were generally attributed to Richard Heber, the rector's elder brother. In 1817, Miss Leycester spent her mornings also at Hodnet, where, when she wished to learn German in preparation for a foreign tour, Mr. Heber offered to become her instructor. At the same time, he frequently wrote songs to suit her music, as he greatly delighted in her playing and singing. His little poem, "I see them on their Winding Way," was written thus in October, 1820.

Nor was it only by lessons in literature that Reginald Heber instructed his pupil. No one could live constantly within the influence of his cheerful active life, devoted, either at home or amongst his parishioners, to the good of others, yet with the most entire unostentation, without praying that his mantle might fall upon them. "In no scene of his life, perhaps," wrote Mr. Blunt, "did his character appear in greater beauty than while he was living here, 'seeing God's blessings spring out of his mother earth, and eating his own bread in peace and privacy.' His talents might have made him proud, but he was humble-minded as a child—eager to call forth the intellectual stores of others, rather than to display his own,—arguing without dogmatism, and convincing without triumph,—equally willing to reason with the wise, or to take a share in the innocent gaieties of a winter's fireside; for it was no part of his creed that all innocent mirth ought to be banished from the purlieus of a good man's dwelling; or that he is called upon to abstract himself from the refinements and civilities of life, as if sitting to Teniers for a picture of the Temptations of St.

Anthony. The attentions he received might have made him selfish, but his own inclination was ever the last he consulted; indeed, of all the features in his character, this was, perhaps, the most prominent—that in him *self* did not seem to be denied, to be mortified, but to be forgotten. His love of letters might have made him an inactive parish priest, but he was daily amongst his parishioners, advising them in difficulties, comforting them in distress, kneeling, often to the hazard of his own life, by their sick-beds; exhorting, encouraging, reproving as he saw need; when there was strife, the peacemaker; when there was want, the cheerful giver. Yet, in all this, there was no parade, no effort, apparently not the smallest consciousness that his conduct differed from that of other men—his duty seemed to be his delight, his piety an instinct. Many a good deed done by him in secret only came to light when he had been removed far away, and but for that removal would have been for ever hid; many an instance of benevolent interference when it was least suspected, and of delicate attention towards those whose humble rank in life is too often thought to exempt their superiors from all need of mingling courtesy with kindness. That he was sometimes deceived in his favourable estimate of mankind, it would be vain to deny; such a guileless, confiding, unsuspicious singleness of heart as his, cannot always be proof against cunning. But if he had not this worldly knowledge, he wanted it perhaps in common with most men of genius and virtue; the 'wisdom of the serpent' was almost the only wisdom in which he did not abound."*

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* *Quarterly Review*, 1827.

The following extracts from letters give some glimpses into Maria Leycester's home-life during these years of her youth:—

M. L. *to* MISS HIBBERT.

"*Oct.* 18, 1816.—I want sadly to know all you have been doing and seeing since the luckless day that bore me away from happy, happy Alderley. I only permit myself as a relaxation, as an amusement, to think of the six happy weeks at Alderley, when I have been very industrious . . in short, you do not know the pleasure I have in it.

"Part of last week we spent at Adderley, Sir Corbet Corbet's—the most comfortable, enjoyable house imaginable, and Lady Corbet the most agreeable woman, with a constant fund of anecdote and entertainment, and never-failing good spirits, which are surprising at her age, for I think she is above seventy."

"*Nov.* 22, 1816.—Did you ever read Foster's 'Essays.' E. Stanley gave them to me three years ago, and Kitty recommended me to delay reading them for some time. I scrupulously followed her advice, and looked at them with an envious eye every day till the present moment arrived, when I thought, that as a recompense for being eighteen, I might allow myself to open the tantalizing book. Oh that you were here, that I might show you passage after passage as it delights me; the thoughts are sometimes so exceedingly ingenious, the sentiments so exactly what one has thought oneself a hundred times, without being able to clothe them in the same language."

"*May* 24, 1817.—I have just spent two delightful days at Hodnet rectory. Oh, the charms of a rectory inhabited by a Reginald Heber, or an Edward Stanley! To be sure, splendour and luxury sink into the ground before such *real* happiness. . . . . I do not think I ever before enjoyed the beauties of nature as much as I have done this spring, and you cannot imagine how interesting my solitary rides are made by the varieties of light and shade—the lightness and elegance of the newly come-out trees, backed by magnificent black or purple clouds, and the various pretty bits that strike my fancy. I attribute one cause of my increased pleasure to the having learnt to colour. A hundred beautifully tinted cottages, or trees, or mossy rocks which I never remarked before, now give me much pleasure, just as I felt before that the knowledge of drawing itself made me find out many picturesque things which my natural taste would not have discovered."

"*June* 2, 1817.—We have had the Stanleys here for ten delightful days, for two of which we all adjourned to Hodnet, and were extremely happy there. The evenings were perfectly delightful. We drank tea out of doors, and after tea, Edward Penrhyn* and I generally walked about till eleven o'clock. You have sometimes, I believe, heard me talk of his perfections, and yet, vain as you may have thought me then, I believe now, that I never knew him perfectly till this time."

"*June* 7, 1817.—I have spent a very agreeable week; but you will not be very much surprised when you learn that two of the days we had the Reginald Hebers here, and the rest I spent at Alderley. I never saw, or rather heard Mr. Reginald Heber so agreeable, though, indeed, I always say this of the last time of seeing him; but really, his stories are quite inexhaustible—the more he tells, the more he seems to have to tell. His brother, Mr. Heber, was here likewise one day, and was very agreeable too; but not so loveable as Reginald. How happy I am to be able to say I *love* him! I may thank *Mrs*. R. H. for that. I dine with them on Saturday, that I may ride with them in the evening, and in short, I see them continually."

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* Edward Leycester took the name of Penrhyn with the fortune of his father's cousin, Lady Penrhyn, upon her death.

"*June* 12.—Do you wish to have the overflowings of my happiness? Well, then, you shall be satisfied. After waiting in anxious expectation from five o'clock—hearing six strike—then seven—just meaning to go to dress—just trying to persuade my sanguine hopes that they would not come—the rattling wheels of a hack-chaise were heard, and the two dear faces of my two dear brothers presented themselves. . . . . You may imagine how I enjoy such companions after my solitude."

"*June* 14.—A most delightful evening with the Hebers—Reginald reading and reciting verses, and telling various entertaining stories. Among others, he mentioned that a letter had lately been received at the post-office directed 'To my son,' and great was the difficulty as to whom the letter should be delivered, till a sailor solved it by asking if there was a letter 'from my mother,' when it was given up to him at once. Late in the evening he recited a poem of Coleridge's—'The Ancient Mariner.'"

A letter from Mrs. Stanley at this time presents an idea of the happy relationship which existed between the sisters:—

"*Alderley, Dec.* 4, 1817.—Your letter was just what I meant to draw forth by a little sentence in my last, and I know you so well that I was pretty sure such would be the effect, and that is one great charm of perfect acquaintance and confidence in character—the certainty that everything will tell, and that there will be a certain rebound, and that there are no hidden irregularities or *unsoundnesses* to make that rebound a false one, or, to speak more plainly, that there is the certainty that one mind will feel in reading exactly what the other felt in writing; and perhaps it is necessary to have more experience than can or ought to be had at nineteen of the inconceivable bizarreries of human character, which so often interfere with this kind of confidence, to make this certainty sufficiently valued. I have often thought with you that we have not made use enough of this mutual advantage. I believe it is on the principle that very different people often make the best companions and friends—that there is a certain difference of conformation necessary to give variety and piquancy to conversation, and that the interchange of thought is more interesting when things are seen under different aspects—and that we should not do to live together literally because we are too much alike, so that it would be like talking to oneself, and our faults would meet with no counterbalance to check them.

"However, we have friends enough, and different enough, to secure us from all dangers of this sort, and I think we may find advantages enough in our similarity to do away all apprehension of not being the greatest mutual pleasure and comfort to each other all through life. I think I was two years older than you at nineteen, that is to say, the thoughts which are passing through your mind now probably went through mine at seventeen—the different circumstances which called me so much sooner from my state of childhood to take my part in life being probably the cause of this earlier development, which I apprehend that all minds which are minds feel sooner or later. I do not think there is any advantage in this; rather the contrary; we are sure to grow older, mind and body, sooner than we wish, and so the longer we can keep to the earlier stages the better. Then I used to read Miss Hamilton and Akenside as you do, and I delighted in the latter; but now I look back to my old marks, and find many blemishes to take away some of the delight, and I find that the taste becomes more nice and refined, and that many things which appeared insipid then, as a very beautiful Claude Lorraine picture would to an ignorant eye, strike me now from their harmony, just proportion, delicate touches, &c., which are overlooked when the mind is seeking for vivid impressions, strong feelings, &c. You are not much given to romance or imagination, therefore there is no necessity to guard against any excesses of this kind, and I would rather talk with you of what I was then than what I may be now, not to forestall those observations and improvements and changes which are good for nothing, unless they are worked out in a regular course of operation by the mind itself. I would always rather that you expressed the feeling and opinion first, and left me to say that I had thought and felt so before you, than that I should tell you what had been my case, and then that you should find out yourself in it, for there is always a danger of spoiling the originality of thought and character in any degree of following after another; and so I would have you rather encourage than check any thought which may happen to rise different from mine. Trust implicitly to your own heart to inform you whether I shall ever be tired of reading all you can write about yourself. I should be more interested in it than any other subject, even if you were not my sister, but being as it is!—"

In May, 1818, the Edward Stanleys decided on accompanying the family from Stoke in a long continental tour, but their departure was considerably delayed by an accident which befell old Mr. Hugh Leycester, who broke his arm by falling down-stairs, on coming out of the opera-house. While he was being nursed in London, his niece Maria remained at Privy Gardens with her friends the Stanleys, and much enjoyed seeing many people of whom hitherto she had only heard, but especially making the personal acquaintance of Lady Maria Stanley's niece, Miss Clinton, with whom she was ever afterwards united in the closest bonds of affection.

The family tour lasted more than five months, in which they visited a great part of France, the north of Italy, Switzerland, and the Rhine, Mr. Penrhyn joining the party in Switzerland.

M. L. *to* L. A. S. (LUCY ANNE STANLEY).

"*Paris, June* 14, 1818.—We left Calais with four horses, which in England would be considered as far below the rank of cart-horses, harnessed together with ropes, which, being extremely loose, gave them the opportunity of going one to one side of the road, the other to the other, *ad libitum*, whilst the sole office of the postillions seemed to be to crack their whips over their own heads, making a noise I never heard equalled by anything before. But this, amusing as it was, was nothing compared with the excessive drollery of the postillions themselves—their powdered heads and long pigtails, and their jack-boots. Of these last no description can give an adequate idea; one little fellow, who with some difficulty had got into them, no sooner attempted to walk than over he went, jack-boots and all, and had a fine roll. . . . . Here all is new, all is amusing: one hears and reads of all the things, but it is astonishing how little impression it makes on one. I have felt surprised with many things, and only remembered afterwards that I have known them before. I expected to have a fine view of Paris, or at least some intimation of it before arriving; but no, we went on through avenues and corn-fields, close to Montmartre, up one hill and down another, expecting each to give us a view of the town, but no sign of a great capital appeared till we got close to the first gate, and entered in a moment upon high houses and long streets, in which the lamps suspended across, and the large gutters down the middle, give the first different appearance from London. We arrived at a place looking like a prison, with one large door, heavy and massy, and windows barred doubly and trebly with iron. The outside of a hotel is not inviting, but inside is a grand court, and our rooms are handsome. . . . . This morning, Sunday, we have been to the Chapelle Royale; the squeezing almost intolerable, first lifted up, then pushed down, sideways, forwards, threatened with broken arms and legs; and after all, by peeping over and under some dozens of heads, and standing on tiptoes leaning against a pillar, contrived to see the fat but not unpleasing Louis XVIII., the Duc and Duchesse de Berri and the Comte d'Artois, with all their old courtiers, in their bag wigs and swords and lace ruffles. . . . We have also been to Malmaison. Little remains of the interesting Josephine but the saloon where she lived, a most delightful room, filled with pictures still, though all the statues are gone, and with her tiny chapel at one end, deprived of all its ornaments, nothing remaining but her little altar. But though the house has suffered from those who have succeeded her in the possession of it, the grounds are all most wild and beautiful: in the middle of them is a little temple dedicated to Cupid, than the situation of which you can imagine nothing more delicious, close to a pretty rivulet, the banks of which are covered with the most flourishing rhododendrons and azaleas, and quantities of beautiful flowers, which seem to grow quite wild. . . . . French people in general seem much more ready to talk of the Emperor and Empress than of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. It is a curious specimen of French character that during the bloody days of the Revolution, when numbers were every day guillotined, a mock guillotine was placed at the corner of most of the streets, and as fast as real heads were chopped off in one part of the town, Punch was guillotined in ridicule in another.

"*June* 8.—One cannot much wonder that the French should regret Bonaparte. There is hardly a part of the town, which is very handsome, of which we are not told 'l'Empereur l'a fait,' and the only parts which want anything are those which are despoiled of what he placed there. . . . St. Cloud is enchanting, and one cannot imagine how Louis XVIII. can prefer the gloomy Tuileries to this delightful spot, where his rooms open on fine lawns and groves of trees down to the banks of the Seine; yet it is with the greatest difficulty that he can be persuaded to leave Paris *whilst his chimneys are swept.*

"*Milan, July* 17.—Here we are really in Italy, hearing the sweet sounds of the Italian tongue, and having been introduced to Italian roofs and to lovely Italian vineyards, hung in festoons like the wreaths of a grand festival. . . . The sun had set when we reached the Lake of Como, but its rays still illumined all the mountains, which rise abruptly from the water. There was a gentle swell; the splashing of the oars and the rippling of the waves was the only sound heard. Some of the mountains gradually assumed the dark shades of twilight, whilst others were still tinged with the last rays of the sun. In this delightful scene imagine a moon more clear, more beautiful than any you ever saw, rising in a sky of the most lovely blue, and reflecting its silver light far upon the lake. You would be quite enchanted with the moons of Italy; the sky and atmosphere are so excessively clear, the deep blue makes the moon still more beautiful, and in the lake one side is most brilliantly illuminated, whilst the other remains in darkness."

M. L. *to* Miss Hibbert.

"*Stoke, Oct.* 20, 1818.—After an absence of nearly six months, a return to one's home is not at all disagreeable. For the first day I could hardly fancy where I was, and now that I find out that I am really at Stoke, I begin to fancy all that I have seen a delightful dream—too delightful to have been true. When I left Stoke I left it full of hopes and expectations which have been more than fulfilled and surpassed; not a cloud has obscured the bright sunshine of a tour the most delightful that could be taken, and to me infinitely endeared by being enjoyed with the two people I love best—my sister and Edward Penrhyn. In short, I cannot imagine it possible for any one to enjoy more perfect happiness than I have done for the last six months—'les plus beaux de ma vie.' It is well that you are away from me, or your ears would be perfectly stunned with the never-ceasing Ranz des Vaches or Tyrolean airs echoed through the house, and your eyes would be quite wearied in always seeing Switzerland, Italy, or the Rhine on my table in the form of sketches and journals.

"*Nov.* 12.—I am still wild about the Ranz des Vaches. Every day sees me at the top of the field making the air resound with the *calling of my cows*, but they answer not to my call; no little bell tinkles as they feed on their green pastures, and it is a most extended stretch of my imagination to transform the flooded meadows into a beautiful lake, the wooden barns into Alpine châlets, and the pointed clouds into snowy Alps; but still the remembrance is there, and how dear, how delightful it is to me!

"*Dec.* 14, 1818.—My brothers and I have had such a pleasant visit at Hodnet! There were only Mr. and Mrs. R. Heber, Mr. Heber, and Mr. Augustus Hare there. The latter is the oddest and most agreeable person I have seen for a very long time—very clever and enthusiastic, but quite unlike other people, which is a relief sometimes, for everyday people are so common in this world. I was very happy in reading some of my German with the dear Reginald, and found myself infinitely advanced since the last time I read with him."

"*March* 25, 1819.—There is something in the feel and appearance of a bright sunny spring day which makes one feel pleased with everybody and everything in spite of oneself. It gives an elastic spring to one's feelings, which is very delightful, and the sun seems to light upon the bright side of every prospect and recollection, and to leave in oblivion every less pleasing part. I have been spending two whole days with the Reginald Hebers; he was very, very delightful, and our evenings were most snug and comfortable. Reginald Heber made songs for us as fast as we could sing them."

"*Alderley Rectory*, *May* 10, 1819.—We live here in such perfect retirement and tranquillity that it is more like Stoke than Alderley, and I enjoy excessively the exemption from all interruption to the happiness of my life here. I believe you will not have any difficulty in imagining how great that happiness is, in the society of two people that one loves excessively, with children that are as interesting to one as if they were one's own, and with all the luxury of delicious spring weather in beech woods and green fields. I would defy you to tantalize me with the greatest temptations London could offer; as far as happiness, real *true* happiness is concerned, nothing in London could present to me half as much as one perfectly retired uninterrupted day at Alderley."

The autumn of 1819 was spent by Maria Leycester in travelling through Scotland with her brother Edward in a gig—considered a most adventurous enterprise for a young lady in those days—seeing Arran, Staffa, and a great part of the Highlands, and paying visits at Blair Athol and Taymouth, at both of which places they fell in with Prince Leopold, for whose recent bereavement great interest was then excited.

M. L. *to* C. S.

"*Kenmore*, *Sept.* 13, 1819.—It was by the most curious piece of good fortune that we arrived at Blair the very day that Prince Leopold came there. Thomas was sent on before us with my father's letter and a card to the Duke of Athol, and in great curiosity to know the result, we arrived at the inn, and found our answer awaiting us. They should be very happy to see us at dinner at seven o'clock, and were very sorry not to have it in their power to offer us beds. I was obliged to summon up all my courage at the idea of being ushered into an immense party of utter strangers with no other chaperon than Edward, and wished the day over many times, especially as I had little power, with the contents of our small gig-box, of making myself sufficiently dressed for such a party. However, there was nothing now to be done; the chaise came to the door, and we were soon rattled down to the castle. At the entrance, we were received by the piper, dressed in a very handsome complete Highland costume. He showed us into the hall, where we were met by a very fine gentleman, who, in the most awful silence, preceded us through many long passages, and up a flight of stairs to the drawing-room. At the door, we were met by the Duke, who, after inquiring a little about the difference in our names, which had puzzled him much, led us into the room. Fancy my unhappy situation, with a most formidable circle of ladies before me at one end of the room, and a crowd of gentlemen at the other. Fortunately the Duchess was near the door, and I was quickly presented to her, and, I believe, to the Prince, who was seated by her; but I really have no recollection of what was before me at that moment. The Duke then led me to a chair, by some of the ladies, and I was very happy to find myself seated, after being introduced to nine in succession. Dinner was soon announced, and the Duke assigned me to the care of Colonel Grant, whose grey hairs were rather comforting to me. On my other hand, I found seated next me at dinner, a pretty and very unaffected girl, who, in the course of dinner, assisted me in discovering the names of all the party. . . . First let me introduce you to his Royal Highness Prince Leopold. He is very dark, very handsome, and when listening to conversation, he looks under his eyes very much; but there is something in his manner particularly graceful and charming, and quite unaffected, though with a great appearance of depression. His suite consisted of Baron Hardenbroke, a complete German in appearance, with a large nose, and of a circumference which looked as if eating, drinking, and sleeping were his sole occupation; Sir Robert Gardiner, a courtier-like man; and Dr. Stockmar, the physician. Besides these, there was Lord Huntley, a good-humoured, sprightly little man of about fifty; Sir John Oswald, a remarkably gentlemanlike and pleasant military man; Lady Oswald, an extremely pretty and sensible young woman, about your age, married at the same time, and with the same number of children. She and her two sisters were nieces of the Duke, one of the latter being my pleasant lively neighbour, and the elder, Miss Murray, excessively pretty. Then there was Lady Emily Murray, wife of Lord James, and daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, fashionable, and with plenty of small-talk; and several other nieces of the Duke and Duchess. Besides these, there was Dr. M'Culloch, a very learned and scientific man, employed in drawing, and seeming to understand it very thoroughly. I have not yet mentioned the Duke—an oldish man, very like Lord Penrhyn in face and size; or the Duchess, a fine-looking woman, very duchess-like, speaking with a very pretty Scotch accent, and excessively good-natured. These, I think, were the principals of the party before me. Do not you wonder how, out of my gig-seat, I could make myself fit for such a party? I assure you the Duchess complimented me greatly on my good management. You can have no idea of the excessive kindness of her manner towards us, and she succeeded very soon in making me feel quite comfortable and at my ease. The evening passed away pleasantly enough, the Prince playing at cards, the others talking in different groups. On Friday morning Edward went off early with all the gentlemen to the mountains to shoot deer. They had little sport, but he says it was beautiful scenery, and very interesting following them and trying to catch them, and the train of Highlanders looked very fine scattered about. The Prince is a great geologist, and was much pleased with finding great curiosity in the rocks, &c., and Dr. M'Culloch said he seemed to know a great deal about it. I had some beautiful walks meanwhile with the Miss Murrays. So passed Friday, though I should not omit how much honoured I felt by being spoken to in the evening by the Prince. On Saturday morning he went away. Then they lent me a very nice pony, and sent two servants on horseback to attend us, one to be the guide, the other to hold our horses—to see some waterfalls and a lake at some distance from Blair; and in the evening we had Highland reels. Edward and I intended to go away on Sunday, but the Duchess pressed us so much to stay, that we willingly gave up our intention, and stayed till to-day. I enjoyed myself excessively the last day or two. We had an addition to the party in two Italians, very handsome, pleasing young men. The Conte de Velo was a Venetian, well acquainted with Parolini, so we talked a great deal to him; the other, Marchese Capponi, was a Florentine. There was very little formality, and everybody extremely good-natured; and I got quite accustomed to all the different titles, and did not feel alarmed lest I should say, 'My Lord' where I ought to say 'Duke,' &c.; and I learnt to curtsey in the right place, and, in short, felt very much at home. Lord Huntley made us a very pretty speech about his sorrow that we were not going northwards, that he might have the pleasure of receiving us. It is a very different style of living from the English houses, everything on a magnificent scale, but very little show or decoration, the grounds not at all dressed or ornamented, as in English parks, but very wild and beautiful. I forgot to say that after dinner the first evening the Duchess told us that she had not been able to offer us beds, because she had not been sure how many persons the Prince would bring with him; but he had brought fewer than she expected, and she was very glad to be able to find two beds for us in consequence, so we stayed in the house all the time. It is an immense house in length, and almost the ugliest I ever saw, and without much furniture.

"As nothing but princes will do for us now, we came to-day to Taymouth, sent up a note to Lady Breadalbane to ask when we might wait upon them, and received for answer that they hoped to see us at dinner, but had no beds. No post-chaises are to be had here, and as it was impossible for me to go into such a party dressed for dinner in a gig, I was obliged to give it up with great reluctance, and send Edward alone, and he is now dining with the Prince, Lord Lauderdale, and I don't know who else, and to-morrow, perhaps, they may have beds for us.

"There has been a grand dinner for the tenants, and I have been well amused all evening watching them as they assembled in the village before going home,—some hundreds of Highlanders, whose dress exceeds in gaiety and variety everything you can imagine: it looked just like a scene in a play, seeing one after another pass out of a gate in the park, dressed in bonnet and kilt, sporran and hose and plaid. There was a very fine scene at Lord Huntley's to surprise the Prince the other day,—he was at the top of some high hill, when all of a sudden up started five hundred Highlanders just like Roderick Dhu's troop.

"It is quite comical how much society we have had. At Fort-William we met with Mr. E. Lomax again, and at Inverness with Mr. Augustus Hare, so we have not had much time to get tired of each other. We get generally envied for our independent and comfortable way of travelling, and nothing can have more enjoyment than we have when it is tolerable weather.

"*Sept.* 14.—Edward had a very pleasant dinner. We have refused their invitation for to-day, and have been making the tour of Loch Tay instead. To-morrow we go to stay at Taymouth, and shall see the interesting Prince again, as he stays there till Thursday.

"*Sept.* 24.—I left you last just as we were going to Taymouth. That you may go on with us in idea through all our proceedings, I must go back, I suppose, to that time. I was exceedingly glad to be spared all the awful entrance into the drawing-room full of strangers, which I had to encounter at Blair, for by going in the morning I made acquaintance with all the ladies, and felt much more at home amongst them. The dinner presented nothing formidable to me. Would you know our party? Prince Leopold and suite to begin with, and I must tell you that when he came into the room before dinner he came across to me, and said in his sweet manner, 'How do you do, Miss Leycester? I was not aware that you were here;' and then he went to Edward and inquired from him why I had not come with him the first day to Taymouth, and whether he had been back to Blair to fetch me. He has that happy faculty for a prince of never forgetting anything. There was his great friend Lord Lauderdale, an odd-looking little man, dressed like a groom, yet quite the gentleman in his manner, and with a very intelligent countenance and style of conversation, —Sir Peter and Lady Mary Murray,—Sir Niel and Lady Menzies, and Mr. Douglas Kinnaird. We had a very agreeable dinner, not certainly from the ladies' agreeableness, but from Lord Lauderdale, Mr. Kinnaird, and the Prince. I was fortunate enough to sit opposite his Royal Highness, and he talked a great deal, and told many anecdotes of Bonaparte, &c. In the evening we had music, dancing, and cards, and the Prince joined in singing 'Auld Lang Syne' with Miss Murray: he has a very fine bass voice, and sang with much taste and a thorough knowledge of music. I was so sorry that there was none of *Don Giovanni* there for him to sing, for he seemed so well acquainted with that, and hummed it so well, that he would have sung more, I daresay, but unfortunately Lady Elizabeth Campbell was from home, and had taken all her music with her.

"Thursday morning was beautifully fine. We breakfasted with the Prince at seven o'clock, and afterwards he embarked with some of the party in a boat on Loch Tay. I went with Lady Breadalbane in her carriage to meet them at the other end of the Loch, fifteen miles off, at a very pretty cottage of Lord Breadalbane's. We arrived before the boat. A cold dinner was prepared, and when the Prince landed, a troop of Highlanders, preceded by bagpipes playing and colours flying, escorted him up to the cottage. At two o'clock he left Auchmoor, the cottage, and proceeded on his journey to Callendar, and it seemed really quite a blank when he was gone, his manner is so very engaging and pleasant. We had a capital specimen of a Highland chieftain in the Laird of MacNab, who came to wait upon the Prince in full chieftain dress,—eagle plumes in his bonnet, &c. He was a fine-looking man, and seemed to consider himself by far the greatest person in the company. . . .

"On Friday we left Taymouth and proceeded to Dunkeld and then to Loch Katrine. Every step of the way from Callendar, as we traced the progress of Roderick's cross of fire, was interesting, and I cannot tell you how every bush and tree, every copse and mound, seemed animated, or how exactly Scott has pictured the character and style of scenery. I expected to be disappointed from having so high an idea of Loch Katrine in my own mind, but never were expectations of beauty more fully realised. I have enjoyed no day so much on our tour as this one: we spent many hours on the lake and in the Trosachs, scrambling up Ellen's Isle, visiting the pebbly beach, the aged oak, &c., and feeling every line in the 'Lady of the Lake' echoed in one's own sense of great delight. It is quite curious how completely it is all considered as reality by the people of the place, and you are shown with as much gravity where the gallant grey was lost, and where Fitz James or Ellen stood, as if they had been real persons and real events.

"We have since had another interesting day on Loch Awe, the scenery in which 'Rob Roy' is laid. We had an introduction to Dr. Grahame, who went with us, and as he had been with Walter Scott there before 'Rob Roy' was written, he knew all the spots he particularly noticed then, and has since most accurately described. He showed us the rock from which Morris was thrown, the tree by which Baillie Jarvie hung, and the beautiful spot where Helen Macgregor gave her breakfast, which Scott has described quite with minute accuracy. Here Dr. Grahame said Walter Scott sat without speaking for twenty minutes, looking at the waterfall and rocks. It is a wonderful power of sketching in his own mind a scene as accurately as any drawing could render it, and describing afterwards."

M. L. *to* MISS HIBBERT.

"*Stoke Rectory*, *Oct.* 24.—I have not yet told you of the pleasantest part of our tour, our visit to Walter Scott. He lives about three miles from Melrose, and our first day's journey from Edinburgh was to his house. We had a letter to him from Reginald Heber, and Mr. Scott persuaded us to stay three days with him, during which time we had full opportunity of becoming acquainted with him. We were the only strangers, and therefore had his conversation all to ourselves, and most highly were we gratified. He is unaffected and simple in his manner to the greatest degree, and at first his countenance only bespeaks good humour; but mention any subject that interests him, and he lights up in an instant into fire and animation. He is a kind of person one could not feel afraid of for a moment. Whatever subject you begin is the same to him; he has something entertaining to tell on every one, and the quickness with which he catches up everything that is passing, even at the other end of the room, is surprising. His family consists of a very insignificant little wife, a French woman, quite inferior to him, and his daughters, who are fine sensible, clever girls, quite brought up by him. The eldest sang Jacobite songs and border ballads to us with such spirit and enthusiasm, that it was delightful, and their love for Scotland makes them quite worthy of it. Their chief delight is in the Border stories and traditions, in which they are very rich. His house is built by himself, and is very odd and picturesque. There is a little armoury with painted glass windows, and the walls and chimneypiece covered with antiquities—Claverhouse's pistol, Rob Roy's gun and purse, Highland arms, targets, and claymores, quaighs, thumbscrews, trophies from Waterloo, ancient armour—in short, it is the most interesting and curious little room.

"Then at every step about the house you come to some curious thing. He has got the gate of the Old Tolbooth, and the great keys which have locked up so many victims, and the real tower, removed to his house. But I have no room for more about Walter Scott now, except that we came away quite enchanted with the *poet*, and still more with the *man*."

"*Jan.* 17, 1820.—All last week Charles and I passed at Hodnet, and I need not say if we enjoyed it. Only Miss Heber was there, and Mr. Stow, a friend of Reginald's who is at present living at Hodnet as his curate. Of this latter person I must say a little more, for I never met with any one so like Edward Stanley as he is, no less in his jet black eyes, eyebrows, and hair, than in the energy and enthusiasm of his character, the extent of his information on every subject, and the excessive quickness and activity of his mind and body. After this description I need not say whether he was an addition to the party. We had every kind of amusement in the evenings in dancing, singing, and acting. Reginald Heber and Mr. Stow are both excellent actors, and we acted a French proverbe one night, and the 'Children in the Wood' another, forming in ourselves both the performers and the audience, and very amusing it was. It was all extempore, and our dresses we got up in a few minutes at the time, so there was no trouble attending it, no spectators to alarm us, and perfect unanimity and good-humour to make it enjoyable. In the mornings one of the party read Scott's new novel, 'Ivanhoe,' aloud to the others . . ."

Maria Leycester's religious impressions became much strengthened about this time by the opening of a correspondence on spiritual subjects with her friend Lucy Stanley—an intercourse which was continued through their whole lives. On January 6, 1820, she had first written :—

M. L. *to* L. A. S.

"I cannot tell how much pleasure it gives me to think that you have become interested in that subject, which to those who think seriously about it must be the most interesting that can be found—the comfort, the assistance, the support it affords, are so far beyond that which anything else can give, that, having once found it, I am not afraid you should forsake it. For my own sake, too, I am glad, for I always feel a great reluctance to express to another person feelings which I am not sure that they will perfectly understand ; and I feel, and I daresay you have felt this far more with regard to religion than to anything else. There is a sacredness about it which prevents one entering upon it except where it will be entirely entered into—where there can be no mistake about the nature of one's feelings. It is not a feeling which can be explained ; it must be felt, as that which leads one to aspire to an ambition higher far than we can find here, as that which affords a noble and exalted motive for every exertion . . ."

In March, 1820, a great sorrow came to the family at Stoke, in the sudden death of Charles Leycester, from—what was not then known as—diphtheria. To his sister this grief was aggravated by her not being permitted to see him for fear of infection, but he was most devotedly nursed by Mrs. Oswald Leycester.

M. L. *to* Miss L. H. *and* L. A. S.

"*Stoke, March* 29, 1820.—It was so sudden, so unexpected, that I was almost stunned, and hardly knew what I felt for a time. We had been so peculiarly happy together that I could not believe in the danger to the very last. Every recollection from my earliest years, every interest, every prospect, every pleasure, was united with him. For the last three months we have never been separated, and there is not a room or a thing in the house which does not recall him to my memory, and make me feel in its utmost bitterness the dreadful vacancy. But I feel it is the hand of God, a means for leading us more to Him who has given us all; and his mind was so pure, his thoughts so serious, and he was so convinced that he should not live long, that I feel confident he was prepared. I saw him after his spirit had fled, and his countenance was so heavenly and beautiful, that it was the greatest comfort to me; and when I think of it now I feel how selfish is all my sorrow. I have yet one brother left, and many, many blessings—but Charles, dear Charles!

"*April* 14.—I can feel quite composed now in writing or thinking of him I have lost; but when they talk of other things I feel a sinking—a weight that I cannot overcome; and if my thoughts can be diverted from the subject which is almost ever present to it, it is a bitter return to it. We have been so uninterruptedly blest that I feel it is good for us to be afflicted, to lead our hearts to Him who hath given us all. I was too confident, too presumptuous in the expectation of a continuance of such happiness, and now to Him who gave and hath taken away I have turned for consolation and support—and oh! if that feeling of *nothingness*—of resignation into the hands of an Almighty Will could last which we feel in the hour of affliction—how different we should be! No one who has felt the purifying, elevating effect of such feelings could wish to put them away or return to the same round of worldly occupations or pursuits, without one thought beyond the present hour or day.

"There is no bitterness, no harshness, in our grief. It is so softened down by every recollection, so chastened, so subdued, that I cannot bear to put it away or try to forget it, and those who wish to divert and turn one's attention to other things, know little of the feeling of real affliction, which is of so elevating a nature that it cannot be wrong to indulge in it. There is something so sacred and hallowed in one's affection for one who is called to another world, it seems to unite one's heart with eternity—to refine it from any exclusive attachment to earth. I feel fears mingled with my love for those who are left, and shudder at the thought of their being taken too, but I can think of *him* without fear or dread, and feel that the affection which was begun and cherished here will be perfected hereafter.

"I cannot bear to think of the time when the impression of Charles will be less strong than it is now. It is such a pleasure to fancy I see him by me—to remember, till recollection almost becomes reality, everything he said, the tone of his voice, the expression of his eye, to imagine he is not dead but parted for a time, even though the illusion is very short."

The summer of 1821 was spent by Miss Leycester with the Stanleys in Anglesea.

M. L. *to* Mrs. Reginald Heber.

"*Penrhos, August* 13, 1821.—The last has been a most interesting week. It was just before dinner on Monday that the report was spread through the house that the blue flag was hoisted on the signal station on Holyhead mountain. This we knew to signify that a number of ships were in sight. In an instant the balcony was filled and every telescope in requisition, and having ascertained the fact to be so, we went to dinner. We had not half finished dinner when a gun was heard, announcing the red flags being substituted for the blue ones. The dinner-table and house were speedily deserted, and we hurried to Holyhead, and took our station at the top of the lighthouse which is at the end of the pier. There we waited for some hours, watching a tremendous thunderstorm, and seeing all the vessels in harbour sail out to meet the King. It grew darker and darker, and at last we were obliged to return home in despair. About 2 A.M. Sir John was waked by a letter from Lord Anglesea, saying that the King was anchored in the bay, but had not yet decided on landing. At six we all sallied forth to see the beautiful squadron, consisting of two fine frigates, four large yachts, and sloops of war and innumerable cutters. The morning was spent in hearing divers reports of what the King intended to do, sending him presents of fruit and flowers, which were, I believe, very acceptable, and watching him while he was walking on deck, and visiting the *Active* and *Liffy*. Whilst on board the *Liffy*, intelligence came that the King designed to land. We hurried back to the lighthouse, from the balcony of which we had the most extensive and uninterrupted view imaginable. The scene which followed was really magnificent. It was a most beautiful day, a bright sun shining upon all the vessels, and the sea a deep dark green colour. At four o'clock the guns of Holyhead and Penrhos batteries fired the royal salute—a sign that the King had got into his barge; in an instant every yard was manned, every vessel covered with flags of every colour and form, and every gun was fired from each vessel, giving one in some degree an idea of what an engagement must be, as the clouds of smoke and fire issued from each and echoed through the bay. The sun shining on the flags, and little regiments of men on every yard, and beautiful cutters sailing about in all directions, really exceeded all one could imagine in beauty. By degrees the royal barge approached, attended by the boats belonging to each ship, the crew dressed in black, scarlet, and gold, the oars tipped with gold, and the royal standard at one end. It reached the shore, and as the King placed his foot on the first step, the guns fired, the band (which attended in one of the boats, struck up 'God save the King,' every hat and handkerchief was waved, and loud hurrahs and cheers came from the crowds of people assembled on the pier. It was a moment never to forget, for every recollection of individual folly and unworthiness was banished from one's mind in the overpowering feeling and enthusiasm of the moment, and the deep silence which followed the burst of applause when he landed on the pier was very striking. There, in the midst of the two rows of people, Sir John knelt to receive him. The King made a speech expressive of his gratitude for the attention shown to him, and his pleasure at seeing the country of which he had so long borne the name. Sir John then read the Address, again knelt and kissed hands, and the King then proceeded to his carriage, attended by Lord Anglesea, followed by several carriages, and the crowd cheering all the way as he drove slowly through a triumphal arch erected at the end of the pier.

"On Wednesday the King returned from Plas Newydd, and the greater part of the scene was again repeated. On Thursday morning a King's messenger arrived with the news of the Queen's death. We saw the despatch was carried down to him in his cabin. Of what might be his feelings we of course knew nothing; every outward mark of decency has been shown, all the flags being, by his order, put half mast high, and he not appearing on deck at all, and dining alone in his cabin. One could not help a feeling of melancholy at the idea that while he was receiving the homage of his people, surrounded by all that could be of grandeur and magnificence, his poor Queen was lying on her deathbed, deserted by all who had any natural ties to lament or regret her loss."

In December, 1822, the Bishopric of Calcutta was offered to Reginald Heber, with but little hope that he would be willing to sacrifice the comforts and interests of his Shropshire living for a mitre on the banks of the Ganges. He was, however, led to its acceptance by the consciousness of how wide a sphere of usefulness he would reject in its refusal, and almost immediately began to prepare for his departure from Hodnet. Greatly as his approaching loss was felt by many in the neighbourhood, the blow was incomparably most severe to Maria Leycester, who for many years had been like a sister to him, and who had derived her chief home-pleasures from his society, and that of Mrs. Heber.

M. L.'s JOURNAL.

"*Feb.* 8, 1823.—The extreme suffering I felt on first hearing of the intended departure of the Hebers for India, has now passed. Those vividly painful feelings seldom continue long in the same form, when the necessity for exertion, variety of society, and change of place, call upon the mind for fresh thoughts. But though the immediate shock is over, and my mind is by time habituated to the idea, so that I can now think and write of it calmly, it is no less a source of the deepest sorrow to me. Nor is it merely in the pain of parting with such friends that I shall feel it. It will be in the daily loss I shall experience of kind and affectionate neighbours, of an interest always kept up, of the greatest part of my home enjoyments.

"I had so little foreseen, at any time, the possibility of this event, that I was totally unprepared for it, and although now it appears quite natural that Reginald, who is so peculiarly fitted for the situation, should wish for it, I could hardly at first believe it to be possible. . . . The remembrance of the last two years rises up before me so much the more endeared from the thought that those happy days will never again return. There is nothing out of my own family which could have made so great a blank in my existence as this will do. For so many years have they been to me as brother and sister, giving to me so much pleasure, so much improvement. It will be the breaking up of my thoughts and habits and affections for years, and scarcely can I bear to think that in a few months those whom I have loved so dearly will be removed from me far into another world—for such does India appear at this distance."

"*April* 3.—So much has one feeling occupied every thought for the last two months, that it seems but a day since I wrote the last few lines—with this only difference, that the reality is so much more bitter than the anticipation, and that the certainty of my loss is now brought back to me by the knowledge that I shall never see them again, here or at Hodnet. The chord is snapped asunder, and I feel in its full force the effect it must have on my future happiness. I look around in vain for a bright spot to which to turn. All that I valued most, out of my own family, will be at once taken from me, and it will leave a blank that cannot be filled. To find a friend like Reginald, with a heart so kind, so tender, and a character so heavenly, must be utterly impossible, and the remembrance of all the interest he has shown in me, and all his kindness, makes the feeling of his loss very difficult to bear. . . ."

August 1, 1823.—This evening I have, for the first time, ventured to go by Hodnet. It must be done, and it was better alone than with others. So, having dined early, I took a long ride—one of our old rides which I have so often taken with him. There stood the poor deserted Rectory, with its flowers and its fields—the green gate, which I have so seldom passed before unopened, all looking exactly the same as in days of happiness, and now how changed from their former merriment to solitude and silence! Those beautiful park-fields where I have so often walked, and where I shall never walk again, lay shining in the evening sun, looking most tranquil and peaceful, as if in a world so beautiful unhappiness could not be found. Scarcely could I believe, as I looked around me, that all were gone with whom I had enjoyed so many happy days there, and that those same trees and fields were alone remaining to speak to me of the past, every step recalling to me some word or look. As I rode along, recollections crowded on me so fast that I felt hardly conscious of the present and its gloom, in living over again a period of such happiness. . . ."

But the feelings of grief with which Maria Leycester watched the departure of the Hebers for India, did not solely arise from the pain of losing their society. In losing them she lost also the only means of communication with another, who had become, in the last few years, even more closely endeared to her, and with whom her acquaintance had begun and ripened under their roof, and been fostered by their sympathy and protection. It was in the autumn of 1819, upon her return from Scotland, that she first met with Mr. Martin Stow, a person who was to have much influence over her future life. Though regarding him as "a mere country curate," she was at once interested in him by the likeness which many perceived between him and her beloved brother-in-law, Edward Stanley. Early in January, 1820, she spent a week at Hodnet Rectory, during which they were constantly together, sharing in the many amusements of that happy home, in all of which Mr. Stow was a most willing and able assistant, and in which his high spirits seemed to communicate themselves to every member of the party, and to spread a spirit of life and vivacity around him. In the following summer, the acting of Mr. Heber's little play of *Blue Beard* again assembled the party at Hodnet, where there was always the most enjoyable kind of society, no form or dulness, but conversation of every kind, sometimes playful and sometimes serious; a bright colouring seemed to invest everything, and those who were admitted into the little circle of intimates of which Reginald Heber was the centre, found a charm in every occupation and pursuit which they had never felt before. It was not to be wondered at, that, meeting on such terms, two persons whose pursuits and tastes were similar, should become intimate.

It was in the midst of this happiness (March, 1820) that Charles Leycester's death occurred after a single week's illness. His sister at the time was almost crushed by the blow, and the first person to whom she turned with interest, when she began to recover from the stunning force of sorrow, was Mr. Stow, who had been the intimate friend of the brother she had lost; and in the following summer in her rides with her brother Edward, he constantly joined them, and the three rambled together over the woods at Hawkestone, discovering new paths, and enjoying their beauties.

In the following summer of 1821 Maria Leycester was constantly urged by the Hebers to form one of their party, and her visits to Hodnet Rectory were of almost daily occurrence. Mr. Stow was generally there; the walks with him and Reginald Heber had an indescribable charm, and the affection which had gradually and unconsciously been drawing their hearts together, could not but daily gain strength.

In June, Maria Leycester was again staying at Hodnet, at the time of the christening of the little Emily Heber, at which she and Mr. Stow knelt side by side as proxy godfather and godmother. During this visit he begged permission to make known to her family the feeling with which he regarded her, but his advances were coldly received by them, and both his daughter and Mr. Stow became aware how impossible it would be ever to obtain Mr. Leycester's consent to their union. Without this she would not marry. In that autumn Mr. Stow accepted the British chaplaincy at Genoa, whence he maintained a constant correspondence with the Hebers, through whom a certain degree of communication was preserved.

In February, 1822, Mr. Stow was recalled to England by his father's death, and came again to Hodnet, bringing his sister with him, and he and Miss Leycester met with that calmness of intercourse which arose from no change in the degree of their attachment, but from the confirmed steadiness with which it had now become part of themselves, and which it had acquired in the experience of many months separation, and when he returned to Genoa it was with a mutual though unspoken assurance of unchangeable affection on either side.

The following summer was passed by Maria Leycester in a happy state of tranquillity, not unenlivened by hope. The summer was a very hot one, and she passed whole days in the open air, living under the lime-trees, which crown the steep mossy bank at Stoke Rectory, with her table and books, reading "Spenser's Fairy Queen" for the first time, listening to the Hodnet bells, and existing in a world of her own, where all was peace and happiness. The Hebers were at this time in London, Reginald Heber having been appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn; but every evening, when it became cool enough, Maria Leycester would mount her horse Psyche and ride over to Hodnet Rectory to visit their little Emily, who rewarded her with her many smiles.

It was in January, 1822, that Maria Leycester was first told that Reginald Heber had accepted the bishopric of Calcutta. A thunderclap could not have stunned her more. To his preferment in England she had long and anxiously looked forward as involving her own prospects also, but for this she was wholly unprepared. It was cutting off at once not only all present connection with Mr. Stow, but all hopes of future preferment; it was taking away the only society in which she felt any interest, and the only friends who had ever been her support and consolation in her separation from him, both in their sympathy, and the means of communication they afforded. Whichever way she looked, her loss appeared heavier. On their return to Hodnet every visit became more and more melancholy, as everything around reminded her of their approaching departure. The whole of Passion Week was spent by them at Stoke Rectory, and they were then accompanied by Mrs. Heber's favourite cousin, Augustus Hare, with whom Maria Leycester had become intimately acquainted during his many visits at Hodnet, and who was also the dearest friend of Mr. Stow. It was a party that in happier times would have been delightful, but it was now filled with too bitter recollections and anticipations. The spirits, however, in which Reginald Heber spoke and thought of this new sphere opened to him did much to turn their thoughts towards the interests and occupations of his future life. Each day was employed in walks to Hodnet Rectory, which looked more and more deserted as it was gradually emptied of all its contents, and little left but the bare walls of the rooms which had been the scene of so much enjoyment. On Easter Sunday the whole party went to Hodnet Church, where Reginald Heber preached a beautiful and deeply affecting farewell sermon, in which he expressed his anxiety to partake with his friends for the last time of the Holy Sacrament, which he afterwards administered to them, "as strengthening that feeling in which alone they would in future be united, till the East and West should alike be gathered as one fold under one Shepherd." On the following day the Hebers left Stoke. Maria Leycester walked up with them to Hodnet for the last time, and through life remembered the kindness of Reginald Heber during that walk—the affectionate manner in which he tried to soothe her grief at parting with them, and to talk of future happy times—the assurances he gave her that amidst the new interests of India he should often turn to former friends and think of the days they had passed together—and that they should still ever be united in prayer. The whole warmth of his heart was shown in those last moments, till they parted, when he and Mrs. Heber turned in at the gates of Hodnet Hall.

As Maria Leycester returned to Stoke across Hodnet Heath, Augustus Hare walked with her, and his brother-like sympathy and affection gave her great comfort, and inspired her with the utmost confidence, especially as he alone, except the Hebers, was acquainted with all the circumstances of her relation to Mr. Stow. He spent the rest of that day at Stoke, while waiting for the coach which was to pass in the evening.

Meantime, Bishop Heber had made the offer of his Indian chaplaincy to Mr. Stow, who gladly accepted it, in the hope that Miss Leycester might consent to accompany him, and that her family, in the knowledge that she would in this case remain with the Hebers and form part of their family circle, might be induced to assent to their marriage. But these hopes proved entirely fruitless; and when Maria Leycester accompanied the Stanleys to London to see the last of the Hebers, she had an interview with Mr. Stow at Lincoln's Inn, which she quite believed to be a final one.

The following letters belonging to this period are not without interest to the story:—

REGINALD HEBER *to* AUGUSTUS W. HARE.

"*Hodnet*, *March* 3, 1823.—I take abundant shame to myself, my dear Augustus, for not having sooner answered one of the most gratifying letters which I have received for many months; but you will, I am sure, impute my silence to any cause but indifference either to the intelligence which you communicated or to the friendship of the kind communicator. It was, indeed, a very great and most unexpected honour which the University conferred on me; and, perhaps, the distinction of all others which, if it had been named to me, I should have most desired. Yet I will fairly say that I derived more pleasure still from the kind and cordial manner in which you congratulated me, and the renewed conviction which I felt of your regard and favourable opinion. I heartily wish I may through life retain, and continue to deserve them both. Your cousin and I are here in the midst of packings and leave-takings, both unpleasant operations, and the latter a very painful one. I do not, indeed, feel so much parental emotion as many people profess under similar circumstances, and as I myself partly expected I should, in bidding adieu to the stones and trees which I have built and planted. But, besides my mother and sister, and besides the other kind friends with whom I have passed so many hours here, there are among my parishioners many old persons whom I can never expect to meet again, and many, both old and young, who evidently lose me with regret, and testify their concern in a very natural and touching manner. My comfort is that Emily, who is as much regretted as I can be, and who has, if possible, more ties than I have to bind her to England—now that the first struggle is over—is not only resigned, but cheerful and courageous, and as resolute as I am to look only on the bright side of the prospect."

MARTIN STOW *to* AUGUSTUS W. HARE.

"*Feb.*, 1823.—The dream is at an end. In losing the Hebers I have lost Maria Leycester. Not a hope, nor a shadow of a hope, can remain. It is not only that Reginald was the only quarter from which I had the least chance of preferment or recommendation, but they were the only links between the Leycesters and myself; they are taken away, and their departure, as far as I am concerned, is utter and absolute ruin. . . . Do not think that I suppose Reginald wrong in going; far from it. I look upon it as a high and noble self-devotion to the cause of God and the good of mankind; nor do I know any man whom I would so willingly see at Calcutta. The difficulties to be encountered in India are precisely those with which he is especially qualified to cope—obstinacy and prejudice on the one side, and notorious evil living on the other. He is in his own person the confusion of both."

MARTIN STOW *to* REGINALD HEBER.

"*Rome, April* 10, 1823.—The last post brought me your kind letter, and I lose no time in returning you my sincerest thanks for the considerate kindness and attention to my interest which has led you to make me so noble an offer of preferment. . . . I do not know whether Maria Leycester may have been aware of your intention, or whether she would regard it as favourable or otherwise to our hopes; but as I can hardly suppose that you did not mention it to her, or that she was averse to the place, I have ventured to enclose a letter to her father, stating the nature of the preferment in my power, and requesting his permission to declare my affection to Maria. . . ."

MARTIN STOW *to* MRS. R. HEBER.

"*Rome, April* 14, 1823.—Do you think there is any chance of my being able to carry my dearest Maria to India? I think this would give *you* pleasure; we should then have so much to remind us, even on the banks of the Ganges, of former days of happiness. Her great love for you both would, I think, outweigh any personal objection of her own, but I fear that I have scarcely a hope of her father's consent. . . . The little note you have transmitted from Maria is so mournful, yet so resigned, so evidently without hope, that it almost breaks my heart. . . . Addio, and may God bless you for all you have done, and intend to do, for me."

AUGUSTUS W. HARE *to* MRS. R. HEBER.

"*May*, 1823.—So Stow has accepted! He has written to me to implore me to set before Maria Leycester, not his misery, but the certainty of their love being destroyed, if he goes to India without her; and to prove to her how happy she would be, making one of that circle in India, which has been so very dear to her in England. He wishes me to see her before his arrival, and as he wishes it, I wish it too. Surely, you can contrive this for me. Excellent as she is, I am sure he deserves her, and I am sure he loves her enough to make ten ordinary husbands. Would it not be a great point to familiarise her mind to the *possibility* of going to India? So many excellent things are never done, because the parties concerned vote them impossible—'Cela ne se fait pas' is the only argument to which I can never find an answer. It is out of my power to say how anxious I feel that this matter should be brought to a good issue. Objectless for myself, and loving no one (in the technical sense of the word, for in its more enlarged meaning God knows I love many people, among others, you and Reginald much), all my wishes tend to furthering the love of a friend from whom, during the last twelve years, I have received so many marks of confidence and affection, and some real services that no other, perhaps, could or would have rendered me—scoldings, by the way, not a few, among the number."

The meeting at Lincoln's Inn was not the last. When Mr. Stow was about to leave England, he could not resist the desire of seeing Miss Leycester once more, and followed her to Cheshire. Their last meeting was in the beech-wood at Alderley. Augustus Hare then accompanied his friend into Cheshire, and remained with him till the 1st of October, when he sailed for India in the *Ganges*, with his sister.

In the following winter, during visits in the neighbourhood of London, Augustus Hare was the only person Miss Leycester had any pleasure in seeing, and she gratefully received his kindness and sympathy. Though he was more reserved and cautious in speaking of the future than he had hitherto been, he talked much of past days, and but to hear and talk of them was sufficient happiness for her. From him she learnt of the safe arrival of the *Ganges* in India, and of the welfare and well-being of his friend.

Meantime (in 1823, 1824), Maria Leycester's home life was diversified, and her attention to a certain degree diverted from sorrowful thoughts, by many visits to Knowsley, and by the happy marriage of her brother Edward (Dec. 16, 1823) to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Lord Stanley, and grand-daughter of the twelfth Earl of Derby.

On the 1st of February, 1825, Maria Leycester went to Shavington to visit her friend, Lady Frances Needham, from whom she had long been separated, and to her, whose sympathy she had always received, she spoke much of her prospects and hopes, regardless of the sad tone in which she was answered, and the turn which Lady Frances judiciously gave to the conversation. The visit was to have lasted some days, but, on the second day, there came a note from Stoke, begging that Miss Leycester would return home immediately. It excited her surprise, but nothing more, till the sudden recollection that Lady Frances had disappeared from the room on receipt of a similar note, awakened alarm. But in vain did Maria Leycester seek to discover its contents from her friend, and in all the wretchedness of suspense she rode home, feeling an inward conviction that the blow, in some form or other, must come from Alderley, as there was no other quarter from which, in her absence, she imagined her family would have heard. She turned to every possible and impossible shape she thought it could assume, but of the right one never did a moment's suspicion cross her mind. She reached Stoke, and in a few minutes the truth was before her—Martin Stow had died of fever at Dacca, on the 17th of July, 1824!

REGINALD HEBER *to* AUGUSTUS W. HARE.

"*Delaserry River, near Dacca, July* 22, 1824.—My dear Augustus,—Little did I anticipate when we parted, with how heavy a heart I should commence what (I am almost ashamed to say) is my first letter to you. We have lost poor Stow! He set out with me five weeks since on my visitation, leaving his sister with Emily and her children, who were dissuaded by our medical advisers from accompanying me on the formidable journey; but whom we hoped to meet in February next at Bombay, whither they were to proceed by sea, while we found our way across the continent, through Rajpoohana and Malwa. Stow had been seriously ill in Calcutta, of something like a dysentery; but it was anticipated by everybody that a sail of three months on the Ganges, and a subsequent journey to a cooler climate would be of the utmost service to him, and he was not only permitted, but strongly advised by Dr. Abel to accompany me. These favourable expectations seemed verified by the experience of our first fortnight; the cool breeze of the river seemed to revive him most essentially, and his spirits and appetite increased perceptibly, while he took an increasing interest in the wild and sequestered, but beautiful and luxuriant scenes through which we passed, while threading the great Delta of the Ganges in our way to Dacca. Unhappily, as his strength returned, he became less cautious; he one evening particularly exposed himself to the sun while yet high, and to the worst miasma which this land of death affords, by running into a marsh after some wild ducks. From that time his disorder returned, and he reached Dacca on the 5th of this month so weak and exhausted, as to be carried from the boat to the bedroom prepared for him. The means of cure usually employed were tried without success. He struggled, however, against the complaint with a strength which surprised both his medical attendants and myself, and which long flattered us, alas, with a delusive hope of his recovery. During the three last days of his life, he was fully sensible of his approaching end, and I trust I shall never forget the earnestness of his prayers, the severity and deep contrition with which he scrutinized all the course of his (surely) innocent and useful life; the humility and self-abasement with which he cast himself on God's mercy through Christ, or the blessed and still brightening hope which—after his first mental struggle was over—it pleased his gracious Master to send him. He sent his love to you with a request that all his papers might be sent to you 'to do what you thought best with them.' He observed that the anniversary was just passed of the day in which he parted with M. L. in the woods of Alderley. 'Dear, dear Maria!' he said, 'I hope God is not offended with me for thinking of her in this hour.' He often named his 'poor sister,' recommending her to Emily's care and mine. But all the rest of his time was occupied in praying, with me, or mentally, and in listening to different texts of Scripture, which he took great delight in my reading to him. 'God,' he said on Friday evening—'God and his dear Son are mercifully making this passage more and more easy to me.' He slept very little, being interrupted by constant spasms. At length, in the course of Saturday, a slight wandering came on, though he never ceased to know me, or to express uneasiness if, by any alteration of position, or any other cause, he, for a moment, lost sight of me. His end was visibly fast approaching, and his face had assumed that unequivocal character which belongs to the dying, when he called me closer to him and said in a half whisper, 'Do you think I shall see my poor, poor sister to-night?' I could not help answering, 'It was by no means impossible.' I know not in what sense he meant the question; but, indeed, I cannot think it even *unlikely* that the spirit of a just man may be permitted for a time to hover over those objects it has loved most tenderly. Some violent but short spasms succeeded, after which he sank into a calm slumber, and a few minutes after twelve, literally *breathed* his last, without a struggle or groan. I myself closed his eyes, and, with the help of a surgeon (whom, in the forlorn hope of some favourable turn taking place, I had got to remain in the house the last three nights), composed his limbs. It was necessary that we should do this, since the superstition of the wretched people round us had put them to flight.

"He was buried in the evening of the next day (Sunday, the 18th), in the cemetery of the station, which, that day week, I had consecrated. A wild and dismal place it is, as ever Christian laid his bones in, at about a mile's distance from the inhabited part of Dacca, but surrounded by ruins and jungle, and containing several tall, ruinous tombs of former residents in the days when the commerce of this province was the most important in India. Some of these have been very handsome, but all are now dilapidated, and overgrown with ivy and the wild fig-tree. There is, however, a high wall, with an old Moorish gateway, which protects the graves effectually from the jackals, and I have given directions for a plain monument to be erected over my poor friend. His illness, his youth, his amiable manners with the few in Dacca who saw him, and his general character, excited a great sensation in the place. Inquiries came every day, with presents of fruit, or often of books, which might elucidate his distemper or amuse him, and similar marks of attention and interest, not only from the English residents, but from the Nawab, from the principal Zemindar of the neighbourhood, and from the Armenian Bishops of Ecmiazin and Jerusalem, whom I met here, engaged in a still larger visitation than my own, of the different churches of their communion in Persia and India. All the English residents, and the officers from the military lines, with a detachment of artillerymen, came, unsolicited, to his funeral. We were the guests of Mr. Masters, the principal judge, whose nephew you may have known at Baliol; and from him more particularly, and from Mr. Mitford, the junior judge, brother to my friend Mitford of Oriel, we received daily and unwearied kindness. Mrs. Mitford, on finding that poor Miss Stow thought of setting off for Dacca to nurse her brother, not only wrote to ask her to their house, but offered to accelerate a journey which Mr. M. and she were meditating to Calcutta, in order to take care of her in the dismal homeward voyage. I trust, however, that my letters would arrive in time to stop her, and lest they should not have done so, I am now diverging from the great stream which is my direct course towards Patna, in order to ascertain whether she has really set out, and, if so, to meet and take her at least the greater part of the way back again.

"Emily had entreated, on hearing the first alarm, that, in the event of poor Stow's death or inability to proceed, I would not refuse her permission to join me at the Rajamehal Hills, and to go with me, at whatever risk, through the rest of the journey; and I know her so well that, though there will certainly be some circumstances trying to her strength, I am disposed to believe she would suffer more by not being allowed to follow me; so that, in about a month's time, I may hope to see her and my children. Whether Miss Stow will accompany them, or immediately return to England, I know not; her brother seemed to think she would prefer the former, and I have written to invite her to do so. Yet, alas! what motive has she now for lingering in India?

"This is the second old and valued friend (poor Sir C. Puller was the first, though my intimacy with Stow was far greater) which this cruel climate has within a few months robbed me of. In the meantime, I have great reason for thankfulness that, in all essential points, my own health has remained firm; that my dear wife, though she has been an invalid, has been so from causes unconnected with the climate; and that my children are pictures of health and cheerfulness. How long this is to continue, God knows, and I thank Him that my confidence in his mercy and protection has not yet been shaken. Meantime, I am far from repenting my coming out to India, where I am sure I am not idle, and hope I am not useless—though I have, alas! fallen far short of my own good intentions, and have failed, to a greater extent than I expected, in conciliating the respective bigots of the High and Low Church parties. But I cannot help feeling most painfully the loss of my most sincerely attached and intelligent friend, to whom, under any difficulty, I could open myself without reserve—whose cheerful conversation was delightful to me in health, and to whose affectionate solicitude and prayers I looked forward as a sure resource in sorrow or in sickness.

"I write this letter from my boat. I am writing also to Mrs. Stanley, to beg her to break the sad tidings to Maria. But I have been so long in my letter to you, that mine to her must be a short one. If you think these details likely to interest them, you may send this letter. God bless you, dear Augustus.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"R. CALCUTTA."

MRS. STANLEY *to* AUGUSTUS W. HARE.

"*Alderley*, *Feb.* 5, 1825.— . . . . I feel for you *truly*. I know what you have lost, and how you valued him you have proved too well. I fear there is no hope now, the news coming from two other distinct quarters is only too strong confirmation. I shall be thankful if Maria can be kept in ignorance till not a shadow of doubt remains, for in her present state I should dread anxiety more even than grief for her. . . . . It will be a relief to you to know that Mrs. Leycester had the presence of mind to let her mount her horse and ride to Shavington, while she was actually engaged in the act of reading your first letter, taking the precaution of writing to Lady Fanny Needham to say that unpleasant reports were afloat from India, and begging her to take care that Maria did not see a paper unguardedly.

"However melancholy the source of our acquaintance will now be to us both, let me trust it will still be continued, and that no opportunity of improving it will be neglected. I shall ever feel the warmest interest in you, and a high value for your friendship. I shall write to you again without scruple, if there is anything to say about my sister that you will like to know, and I do know you will be anxious about her.

Feb. 6.—I have heard again from Mrs. Leycester, who dreaded Maria's hearing at Shavington, and made an excuse to send for her home; and, after that preparation, broke the news.

" *Feb.* 28.—I have been to Stoke, and after being with Maria for a few days, she improved more than I dared to hope at first. Constant talking on the subject with the greatest freedom relieved her, and when I left her about ten days ago she could do this with calmness. I left my two little children with her, and she was able to play with and talk to them when she could do nothing else."

AUGUSTUS W. HARE *to* (HIS AUNT) LADY JONES.

" *Feb.* 3.—Truly Stow was, after yourself and my brothers, the person I most had loved in the world. . . . . He was the only person with whom Reginald would lay aside the bishop, an indescribable happiness to a man of his simple turn of mind. With him, and with him alone, Reginald could be and could feel as he formerly did by his rectory fireside. Now that is over. I need not say how much he would have gained himself by what he would have seen and done, for he is now gaining and learning infinitely more. As he was to be taken from me, thank God it was in God's service. It was in doing what the Apostles, had they been alive now, would have been doing too, and because he was doing it, that he died. This fact is like a rock of comfort to me. There is no moving or shaking the conviction that those who die for God shall also live with Him. He is quite safe."

M. L. *to* Augustus W. Hare.

"I must write a few lines, although I feel it almost needless to do so, for Augustus Hare knows all my feelings too well to doubt what they must be now. I have received every comfort that the tenderest, the most affectionate kindness could give; but it is to you I turn as the sharer, the fellow-sufferer, in my grief. You only know what the loss is. I cannot help at times feeling that if I had been there this might not have happened, but I believe it is presumption to think so. The God who has willed to take him away had the power to have preserved him had He seen fit to do so, and ought we not to rejoice that his spirit is removed from a world of sighing and sorrow to one where it will be perfected in happiness and joy? I have not felt the resignation I ought to have done, but sorrow is very, very selfish. I am sensible that I have much to be grateful for, that few women have had the happiness of being loved with affection so strong and so disinterested—few can have had the means of loving such excellence and noble-mindedness; but to feel that this is gone for ever, and that we can live only in the past, is very hard to bear; and yet when I think of that sister to whom he was friend, protector, everything—I feel it almost wrong to grieve for myself. I know that if you can you will come here. When we have once met it will be a comfort tc mourn together. I look to one only source of comfort, and you too, my dear friend, must, in a Hope which can never fail, seek for that consolation which nothing earthly can afford."

Here our narration must pause. Augustus Hare and his family have henceforward so large a share in it, that it seems necessary to go back into their lives, and connect their story with this.

III.

THE HARES OF HURSTMONCEAUX.

> "The true Past departs not, nothing that was worthy in the Past departs; no Truth or Goodness realised by man ever dies, or can die; but all is still here, and, recognised or not, lives and works through endless changes." — CARLYLE'S *Essays.*

LESS than four miles from the Sussex coast, at the point where the huge remains of the Roman Anderida break the otherwise monotonous sea-line, but divided from the sea by the flat marsh meadow-lands known as Pevensey Level, stand the ruins of Hurstmonceaux Castle. Once, before the Level was reclaimed, the sea itself must have rolled in almost as far as the ancient manor-house which preceded the castle upon the same site; and the plain is still wholly uninhabited, except by one or two farmers, who watch over the immense herds of cattle which pasture there, and who live in small houses amid solitary tufts of trees, on slight rising-grounds, which were once islands, and whose names still show their origin, in the ancient termination of *ey*, or island, as in Pevensey, Horsey, Langney. From the churchyard above the castle, the view is very strange, looking down upon the green, pathless flat, into the confines of which no one ever wanders except the cowherds, or those who cross to Pevensey by the distant highroad. The church and castle are literally the last buildings on the edge of a desert.

The castle is still most grand and stately in its premature decay; nothing can be more picturesque than its huge front of red brick, grown grey here and there with lichens and weather-stains, than its arched gateway and boldly projecting machicolations, or the flowing folds of ivy with which it is overhung. Though only built in the reign of Henry VI., it is said to have been the earliest large brick building in England, after the time of Richard II., when De la Pole's house was built of brick at Kingston-on-Hull; and it is considered a most valuable specimen of the transition of domestic building from a fortress to a manor-house. The front is pierced with loop-holes for crossbows, and œillets for the discharge of matchlock guns, which are relics of the former intention, while the large windows of the dwelling-rooms, and more especially the noble oriel known as "the Ladies' Bower," are witnesses to the latter. Bishop Littleton,* writing in 1757, states his opinion that Hurstmonceaux was at that time the largest inhabited house in England belonging to any subject, its rival, Audley End, having been then partially destroyed.

Unfortunately the castle is built in a damp hollow, and, as Horace Walpole observes,† "for convenience of water to the moat, it sees nothing at all." All the present surroundings of the building are in melancholy harmony with its condition. Dim mists, which float upwards from the great dykes of the marsh, shroud the whole hollow towards evening, and seem prophetic of rheumatism and ague. The moat, which even in Elizabeth's time was converted into a garden for the sake of salubrity, is now an undrained wilderness of dank grass and rushes ; beside it, a line of tall Spanish chestnuts fling up their antler-like boughs against the sky, and are nearly the only relic of the many stately avenues which once crossed the park in every direction. Almost all the other trees near it are cut down, or blown down by the salt-winds, which blow savagely over the unguarded hill-side, and only a few mutilated beeches, a few plantations of the last century, and some thickets of furze, which afford shelter for innumerable rabbits, remain to show where rich vegetation has once existed, and to contrast with the brown turf, which scantily covers the poor unproductive soil. Ivy alone flourishes, clinging and clustering about the walls with a destroying vigour, which makes one regret the day when old Marchant, the gardener, who died only a few years ago, used to tell us that he "turned the first plant out of a penny flower-pot." But that which contributes most to the sadness of the place, is the shortness of the time since it fell into decay, for less than a hundred years ago the castle was perfect and inhabited, the antler-hung hall was filled with guests, Horace Walpole was coming down from London to hunt up the antiquities, and Addison was writing a play about the castle ghost-story.* Now, not a single room remains perfect, but the empty mullions of the windows frame broad

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* Archæologia, vol. ii. p. 147.

† Walpole's Letters, edit. 1837, vol. i. p. 176.

* See "The Haunted House," Addison's Works, vol. ii.

strips of blue Sussex sky, and in the interior the turf is everywhere strewn with masses of red and yellow brickwork, which lovers of Rome have compared to the huge fragments which litter the Baths of Caracalla.

The name Hurstmonceaux is a combination of the Saxon word "hurst," meaning a wood, and "Monceaux," the title of one of its lords, who came over with the Conqueror.* The family of Monceaux built the early manor-house, which existed long before the castle, and was coeval with the foundation of the church on the adjoining hill. In the time of Waleran de Monceaux (1264), Henry III.† visited and slept in this building, and one of his nobles, Roger de Tournay, was accidentally killed by an arrow as he was hunting in the park. In the reign of Edward II., Maude de Monceaux brought the castle by marriage to Sir John Fienes. The head of this family bore the title of Lord Dacre of the South. In 1405, died William Fienes, whose magnificent brass remains in front of the altar of the church. In 1440, the old manor-house where William Fienes died was pulled down by Sir Roger Fienes, Treasurer of the Household to Henry V., by whom the present castle was built, at a cost of £3,800.‡

In 1534, died Thomas, second Lord Dacre, whose grand altar-tomb in Hurstmonceaux Church bears his effigy, with that of his son Thomas, who died before him. It was the grandson of this Lord Dacre, and not himself, as Horace Walpole affirms, who was beheaded in his twenty-fourth year on Tower Hill * for accidentally killing a gamekeeper in Laughton Park,† "chiefly," says Camden, "because of his great estate, which needy courtiers gasped after, and which caused them to hasten his destruction." ‡ In 1593, his daughter Margaret, Baroness Dacre, brought the property by marriage (for the strictness of the entail saved the estates from forfeiture) to Sampson Lennard, described by Camden as "of great worth and politeness," with whom she lived in the castle. This couple built the great staircase, and adorned the chimney-pieces with carving in stone, and they are buried at Chevening under a splendid monument. Their grandson Richard, Lord Dacre (the builder of Chevening), died at Hurstmonceaux, and was buried there, August 18, 1650. The last Lord Dacre (Thomas) who possessed Hurstmonceaux married Lady Anne Fitzroy, a natural daughter of Charles II. by the Duchess of Cleveland, and they adorned the castle with fine carvings by Gibbons. In 1708, Thomas, Lord Dacre, sold Hurstmonceaux to George Naylor, of Lincoln's Inn, who was a very handsome man, of stately presence and large fortune. His wife, who was a picturesque little woman with curls, sparkling eyes, and a snub-nose,§ was Lady Grace Holles, sister of Thomas Pelham, first Duke of Newcastle.

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* Sussex Archæol., vol iv. p. 128. † Id., p. 134.

‡ Pat. Roll., 19 Hen. VI., "licentia kernellandi."

George Naylor and Lady Grace were married in 1705, and kept a most bountiful house at Hurstmonceaux, where

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* This is the subject of a tragedy by Mrs. Gore.

† Hollinshed says the catastrophe occurred at "Pikehaie" in Hellingly, a parish joining Hurstmonceaux on the west.

‡ Camden's Britannia.

§ See their portraits by Sir P. Lely.

all guests were hospitably received, according to their degree, while butts of beer were left standing at the park gates for the refreshment of chance passers-by. If the exterior of the castle was damp and gloomy, it was amply atoned for within the walls. The visitor, upon crossing the bridge, was received in a vaulted portico, on one side of which the porter had his lodge. Hence he entered the great courtyard, generally known as "the Green Court," surrounded by slender pillars of brick, and shaded in part by the great holly which stood in the centre of the quadrangle, and of which a fragment still remains in the ruins. Above the cloisters, a line of windows on every side lighted the galleries into which the principal apartments opened upon the upper floor. That on the left was called the Bethlehem Gallery, and was hung from end to end with gilt stamped leather, a fragment of which, Dame Burchett, an old woman in a red cloak, who showed the castle till a few years ago, used to wear in her bosom as a kind of talisman, till the day of her death. This, and the other courtyards, were always kept bright and free from weeds by twenty old crones, who were constantly employed about the place under the title of "the castle weeding women." Immediately beyond the Green Court was the great hall, paved with square glazed tiles, and covered by an open timber roof, whose massive beams were supported on corbels adorned with the alant or wolf-dog—the badge of the Dacres, and which ended in a music-gallery. Beyond the hall was the Pantry Court, whose picturesque gable lighted the great staircase built by Margaret, Baroness Dacre, which led to the upper galleries, of which the Green Gallery, hung with green cloth, was filled with pictures, and the Bethlehem Gallery derived its name from the guest-rooms which opened into it, and which were always reserved for the entertainment of strangers. Beyond the Pantry Court a paved passage led to a gateway and bridge, opening upon the garden. On the right of the main artery of the castle, occupying the east front, were the principal dwelling apartments, including the great drawing-room, adorned by the Earl of Sussex, where a vine, the masterpiece of Grinling Gibbons, was represented as springing out of the ground near the fireplace, and spreading its branches and tendrils over the ceiling, whose pendants were formed by the hanging bunches of grapes; the chapel, whose tall windows contained "the seven long lean saints ill done," described by Horace Walpole; and on the upper floor, "the Ladies' Bower," whose peculiar oriel window is so conspicuous a feature. On the west side of the castle were the kitchen and bakehouse (in the great oven of which, guide books declare that a coach and six could turn with facility), and a small court, known as the Pump Court. The chambers on the upper floor are described by Grose as "sufficient to lodge a garrison." "One was bewildered," he says, "by the galleries that led to them, while on every window was painted on the glass the alant, or wolf-dog, the ancient supporters of the family of Fiennes.

In the time of Lady Grace Naylor, these vast suites of guest-chambers were constantly filled with visitors, who frequently included the lady's own two brothers, both important persons of their time. That Thomas Holles, Duke of Newcastle, did not forget the poor friends he made while staying with his sister, is testified by a weather-beaten tombstone still standing beneath the vestry window of Hurstmonceaux Church, and inscribed to the memory of "Richard Morris, who died the 21st day of July, 1749, aged sixty-three, who himself desired that it might be remembered that he owed his bread to his grace the Duke of Newcastle, his great benefactor." *

An aunt of George Naylor had married Richard Hare, the descendant of a family which had been settled at Leigh, in Essex, for many generations, and had died, leaving an only son, Francis, who was a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, where he had formed an intimate friendship with Sir Robert Walpole, and where he had the care of John, Marquis of Blandford, only son of the great Duke of Marlborough, who died in his college of small-pox, in 1702, and is buried there in the chapel, under a monument, which bears a long Latin epitaph, composed by his tutor.†

In 1704, Francis Hare was appointed Chaplain-General to the army in Flanders, under John, Duke of Marlborough, and was present at the battles of Blenheim and Ramilies. He described the campaign in a valuable series of letters to his cousin at Hurstmonceaux, and in a journal, pre-

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* This Duke of Newcastle married Henrietta, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, in 1717. The younger brother of Lady Grace was the famous Henry Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Her sisters were Frances, Viscountess Castlecombe; Garthwright, Mrs. Polhill; Margaret, Lady Shelley; and Lucy, who married Henry, seventh Earl of Lincoln, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Prince George of Denmark, Paymaster-General in George I.'s time, and Knight of the Garter.

† In the novel of "Esmond," "Dr. Hare" is portrayed as being called in to whip the Duke of Marlborough's children.

served among Archdeacon Coxe's papers in the British Museum.

In the autumn of 1709, he returned to England, and was married to his first cousin, Bethaia, sister of George Naylor, who thereupon removed with her mother to "Amen Corner," where Francis Hare appears to have possessed some description of home, and where members of his family were previously residing. But, in the following April (1710), he was again obliged to join the camp near Douay, when he left his wife with her family at Hurstmonceaux, which ever after continued her principal home; for Lady Grace died in 1711, after an illness of two years, her husband only survived her loss a few months, and the Duke of Newcastle dying at the same time, little Grace, the heiress of Hurstmonceaux, was left to the guardianship of Francis and Bethaia Hare.

The story of Grace Naylor is a very sad one. Left an orphan at five years old, she grew up in her home, the idol of her father's tenants, equally endeared to them by her beauty of person and natural sweetness of character. In her twenty-first year (1727), she died mysteriously in Hurstmonceaux Castle. Her aunt was already dead,* and it is said that the desolate girl was starved to death by the malice of a jealous governess, in whose care she was left; the fact probably being, that, in order to give her one of the slim waists, which were a lady's greatest ambition in those days, she was so reduced by her governess, that her constitution, always delicate, was unable to rally. She has no monument at Hurstmonceaux, and the beloved name of

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* Bishop Hare married his second wife, Miss Alston, in the year succeeding Grace Naylor's death.

Grace Naylor is only commemorated upon that of her nurse, Margaret Beckett, who died December 27, 1750, aged seventy-eight, and who is mentioned as having "all her lifetime daily and hourly lamented" the decease of her young mistress. There is a beautiful portrait of her extant. Very little is really known of her life, but tradition and truth have woven themselves together in many stories, which are still told in her old home, where the bower-window, in which "the last of the Naylors was starved to death," is the object of chief attraction to those who visit the ruins of Hurstmonceaux Castle.

Of the life of Francis Hare, whose son Francis (born May 14, 1713) succeeded to the Hurstmonceaux estates on the death of his cousin, we are less ignorant. His sermons and pamphlets had long been keeping the ecclesiastical world alive, and were constantly arousing the abusive energies of the press; but at the same time, bringing his great talents before the public, which, aided by the protection of the Duke of Marlborough, and the friendship of Sir Robert Walpole, led him rapidly up the ladder of preferment.

In 1709, he enjoyed, in addition to the chaplaincy of the Duke of Marlborough, and the office of Chaplain-General of the Forces, a royal chaplaincy, given by Queen Anne, a Fellowship at Eton, a Canonry at St. Paul's, and the Rectory of Barnes, in Surrey. Thus, when he married Bethaia, he was already well provided for. In 1715, he received, in addition, the Deanery of Worcester. In 1722, he was appointed Usher of the Exchequer, which brought him another thousand a year, by Henry Pelham, the younger brother of Lady Grace. In October, 1726, upon the resignation of Dr. Godolphin, he exchanged Worcester for the richer deanery of St. Paul's; and, in the same year, was advanced to the episcopal mitre (without resigning St. Paul's, which he held till his death), being on the 17th December, 1727, consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph, where he sate for barely four years. This double elevation was the more remarkable, because, during the latter part of the reign of George I., he had fallen into disgrace on the strength of party prejudice; and, in 1718, had been dismissed from his royal chaplaincy, together with Dr. Sherlock and Dr. Moss. But on the accession of George II., he was restored to the court favour, and Queen Caroline had already intended to have nominated him to the see of Bath and Wells, but yielded to the remonstrances of the ministry, who alleged that it would disoblige the whole bench of bishops to have the newly consecrated ones let into the best preferments at once.*

That Bishop Hare was considered one of the famous preachers of his time, we learn from the verses of Pope:—

> "Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
> While Kennet, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain."†

When the estates of Hurstmonceaux came to his son, who forthwith took the name of Naylor, Bishop Hare consented to pass as much time at the castle as his various offices allowed him; but he brought up the young Francis there in the most severe manner, "obliging him to speak Greek as his ordinary language in the family."‡ The property was already much impoverished. Not only were the repairs of the great fabric itself a continual drain upon the income, but custom had imposed a burden of hospitalities, and a display of liveries and retainers, which the Bishop found great difficulty in abolishing. His letters complain bitterly of the expenses of the unremunerative deer-park, from which "half the county expected to be supplied with venison," of the weeding women, the public beer-butts, and the number of useless hangers-on who by custom were attached to the estate, and whose number may be estimated by the fact, that there were four persons whose only duty was that of clock-winders.

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* Nichols's Literary Anecdotes.

† Dunciad, bk. iii. s. 199.

‡ Cole MS.

After his son came of age, Bishop Hare never returned to Hurstmonceaux. While visiting his paternal estate of Skulthorpe, near Fakenham,* he had become acquainted with the family of Mr. Joseph Alston, of Edwardstone, whose wife was Laurentia Trumbull, niece of Sir William Trumbull, the Secretary of State.† Joseph Alston's eldest daughter, Margaret, was married to Bishop Hare in April, 1728, and brought him a large fortune in the estate of Newhouse, in Suffolk, and the Vatche, near Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire, where they always resided in the later years of his life. This property had descended to Margaret Alston through the Claytons; who, in their turn, derived it from the Fleetwoods, through whom the Bishop's second wife was related to Oliver Cromwell, of whom she possessed a valuable portrait. The Vatche took its name from the

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* Sold by his son Robert in 1780.

† Minister Plenipotentiary in Turkey in the reign of William III., and the great friend and patron of Pope, who wrote his epitaph in Easthampstead Church, Berks.

Vache, a dairy-farm of King John. The estate was a rich one, and the house, in the Bishop's time, was a fine old residence, standing on high ground, surrounded by noble trees. It was approached by a long lime avenue from the picturesque village of Chalfont, well-known to lovers of great men, as having once been the residence of Milton, who took refuge there from the plague in 1665, and wrote his "Paradise Lost" in a gable-ended cottage, built by one of the Fleetwoods, which still exists.

The comparative economy of the Vatche, and its nearness to London, made it a far more popular residence with the Bishop than Hurstmonceaux. He fitted up a desecrated chapel in the grounds for divine service, which was performed by one of his chaplains, and hung a gallery, a hundred and fifty feet in length, with the portraits of his ancestors.* At the Vatche, the seven children of his second marriage were born.†

Meanwhile, his eldest son, Francis, gave the Bishop considerable uneasiness, by avenging himself for his strictly guarded youth, in extravagance and dissipation of every description, and by eventually joining the Medmenham brotherhood, or "Hell Fire Club," a society of wits and humorists, who called themselves Franciscans, from their founder, Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despencer. They met in the deserted abbey of Medmenham, on the banks of the Thames, where they spent six weeks every summer in the wildest orgies, during which, a cordon was drawn round the abbey, to prevent the approach of the uninitiated. "Fay ce que voudras" (the inscription in Rabelais' abbey Thelme) * was their motto, which they engraved over their porch at Medmenham, where, time-stained and ivy-mantled, it may still be seen; and whatever they chose that they did, though they sometimes chose to do things which the present century would never allow, and the last century was greatly scandalized at.† When he consented to leave the brotherhood, the first step which Francis Naylor made towards reform, was one most displeasing to his father, by engaging himself to his stepmother's younger sister, Carlotta Alston, who was penniless, though beautiful. The Bishop prevented their marriage in his lifetime, but it took place after his death, when they went to live permanently at Little Thurlow, in Suffolk, with the third Miss Alston, who was married to a Mr. Stephen Soane, leaving Hurstmonceaux to the rats and mice. Had Francis Naylor married during his father's lifetime, "the Bishop and his son had been brother-in-law," says Cole, "and by that means would have added yet another scandal."‡ That the Bishop's own second marriage had created some scandal at the time, we learn from Whiston, who writes, "And I will venture to say that Bishop Hoadley and Bishop Hare seem to have been among the first, pretending to be Christian Bishops, that having children already, and being in years,

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* Sheahan's Hist. of Bucks, pp. 822, 823.

† Four of these lived to grow up, Robert the eldest son; Laurentia who died 1760, aged thirty-one; Anne who died 1816, aged eighty-one; and Francis, who died in the East Indies, 1771.

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* See Cole MS. under the head of Soane.

† For details concerning the Medmenham brotherhood, see "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea," vol. iii. c. 17.

‡ Cole MS. xvi. 107.

have married twice, and ventured to officiate as Christian Bishops afterwards."[*] But Bishop Hare did not regret the course he had taken, and his second married life was a very happy one, saddened only by the deaths of little Mary, Charlotte, and Frances, taken away in their childhood.

His leisure time at the Vatche was constantly devoted to literary pursuits. In 1724 he had published in London a new quarto edition of Terence, according to that of Faërnius, with notes and a dissertation upon comic metre. This publication led to a dispute between Bishop Hare and Dr. Bentley, heretofore his intimate friend, which lasted many years.[†] In this dispute Bishop Hare is generally considered to have had the worst of it, but Dr. Parr, who thought him one of the best Latin scholars of his or of any age, gave it as his opinion that "he proved himself quite a match for his antagonist in his knowledge of the genius and spirit of the language." Bishop Warburton had also the highest opinion of his critical skill, saying, "Good sense is the foundation of criticism; this it is which has made Dr. Bentley and Dr. Hare the two greatest critics that ever were in the world."[‡]

Bishop Hare had a considerable knowledge of Hebrew; and in 1736 he published an edition of the Psalms in that language. Concerning this, as about all the works of the Bishop, opinions differed widely. Dr. Richard Grey, in the preface to his Hebrew Grammar, highly extols it, as recovering what for ages had been lost, the knowledge of Hebrew poetry, and in several places restoring the text to its original beauty and accuracy, as also teaching the method of learning the Hebrew language without points; but Bishop Hare's arrangement of the Psalms was ably confuted by Lowth in 1766.

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[*] Whiston's "Memoirs of Himself," vol. i. p. 540.

[†] See a letter from Dr. Salter of the Charterhouse to Dr. Nichols, Gent. Mag. for 1779, pp. 547, 548.

[‡] Nichols's Lit. Anec., ii. 96.

Meanwhile the Bishop's sermons continued to excite increasing attention, and to be the signal for a warfare of attacking and defending pamphlets. For the defence of a single sermon on King Charles's martyrdom (preached 1731) no less than six pamphlets were issued by different persons.*

In 1731 Bishop Hare was translated from the see of St. Asaph to that of Chichester. In 1736 he narrowly escaped elevation to the primacy. The case is thus described in Lord Hervey's Memoirs: "During Archbishop Wake's illness, in 1736, there was a question who should succeed him. Lord Hervey proposed Potter, but Sir Robert seemed much more inclined to take Hare, provided he could get the Queen to accept of him. Hare having been his tutor at the university, gave Sir Robert some prejudices for him; and the good correspondence in which he had lived with him ever since made his vanity, I believe, more inclined to Hare than Potter, as the promotion in that case would have been more marked out to have been made solely by his influence. Lord Hervey told him, 'You will certainly repent of it, if you take Hare. He is a haughty, hard-natured, imperious, hot-headed, injudicious fellow, who, I firmly believe, would give you more trouble at Lambeth than even Sherlock himself; and besides that, is so thoroughly disliked in private and feared in public life, that I do not think you could lodge power in more unpopular hands.' This did not weaken Sir Robert's bias towards him, but Lord Hervey's constantly talking to the Queen in this strain strengthened the natural bias she had against him; and his lordship never lost any opportunity of doing Potter as many good offices as he did ill ones to Hare, and as all he said on these two subjects had the ground-work of her own inclination, it made an impression which, without that aid, would have sunk less deep, and been much easier effaced."*

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* Cole MS. vol. xvi.

That Bishop Hare's character was not such as to conciliate court favour or form new friendships may be seen from much contemporary evidence. Cole says, "That the Bishop was of a sharp and piercing wit, of great judgment and understanding in worldly matters, and of no less sagacity and penetration in matters of learning, and especially of criticism, is sufficiently clear from the works he has left behind him, but that he was of a sour and crabbed disposition and behaviour is equally manifest."† The few friends who remained faithful to the Bishop in his later life, were chiefly those he had made in his early youth, the Pelhams and Walpoles, and other friends of the old Naylor connection. Another firm ally was Dr. Warburton, who was first introduced to the notice of the court by his influence.‡

Bishop Hare died at the Vatche on the 26th of April,

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* Lord Hervey's Memoirs, ii. 110.

† See also on this subject the author of the *Critical Review* for Feb., 1763, p. 82.

‡ See the Life of Bishop Warburton affixed to his Works, vol. i. p. 17.

1740, and was buried in a mausoleum which he had built for his family adjoining the church of Chalfont St. Giles. Great was the lamentation for him both in private and public. Bishop Warburton wrote, "In the death of Dr. Francis Hare the world has lost one of the best patrons and supporters of letters and religion. How steadily and successfully he employed his talents of reason and literature, in opposing the violence of each religious party in their turn, when court favour was betraying them into hurtful extremes, the unjust reproaches of libertines and bigots will never suffer us to forget. How generously he encouraged and rewarded letters, let them tell who have largely shared in his beneficence, for his character may be trusted with his enemies or even with his most obliged friends. In him the author of the 'Divine Legation of Moses' has lost the most candid of his readers and ablest of his critics; what he can never lose is, the honour of his esteem and friendship."

Many other persons have awarded a favourable verdict to Bishop Hare, and since Bentley was dead, he left no avowed enemies behind him; but the belief in his orthodoxy as a Churchman was by no means universal. Spencer's Anecdotes mention him as "engaging to prove very clearly that the Book of Job was written a little before Ezekiel's time.' Dr. Conybeare quotes him as saying, "The Book of Job is, perhaps, the finest dramatic piece that ever was written. It is evidently a tragedy, and the design of it is to show, 'cur malis bone, et bonis male.' Taken with that single precaution, it is very easily understood all through, and the performance is very well for a young man."

Upon the death of Francis Naylor, in 1775, the Hurstmonceaux property devolved upon his half-brother Robert, son of the Bishop by Margaret Alston. He received his name from his godfather Sir Robert Walpole, who gave him as a christening present the sinecure office of sweepership of Gravesend, worth £400 a year, but divided for some time between him and a Mr. Gee. This he held till his death. Its only duty was to go down to Gravesend once a year, and to give ten guineas to the watermen there. Bishop Hare had decided from their cradles that his sons must follow his example in marrying heiresses. "The estate is charged to raise £3,000 apiece for the younger children, and one would hope that Master Hare's wife's fortune would clear that encumbrance," wrote the Bishop's widow, immediately after his death. The wife and her fortune were very easy to fix upon. Only two miles from the Vatche was the beautiful estate of Chalfont St. Peters, belonging to a Mr. Lister Selman, who had no son, but two lovely daughters. Of these, one, Helena, married John Lefevre, of Heckfield, and was the grandmother of the present Lord Eversley; the other, Sarah, married Robert Hare in 1752, and died in 1763 of a chill brought on by eating too many ices when overheated by dancing at Sir John Shaw's, at Eltham, leaving to the Hares a diamond necklace, valued at £30,000, and three children, Francis, Robert, and Anna Maria.

In 1768, Robert Hare married another heiress, Miss Henrietta Henckell, a woman as extravagant as she was ambitious. She preferred Hurstmonceaux to the Vatche as the grander residence of the two, and after the death of the Bishop's widow in December, 1784, she persuaded her husband to sell the latter, together with his property at the

White House and Burfield in Hampshire, and at New House in Suffolk, and to settle the proceeds upon her children, who were seven in number, though only two daughters—Caroline and Marianne—lived long enough to bear any conspicuous part in the family history. But far more distressing to her stepsons was the idea of Mrs. Henrietta Hare, that if she could pull down the castle, which was necessarily entailed upon the eldest son of her predecessor, she could build with its materials a handsome house on a higher site in the park, which could be settled upon herself. With this view she called Wyatt to her assistance, who declared that the castle was in a hopeless state of dilapidation, though another authority had just affirmed that in all material points its condition was as good as on the day on which it was built.

In 1777 the castle was unroofed. Those who began to pull it to pieces found how strongly built it was, and the materials were so injured in the taking down that they were quite unfit to use again. A great sale was held in the park, whither the London brokers came in troops, and lived in an encampment of tents during the six weeks through which the sale lasted. Almost everything of value or interest was then dispersed. The great vine of Gibbons's carving is said to have been bought for Petworth. Even the portrait of Grace Naylor herself was sold to a farmer at Hellingly. Mrs. Henrietta Hare and her husband afterwards resided at Hurstmonceaux Place, the new house which Wyatt was commissioned to build, and lived there with such extravagance that they always spent a thousand a year more than their income, large as it was, and annually sold a farm from the property to make up the deficiency. It was a proverb in the neighbourhood at that time that "people might hunt either Hares or Foxes."

Robert Hare was a clergyman. In the later years of his life he had a canonry at Winchester, and there he died. It was upon one of the rare visits of his eldest son, Francis Hare Naylor, to Winchester (for he was upon the most unhappy terms with his stepmother) that he made an acquaintance which was of the utmost consequence to his future life.

About two miles from Winchester is the picturesque village of Twyford, having an old church with a magnificent yew-tree in its grave-yard, and close beside it a handsome, substantial red-brick house of the last century, standing rather too near the high-road. Beyond the road is, however, a fine avenue of chestnuts called "The Grove." The house itself is apparently only two stories high, for the third is concealed by a parapet, with round holes opposite the windows, after the fashion of the time. Below the house and the churchyard a green bank studded with elm-trees slopes down to the river Itchen, which is here crossed by a wooden bridge. Altogether Twyford is a far pleasanter residence than any other place in that generally bleak but healthy neighbourhood.

In the earlier part of the last century Twyford House was inhabited by a family called Davies, whose heiress married Jonathan Shipley, a London merchant. Their only son, Jonathan, rose high in ecclesiastical honours. In 1749, being then a doctor in divinity, he was made Canon of Christ Church, and in 1760 Dean of Winchester. He was next advanced to the bishopric of Llandaff, whence he was translated to St. Asaph in 1769. The sermons of Bishop Shipley obtained great praise, though no collection of them was published till after his death in 1792. He was celebrated by the poets of his day.

> "Who views St. Asaph, e'en with envious eye,
> That dares his learning, wisdom, worth, deny?"

The following letter to the newly-appointed prime minister, Lord Shelburne, seems worth insertion as showing the boldness with which Bishop Shipley asserted his principles, regardless of self-interest.

"*Chimbolton, November* 21, 1782.—My dear Lord,—Permit an old friend, who has told you many an honest truth, and has never in any instance imposed upon you, to return a very serious answer to an official letter. I need not remind your lordship that it was my constant endeavour and warmest wish to bring about a cordial reconciliation between yourself and Lord Rockingham. I always considered you as the respectable heads of the same party, and I considered your difference as arising from mutual jealousies and little personal offences, and far unworthy to be the ground of a serious division among the friends of their country. Your lordship need not be reminded of the warm, the frequent, and perhaps impertinent remonstrances I have made on this subject, and I have a right to be credited when I assure you that I never omitted any opportunity of expressing the same wishes to Lord Rockingham, as far as a very inferior degree of intimacy would allow of. Almost the last words I ever spoke to him were these: 'My lord, you see the arts and intrigues that are used to disunite you and Lord Shelburne: that very circumstance ought to convince you both that it is your interest most cordially to agree.' I flattered myself, indeed, that my wishes were accomplished when you so nobly concurred with Lord Rockingham in forming the late Cabinet. Two or three more such acts would have made you what I always hoped to see you,—a great, independent, popular statesman, heading a most respectable band of honest men, the friend of your country, and the most powerful man in it. Your memory will justify what I say, if you recollect the tendency of all the political conversations with which your lordship has formerly honoured me; and though my endeavours have perhaps been too officious, and certainly fruitless, and even though they have made me lose your lordship's friendship and confidence, yet I shall have the spirit to consider the part I took as the most virtuous act of my life. I congratulated your lordship with the warmest approbation and love on your short-lived reconciliation with Lord Rockingham, and I own I could not congratulate you on a promotion that occasioned the desertion of so many worthy men. That great and solid combination ought at all events to have been kept entire. Before the death of that valuable man I left town, and have been resident either at my diocese or on my living in an utter ignorance of all State transactions since that period. I pay no regard to papers or common reports, and my correspondents have been either silent or mysterious. God forbid that I should suspect your lordship has abandoned your good principles and your generous views for the public service; pursue them with firmness, and you will have my weak support, and much better than mine; but if you find yourself entangled and embarrassed, like Lord Chatham, in Court artifices, break through the mercenary chains at once, and assert your liberty and honour.

"If from different views of things I should at any time find myself obliged to differ from you, it will give me some comfort to show that my long attachment to your lordship was not of an interested kind. I am, my Lord, your most obedient, faithful, humble servant,

"J. St. Asaph."

Bishop Shipley married Anna Maria, daughter of the Honourable George Mordaunt, and niece of the famous Earl of Peterborough, who, in her youth, was celebrated as "the beautiful Miss Mordaunt," and was Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline. They had one son and five daughters. The son, William Davies, took orders; and, while still a young man, was appointed to the Deanery of his father's Cathedral of St. Asaph, where, by residing on the spot, he was enabled to perform many duties which would otherwise have devolved upon his father, and to allow of his passing a great part of the year on his own estates at Twyford, and at Chimbolton, near Andover. Dean Shipley married a Miss Yonge, coheiress with her sister (who never married, and lived with the Dean), of Bodryddan, a fine old house, embosomed in woods, and backed by rocky purple hills, about three miles from St. Asaph. There he lived, full of enjoyment in hunting and shooting,—rollicking, popular, and good-natured,—though not very ecclesiastical.

The daughters of the Bishop, unlike their decanal brother, were entirely devoted to literature. The eldest, Anna Maria, was of a stern character, which caused her to be regarded with considerable awe by her sisters, and lived principally with her cousin, Lady Spencer, at Althorpe, where she attracted the attentions of the handsome young tutor, afterwards the celebrated Sir William Jones. In spite of the disparity of position, Bishop Shipley entertained so great an admiration for the genius of young Jones, that he would probably not have refused his consent to their union, especially as he had himself been permitted to make his own happy marriage with Miss Mordaunt, while he was a tutor in the family of her uncle, Lord Peterborough. But William Jones determined not to seek the hand of Miss Shipley till his own efforts placed him in a position which he considered worthy of her, and he was thus stimulated to greater exertions. "It was a fixed principle with him, never to be deterred by any difficulties that were surmountable, from prosecuting to a successful termination, what he had once deliberately undertaken." In the course of his short life, he acquired :

Eight languages studied critically :—

English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit.

Eight studied less perfectly, but all intelligible with a dictionary :—

Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runick, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, Turkish.

Twelve studied least perfectly, but all attainable :—

Tibetian, Pâli, Phalari, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, Chinese (twenty-eight languages).

It was not, however, till April, 1783, when his services to Oriental literature had won the honours of knighthood, and the appointment of Judge at Fortwilliam, in Bengal, that he claimed the hand of Miss Shipley, who almost immediately after accompanied him to India. The marriage gave great pleasure to all the friends of the family; most of all to the venerable Benjamin Franklin (there is a beautiful letter of his written upon the occasion), who was Bishop Shipley's most intimate friend, and with whom he used to walk for hours up and down "the Grove" in eager conversation, during the summers he spent at Twyford. The loss of Lady Jones was bitterly felt by her family; her sisters never passed a day without writing to her in a long journal letter every most trifling event of their lives; and her father confided to her his every care, and watched for her return with the most unwearied affection. Thus, after hearing that a serious illness was likely to send her home, he wrote:—

BISHOP SHIPLEY *to* LADY JONES.

"*May* 31, 1787.—I admire Sir William's sense and goodness in a hundred instances, but in none more than that, though he knows your value so well, he will for that very reason consent to part with you. The great difficulty I foresee, will be to gain your consent to leave him in India alone. I conceive how deeply so long a separation must affect your sensible and worthy minds, but your own reasonable thoughts will suggest that you only part to preserve your life, and increase your happiness. I fear I may appear selfish in saying that you will meet with love, and friendship, and kindness at home, that may atone for everything but the loss of Sir William; but all the rest will be slight and superficial in comparison of the joy you will bring to your own family, and chief to the bosom of your anxious parents. Shall I once more see and embrace my dearest Anna? Shall I hear from her own mouth her dangers, her adventures, her observations? That thought revives me; it lessens the infirmities of age, and shows me there is still something worth living for. I cannot help anticipating the pleasure in thought of receiving my dearest daughter once more into my aged arms: it makes me wish to live a few years longer. Give my blessing and ever affectionate respects to Sir William, and think often of your wishing and doating father,

"J. St. Asaph."

A great contrast to Lady Jones, both in appearance and character, was her sister Georgiana, the fourth and most interesting of Bishop Shipley's daughters. As she passed from a happy childhood, spent in the sisterly circle, into her brilliant girlhood, she displayed a degree of beauty which caused her to rival her cousin, a more celebrated Georgiana, "the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire," to whom she bore a striking resemblance. From her earliest years, she delighted her father by displaying the most ardent love for learning of every kind. Not only was she thoroughly versed in all the modern European languages, but she was also deeply read in Greek and Latin authors, which she studied with him. Her extraordinary artistic talents were cultivated under the eye of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, when they were in London, was almost a daily visitor at her father's house; and, in the remarkable literary circle which frequented her home, the enthusiasm with which she entered into all the political questions of the time, and the originality of her conversational powers, made her a general favourite.

To Georgiana, the marriage of Lady Jones made an especial blank in the home circle; for Mrs. Shipley had always brought up her daughters "to go in pairs," and, sympathizing most in all their pursuits, Anna Maria and

Georgiana had always "gone together." The separation, too, took place at a time when she most especially needed the support and advice of her elder sister. During her father's residence at Twyford, while wearied with the dull society of the country squires of the neighbourhood, she had found a congenial spirit in Francis Hare Naylor, the son of the Canon of Winchester. His good looks, and his hopeful disposition amid much poverty and constant unkindness from his father, not only interested her in his behalf, but the Duchess of Devonshire also, who looked upon him as the hero of a living romance, and who, when Georgiana Shipley came to London, never omitted an opportunity of throwing them together. Bishop Shipley, who had more ambitious views for his beautiful daughter, tried in vain to break off their intimacy, for meetings were contrived almost daily at Devonshire House; and, as Georgiana Shipley wrote to Lady Jones, "each day was a blank" on which they did not take place. At length, seeing the hopeless state of his daughter's affections, the Bishop was induced to invite Francis Hare Naylor to Twyford. The following day he was arrested for debt, while driving in the episcopal coach with Georgiana and her parents. He was then forbidden the house; but, on his release, he contrived to communicate with his beloved by dressing up as a beggar, and appearing at her carriage window, as it ploughed its way through the muddy lanes between Winchester and Twyford. She recognised him, and kissed her hand in the presence of her family. The scene of indignation and reproach which followed brought matters to a crisis. Robert Hare refused to do anything for his son, but the Duchess of Devonshire gave them an annuity of £200, with the promise of a place in Ireland, and on this they married. The place in Ireland never came; and, soon after the marriage, they retired to Carlsruhe, and afterwards to the north of Italy, where their pittance was comparative riches. Here their eldest son was born, at Vicenza, on January 6, 1786, and was baptized by the names of Francis George in the following June, when the Duchess of Devonshire, passing through Italy at the time, officiated as his godmother. In 1792, the Hare-Naylors proceeded to Rome, where Mrs. H. Naylor gave birth (November 17) to her second son, called Augustus William, after his royal godfather, Prince Augustus Frederick, and Sir William Jones.

The first years she spent in Italy were devoted by Mrs. Hare-Naylor to painting, and she has left many fine copies of the pictures in different celebrated galleries. Her perfect mastery of languages and immense knowledge enabled her to enter fully into all the intellectual interests around her. Rome afforded her the most entire enjoyment. The following verses, written during her stay there, remain among her papers:—

"What art thou, Rome? An empire's cemet'ry?
  The skeleton of greatness still thou hast:
  Thy shattered Coliseum stern and vast,
Thy long, long aqueducts—from water free!
Thy mould'ring fanes—without a deity!
  Grey columns too, whose very names are pass'd,
  Yet, still erect, their length'ning shadows cast,
As though they mark'd the hours of destiny.

"What art thou, Rome? I look again around,
  There meets mine eye the grave procession's gloom,
And in mine ear the swelling anthems sound,

> And nearer still the clouds of incense loom,
> And lofty cupolas my mind astound :
> What art thou, Rome ? a temple, or a tomb ?"

In 1795, wearied of wandering, the Hare-Naylors formed a fixed residence at Bologna, where they could live more economically than in the south. Bologna, which still maintains an intellectual supremacy over all the other cities of Italy, was at that time the resort of many especially eminent and learned persons who were attracted thither by the university, and who formed a society at once literary and agreeable. Chief among its eminent citizens was the famous Mezzofanti, with whom the Hare-Naylors became very intimate ; and it used to be one of the delights of their little Francis, in his childhood, to swing the censer upon the steps of the altar, when the future cardinal was celebrating mass.* "At this time, also, the chief instructors in the Scuole Pie of Bologna were members of the recently suppressed Society of Jesuits. In Spain the order had been exiled long before it was suppressed, and its members, taking refuge in Italy, were warmly welcomed in the Papal States, and were led to establish themselves at Bologna by finding in its schools a field of labour almost identical with that of their own institution. One of the most remarkable of these refugees was Father Emmanuele Aponte, a native of Spain, who had been for many years a member of the mission to the Philippine Islands. An enthusiast in the study of Greek, Aponte possessed a solid and critical knowledge of the language, of which he wrote an excellent and practical grammar for the schools of the university, frequently republished since his time; and it was probably to this habit of close and critical examination, which he acquired under Aponte's instruction, that his pupil Mezzofanti owed the exact knowledge of the niceties of the language, and the power of discriminating between all the varieties of the Greek style, for which he became so eminently distinguished."* Living with Aponte, as his adopted daughter, was a lady whose acquirements were even more remarkable than his own. This was Clotilda Tambroni, whose bust and picture now decorate the walls of the university, where, in spite of her sex (though not the first lady so distinguished), she was appointed to the chair of the professor of Greek, and where her lectures were eagerly attended. In appearance and dress, if we may judge by her portrait, she resembled the Sibyl of Domenichino.†

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* Francis Hare's Reminiscences.

With the utmost devotion Mrs. Hare-Naylor now gave herself up to the education of her eldest son, whose welfare, spiritual or temporal, was never absent from her thoughts. To teach him, she again applied herself to the classical studies, which had been the delight of her unmarried life, and with the assistance of Clotilda Tambroni, for whom she formed a passionate friendship, acquired a knowledge of Greek and Roman literature almost unequalled in a woman. From the best Italian, Spanish, French, and English authors she collected all passages which she thought might prove useful for her son's edu-

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* See Russell's Life of Mezzofanti.

† She lived till 1840, and is buried in the cemetery of Bologna, where her tomb has a marble medallion and a long inscription.

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cation or guidance. She compiled a book of "Maxims" for his constant reference, writing on the first page—"As for the diligent, their minds are at ease; their time is employed as they know it ought; what they gain they enjoy with a good conscience, and it wears well, nor do only the fruits of their labours delight them, but even labour itself becomes pleasant;" * and "Nam cætera neque temporum sunt, neque ætatum omnium neque locorum; hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, perigrinantur, rusticantur." † Above all, Mrs. Hare-Naylor sought to interest her son in religion, but on that subject alone not to bewilder himself with useless inquiries. With this view she also introduced in the beginning of her maxim-book the following words of Secker: "It is our duty to believe with humility and simplicity what the Holy Scripture hath taught us; and to be contentedly ignorant of what it doth not teach us, without indulging speculations or conjectures, which will only perplex the subject." She taught her little Francis early to compose prayers and meditations of his own, and commit them to paper. Of these, the following remains to us in his large round child's hand of 1795. "I beseech thee, O my God, to be indulgent to what I have been: to assist me to amend what I am; and, of thy goodness, to direct what I shall be; so that the love of virtue and the love of thee may always be first in my heart, Amen."

Before he was four years old Francis Hare had begun

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* From Secker.

† Cicero pro Archia poeta.

to display the talents which afterwards distinguished him, speaking (said his mother in writing to Lady Jones) English, French, and Italian with equal facility. Before he was ten, he could read easily with his mother in all the easier Greek and Latin classics, and he was familiar with many of the best authors in French and Italian. The only recreation he cared for was the work of a carpenter. He had no young companions except during his fifth year, which he passed in England with his parents, when a childish friendship was begun with "Harry Temple" (afterwards Lord Palmerston), which was never laid aside. At Bologna his mother was his constant companion, and with her, and her dog Smut, and her favourite bird in its cage, he used to pass long days in the woods and olive gardens near the town. The family group was painted thus by Flaxman, whose friendship was one of Mrs. Hare-Naylor's greatest pleasures, and whose advice and assistance added much to the perfection of her paintings. It was for her that he made his drawings of the Iliad and Odyssey.

To the little Francis, on his birthday of Jan. 6, 1795, his mother addressed the lines:—

"Beneath yon mountain's venerable brow,
The youthful oak adorns its native wood,
And guarded by that Power who bade it grow,
Defies the whirlwind and the raging flood.

Its trunk enlarges and its roots extend
As health and strength each vital part pervade:
In foliage rich the tufted boughs ascend,
And the gay sunbeams gild its verdant shade.

Thus, O my darling, comes the tenth glad year,
Which from thy birth receives its joyous date,

While the loved object of thy parent's care,
  Thy life has passed in childhood's happy state.

Thy ductile heart is fashion'd to revere
  That Power benign on whom we all depend,
And thy young bosom glows with love sincere
  Tow'rds God, thy Maker, Father, Judge, and Friend.

Blithe health is thine, and gaiety of heart,
  With spirits light, as breath of fragrant morn,
And all the genius Nature can impart,
  And all the charms, which playful youth adorn.

No tale of woe has pain'd thy tender ear,
  No thought impure has stain'd thy spotless mind;
Unlearn'd in flattery and untaught to fear,
  Yet mild to all, as loving all mankind.

Instructed virtue, more than fame to prize
  To help the helpless, to relieve the opprest,
The use of wisdom, to make others wise,
  The use of riches, to make others blest.

Yet, much I fear the ardour of thy soul,
  Which prudence vain would check, and reason still,
Once left to lawless passion's fierce control,
  May change the fervent love of good, to ill;

Convert thy parent's imaged dream of joy
  To deep regret and unavailing tears;
Shade ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace destroy,
  And blast the promised harvest of thy years.

The vivid light'ning bursting o'er the plain
  Resistless as wild passion's boundless tide,
Consumes the oak, of strength, of beauty vain,
  And levels with the ground the forest's pride."

In the summer of 1795, Mrs. Hare-Naylor retired from the heat of the plains to the valley of Valdagno near Vicenza, and there she gave birth (September 13) to her third son, Julius Charles.

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MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* LADY JONES.

"*Valdagno, Oct.* 10, 1795.—My third boy is at present the beauty of the whole family—fine dark eyes and a lovely skin. On Monday we are to have the christening, and a great dinner afterwards. The Duchess of Brissac holds the child, and is to be the only sponsor, for they will not admit of Protestants standing even by proxy, and she is the only Catholic I ever saw whom I could wish to answer for a child of mine. She gives him the name of Julius—a name dear to her, as being her father's, and that of her only son, whom she lost young. When we return to England I shall have many drawings to show you, and any you like will be yours, as much as myself and all which belongs to me, for my gratitude is only exceeded by your kindness. . . We live so happy in each other, so happy in our children, so unmolested by any extraneous tracasseries, that I often doubt whether any change in our situation be desirable, could I but be gratified in my earnest wish of once more seeing you, my best friend and dearest sister. This place much resembles the most beautiful and romantic parts of North Wales. Hare and I ramble all day long, cross torrents, and climb rocks, and converse with the peasants, who are here a simple, intelligent, natural set of beings, with better understandings and more goodness of heart than any Venetian noble; you cannot imagine the pleasure it is to be able to comprehend their patois, which I now speak to perfection."

On the 9th of November in the following year, a fourth son, Marcus Theodore, was born at Bologna, and received his name of Marcus from his godfather, the Marchese Marescotti, a cittadino of Bologna, who had married Lady Sophia Butler, a friend of his mother's.

In 1797, Robert Hare died, and it was then discovered that his intention of leaving everything he had to his second wife was frustrated by the fact that she had unwittingly built Hurstmonceaux Place upon entailed land. Upon the receipt of this news, the Hare-Naylors determined at once to set off for England, though it was a time of war, and travelling difficult. They settled only to take their little Augustus with them, for whose education Lady Jones had undertaken to provide.

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* LADY JONES.

Bologna, *August*, 1797.—A very, very happy week have I spent with my beloved friend, Madame de Brissac, who came from Valdagno on purpose to visit us before her return into France. We talked over many plans and built many castles, and I was gratified, after a long absence, in again enjoying all that social pleasure can bestow, in a union of sentiment and principles. Hours passed in her conversation seem to give one a foretaste of the happiness to be enjoyed hereafter. . . . . I have not mentioned your kind offer with regard to my boy to any one in England, and perhaps you had better not mention it either, because if he is not so fortunate as to gain your affections when you know him, I have still two remaining for you to choose from, for the contributing to your happiness is as much my object as the real good of my child. The account you give, my beloved sister, of your own health and spirits renders me doubly anxious to come to you, and I shall be most thankful to God if my presence shall give you either comfort or pleasure, and I think it will both, because you will see in me your own G., the child of your earliest affections, unchanged from what I was when we parted, and preserving a grateful memory of the long series of kindnesses and favours you have unremittingly shown me."

Julius and Marcus were left with Betta, a trustworthy Bolognese servant, under the eye of the Marescottis, and Francis was placed in the house of Dom Emmanuele Aponte, as a joint pupil to him and Clotilda Tambroni. Nothing will give a better idea of the atmosphere in which Mrs. Hare-Naylor brought up her children than a few extracts from the letters of the little (half-Italian) Francis to his parents.

FRANCIS HARE (aged eleven) *to* HIS MOTHER.

"*Bologna, Sept.* 16, 1797.—Dear mama, I wish that you and Pappa and Agustus are all arrived perfectly well in England, and have finished the journey without any accident or quarrel. On Monday I went with Don Tineo and the Rector to Ranizzi, which is really a very pretty place, and after dinner we had a dancing bear. On Tuesday morning we began our studies. Thucydides and Herodotus I read with Dom Emmanuel together with the Spanish and its grammar, Callimachus and Xenophon with the Clotilde, and Hesiod by myself, and in Latin Horace. In the evening we went up to see Betta and the children, and at night after tea we read Sallust. . . . . I hope that you will soon settle your affairs and see Housemonseux, and write me word how my friend the castle stands, and what classics you have—I mean those that the unnatural (for this is the only epithet she merits) Mrs. Hare left you."

"*Sept.* 23, 1797.—We go on very well in our studies, which last every day at least seven and a half hours. I read every day for one hour in the morning one of those prayers that you left me, and thirteen chapters in the Bible, and two psalms, and some of the 'Grandeur de Dieu.' Then from nine to two we continually study, in which time we read Thucydides and Callimachus, which is a very fine poet (but tell Pappa he will not understand it, and that I hope, when he comes back, I will give him the choice of any Greek authors, even one that I have not, and I will certainly beat him; but by that time Dom Emmanuel hopes I may be a perfect Grecian); then we read Xenophon's 'Cyropaidia,' which is sometimes obscure, and in Latin Horace, which I agree with you is a very fine poet. After dinner I read a little Hesiod by myself, and after tea, if the Rector comes, we read Sallust; if not, Herodotus, which is the prettiest and most interesting history I ever read, and written very beautifully."

"*Oct.* 21.—Monday morning we went to see the casino of the college with the Rector, Don Tineo, and Colomeo (from whom I have learned to play at chess and at dama), Marescalchi and Carlino, Padre Scandellari and Don Puero, and the chaplain of the church of Castenazzo, where we had a very good rural dinner. My brothers, both Jule and Marcus, have come into the town, and I have seen the house, which I did not much like, but the room where Betta sleeps is not a bad one.

"*Oct.* 24.—Pray tell me how Agustus goes on in learning and in goodness. Pray give me some news of the poor old castle and of the gardens, and if you can find a room for me to work in. Pray send me word how you like England, and if it is disposed to change, for if it is I hope to go over and serve my country.

"Jule loves especially Dom Emmanuel, and Marcus the Clotilde. Jule is very fond of me. Pray give one kiss to Agustus from us three. Jule shows great wish to learning, for yesterday, when we went to the library of the college, he did nothing else but want to carry away some of the books."

The next letter is signed "F. G. Hare. I attest and subscribe myself a true English citizen and a perpetual defender of its liberties, and never to be persuaded by the tempting power of monarchy. Justice—*fraternité!* An English citizen who swears himself an enemy to all that dare to touch the rights of the people. A preserver of the English liberty and an eternal opposer to the encroaching tyranny of the king and ministry, and of the detestable parliament which now exists, which, except a few, are the greatest raskels and slaves that ever existed, who for a little money given them by ministry, will sell the sacred rights of the people to tyrannism; and if Pitt have any virtues, one may say of him, as Cato says of Cæsar, in Addison's famous play,

> 'Curs'd are his virtues, for they have undone his country.'"

(This, and all the other letters of young Francis, bear the dates and months of the French Republic.)

"*Nov.* 17, 1797.—I hope you are all very well, so are Julius and Marcus. Jule knows very well all the letters.

"Every evening we go to see the Rector, who is not well, upon which account Don Tineo shows all his goodness in assisting the Rector. Don Tineo is certainly a man in whom, without knowing him intimately, one does not find out all the virtues—a man of great talent, and indefatigable towards study, and of great goodness. Together with a good deal of learning, he is very humble. At first knowing him he seems rather serious, but that is his temper; but knowing him, he is the mildest person you can imagine, and his virtues are most shining in comparison with Don Puero, who does not understand anything but about operas, and I may rightly think him one of the best friends I have. Pray always remember me as I remember you."

"*Dec.* 16.—Smut and the bird do very well, but the cat is lost that Betta took to Bologna, to which you passed three pauls a month. The other is up in the Casino getting very beautiful and tame. I like my mathematick master much; he is one of the most famous in Italy, and the most famous in Bologna for Il Calcolo Differentiale and Integrale and Algebra. We now study algebra problems, and he says before the month of May he will make me, if I study, a profound Algebrist, and then study geometry and consecutively all the other parts of mathematicks. He wants punctually done all he sets, and if not he redoubles the portion, and makes me do it another time."

"*Jan.* 27, 1798.—For Monday I have made a new division of time. From seven to nine I do my penso; from nine to two, Greek and mathematicks; from three to seven, French and Greek, or Latin and mathematicks, and read the Bible; then from seven to nine read, and at twelve go to bed—that I may be worthy when you come back of the things I have asked you to bring me."

DOM EMMANUELE APONTE *to* MRS. HARE-NAYLOR
(*from the Italian.*)

"*Sept.* 16, 1797.—Francis is well and happy, and most diligent in his studies. Yesterday after dinner we all three went to visit the two children, and found them most flourishing. Julius constantly repeated, 'Mama is away, papa is away, but Nono is at home,* Clotilde is at home, Betta is at home.' As soon as he catches sight of me he runs towards me quite breathless with joy. Marcus laughs, and holds out his hands to snatch my cap from my head, and then gives it back to me with gracefulness itself, to begin the same play over again. I cannot describe to you how well Francis goes on, and his daily diligence is such that he will have gone through all the best Greek authors with us in a very short time. He is good, and obtains the love equally of all the inmates of my house and of all who visit it."

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* Grandpapa—Dom Emmanuele.

CLOTILDA TAMBRONI *to* MRS. HARE-NAYLOR.

"*Oct.* 28, 1797.—At this moment my two dear children have left the house—Julius and Marcus, whom Betta brings daily to see me. I love them more than ever, indeed I cannot say how much I love them. They daily become more beautiful, more graceful and full of life, and as they increase in health so they grow in understanding. The Nono is entirely devoted to Julius, who caresses him even more than he does me; but, on the other hand, Marcus never sees me without being in a frenzy to jump into my arms, and to show me his intense affection. He has acquired an incredible strength and health, and I cannot restrain myself from giving him all the kisses which his mother would give him now, and indeed I do the same to my beautiful little Julius. Betta takes great care of them, and they could not be in better hands. Oh! what a satisfaction it would be to you if you could see them now, but since this is impossible, rest peaceful and satisfied that they are as happy as if they were before your own eyes. If I were their real mother I could not love them more, and the very sight of those two little angels fills my heart with such an intensity of joy that I forget every trouble I have ever had. Francis is perfectly well and entirely happy. All who know him think that he has grown much since you left; he studies hard, eats with appetite, and takes walks with us or with Pipetto. He is not without amusements which are suited to his disposition and his tastes; indeed, he is the beloved, the Benjamin of every one in my house, and of all my visitors. Don Tineo, the Rector, and Colomeo love him sincerely and tenderly, and the two first show him a thousand kindnesses, which he gladly receives. He is becoming a good chess-player, and amuses himself in this way every evening after his Greek and Latin studies. In short, he is thoroughly good, and we are perfectly satisfied with him. Your dog is well, your bird is chirping. I have written all these trifles, knowing that they would not be disagreeable to you, and knowing also that Francis would not have the patience. . . . . Love me, and believe in the fulness of love which I feel for you and your children, of whom I rejoice to be called the mother, as I really am in affection."

EMMANUELE APONTE *to* MRS. HARE-NAYLOR.

"Francis is the object of my care, of my thoughts, and of my prayers, and I believe that he will reward all my labours and the hope of his parents. He is good, industrious, and employs every hour of the day in the manner for which I have assigned it. From four to half-past five after dinner he takes exercise, and goes out walking when the weather allows; in the evening he reads either Greek or Latin for two hours, and his progress is an astonishment to the Rector, to Don Tineo, and to Colomeo. All these love him much, and he deserves their favour by the judicious manner in which he behaves to them. . . . . I am filled with love for the other two little angels, and Julius interests me most of all, because of his especial devotion to me, for he never sees me without shouting out, 'Nono, Nono,' and he looks at his father's picture, and kisses his tiny hand, calling out, 'Papa, papa.' Then he asks for his letters, and picking out the M, says mamma; the P, papa; the N, Nono; the B, Betta; the C, Tilda. Oh! what a beautiful lovable little being he is!

"*Jan.* 6, 1798.—This is the happy day on which our Francis fulfils his twelfth year. May it please the Most

High to hear the fervent prayers which I offered this morning at his altar, that He would ever prolong in happiness the days of this youth, that He would never leave him without the guidance of his omnipotent hand, and that He would so protect him with his favour, watch over and enlighten him, that never losing a holy fear of his Maker, he may to-day, and always, and every day, grow more and more conformed to the divine will, obedient to the sacred precepts, and in the exercise of every virtue which belongs to that citizen who would render himself pleasing to his parents, beloved by his equals, and truly useful to his country. Such, I am persuaded, and even more fervent than these, are your prayers for him.

"You may truly rejoice in having one like the Clotilde near your dear children. Francis is certainly deeply attached to her, and I can say with sincerity, that I believe the Cassandra* and Don Tineo are the two persons he most thoroughly esteems and appreciates. Francis reads with the Clotilde the hymns of Callimachus, the Cyropedia of Xenophon, and some odes of Horace, taking real delight in it himself, and thus without interval he employs all the morning. He never goes to bed before ten, and sometimes it is almost eleven; but I have no need to call him in the morning, on the contrary, he is up before me, at six A.M. at the latest. Then, whilst I am at church, he says his prayers, reads the Bible, washes, and on my return has his breakfast of a bowl of milk, to which a little chocolate is added, with bread and butter; and then without loss of time we all three read Thucydides till half-past ten o'clock, when my young Spanish pupil comes. Then he goes into the next room with Cassandra for the lessons already spoken of, until the young man is gone, when we immediately return to our united studies till two o'clock strikes, when we dine on soup, a boiled and a roast dish, and fruit. After this he amuses himself a little with chess, or if the weather allows, we all three go out to walk together; when we return home we have tea, and our lessons recommence. . . . . I cannot express the love which fills me for all these your children. Julius is most passionately devoted to him, whom he always honours by the sweet name of Nonoro. Marcus now also knows me quite well, and when asked 'Where is the Nono?' turns round and points his finger at me with a most sweet smile. . . . . I cannot conclude without repeating a thousand times, that I am more than satisfied with the care which Betta bestows upon my dear little 'nipotini.' She is indeed a treasure."

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* Mrs. Hare-Naylor's playful name for Clotilda Tambroni.

From CLOTILDA TAMBRONI.

"*Jan* 13, 1798.—The dear Marcus is becoming so fat and strong that he seems much older than he is. He tries to speak, and is always laughing, and the friend of everybody, and in their little struggles, he can conquer Julius, being the stronger of the two. This last preserves his angelic beauty, expressing his feelings in words, of which he gains more daily, and it is impossible to imagine a more heavenly little creature."

It is singular that in the numerous letters of little Francis to his mother, in which he is most lavish in his praises of all his other friends at Bologna, there is no word of Mezzofanti, whom he continued to see constantly, and from whom he occasionally had lessons. Russell tells how Francis Hare spoke of the great linguist in after life. He said that "with the keys of the knowledge of every nation in his hand, he never unlocked any real treasures"—that in all the countless languages he spoke, "he never said anything,—that he left no work or none of any value behind him; that he was utterly ignorant of philology; that his theology was mere scholasticism; that he had no idea of Biblical criticism; and that even as a critical Greek scholar, he was very deficient." The only published composition of Mezzofanti was a panegyric on Dom Emmanuele Aponte.

Owing to the war and to the revolutionary sentiments with which little Francis insisted upon heading his correspondence, many of the letters from England were intercepted at this time. It was now two years since Bonaparte had taken possession of Bologna. At first the Bolognese were flattered by a revival of their old municipal institutions; but before the end of 1796, the name of Bologna was merged in the "Republica Cisalpina," of which in 1797 it became the "Dipartimento del Reno." The new rulers exacted from all employés an oath of fidelity to the Republic; this was especially enforced with ecclesiastics, and deprivation was the consequence of a refusal. Mezzofanti was so far exempted that any seeming act of adhesion to the new state of things would in his case have been accepted instead of an oath, in order to retain his services in the University, but he declined it and was deprived of his offices about this time.* His friends Clotilda Tambroni and Emmanuele Aponte displayed equal firmness, and were both deprived of their professorial chairs. Their chief means of subsistence was thus swept away, and the little household fell into continual trouble, almost into absolute privation, from want of money, the supplies sent out from England failing to arrive. The faithful Clotilda Tambroni, however, continued to do her best to support the family, and worked for the children of her friend,—and Father Aponte, though almost wanting necessaries for himself, and living in continued dread of the order to return to Spain, which came a few months after, never relaxed his care of young Francis, though sometimes sorely tried by the insubordination which he now began to show.

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* On leaving Bologna, Mezzofanti went to Paris, where he became librarian to the family of Count Marescalchi, one of whose sons—Carlino—had been his pupil. He was made cardinal 1838, died March 15, 1848, and is buried in St. Onofrio at Rome.

EMMANUELE APONTE *to* MRS. HARE-NAYLOR.

"*March* 17, 1798.—If Francis had been willing to obey me, and not always write with republican phrases, our letters would perhaps have arrived safely. To-day we receive your favour of the 16th of February, and with it the note for £25. Truly, the Cassandra was in great need of it, not knowing how we could live through the ensuing month, if this help had not arrived; but if I am not mistaken, this will suffice us for some time, though it will not allow of our paying the debts we have contracted. I am partly glad that our letters are delayed, and I hope that this may be the first to come to hand, because in them I spoke of faults in Francis, which I now see corrected, especially in the point of religion, for he never passes a day without saying his prayers in a morning, or, what is better, as soon as he rises, he goes into the church and remains there half-an-hour and then returns home very quietly and willingly. I now never hear any irreligious sentiment from his lips, nor is it necessary for me to order or suggest anything, but he does it of his own accord. This change began after he went with me, with Don Giovanni Tineo and Colomeo, to the convent of St. Catherine, where the sisters promised me to pray to God for him, and I believe that they do so most fervently, and I know that there are many devout spirits among them. Nothing can be more agreeable to me than to hear how soon your Excellencies think of returning to seek your dear children."

"*March* 24.—Francis is good, good, good; and I am now entirely satisfied with his conduct in everything. He is respectful, obedient, quiet, has no follies in his head, and gives me no anxiety, so that I almost repent of having written of the faults which I now see amended. But not the less would I thank his excellent parents for their last letters, which produced the greatest effect upon him, so that I saw him weeping bitterly, and was obliged to console him. The few lines written by his mother pierced him to the heart. . . .

"All the emigrants are driven out of this Republic, and are also exiled from the Romagna. My chair is at an end, for they will not employ foreign professors, by which my income is greatly diminished, and I fear that I may perhaps be obliged to return to my country, or to go somewhere else. For these reasons I would urge your return to this place as soon as possible. The Rector does a thousand kindnesses to Francis, inviting him to dinner every Sunday, and sometimes taking him to the theatre. Don Tineo is setting out for Spain very soon: we shall lose in him a true friend, and Francis one of those who love him most. Marcus continues to be the delight of every one, and this morning has been running about alone all over the house, and galloping backwards and forwards between my room and that of the Cassandra, calling out 'Tilda, Tilda.' I am astonished at the way in which he understands everything and explains himself after his own fashion. The goldfinch sings and is well, but Smuth (Smut) ran away last week and followed some strangers to Modena, whence he was brought back to me this morning. . . ."

"*May* 12, 1798.—I have found a very respectable place where I can leave Francis, under eyes which will carefully watch over his conduct, besides the surveillance which he will receive from Count Fava and from Scandellari. I have put off my departure to the utmost possible limit, but I cannot defer it beyond the last day of May or the beginning of June. Your Excellencies may well conceive what is my greatest source of anguish at present, if they reflect a little upon the changed circumstances of this country, and the insufficiency of the sum of money which they have sent me. We are absolutely penniless! The Rector's fate is also hanging by a thread, and there are circumstances which prevent my venturing to trouble him. I have written two letters to ask help from Marescotti, and he has now sent me a well-weighed and deliberate negative. Fava also is not in condition to lend me even the smallest sum. Thus no hope remains for me if it is not in one single resource, and that is in imploring De Lucca (the banker) to have the kindness to advance me a sum sufficient for the decent maintenance of the children for two months, by which time I trust that we may receive from you a less scanty remittance than the last, or a determination to recall your children. If this hope to which I cling fail us, we are absolutely lost, and I know not where to turn to. I shall endeavour to obtain the advance of 150 scudi if I can, that I may if possible have some margin, and provide against any unusual expenses which may occur. My health is still very feeble, and my powers are so weakened by illness, that I am unable to give Francis his lessons, and let the Cassandra take my place and make him read at least two hundred verses of Homer daily. Senni* is in despair from want of money. He attempted to make a journey into Tuscany in the hope of recovering part of that of which he was robbed at Radicofani, but he has returned with empty hands, and with the expense of his journey in addition. Soon they will publish a law here which we have already seen in the Milanese newspapers, which will impose a fresh duty upon letters, especially on those which come and go beyond the limits of the Cisalpina, and which will pay the triple of what they cost at first; whence I must entreat you for the future only to write on a quarter of a sheet to save expense. Francis is good and obedient, but is becoming idle in his studies, and, from what the Cassandra tells me, has gone back much in the few weeks in which I have been ill in bed. In health he is perfectly well, and so are the little Julius and Marcus, who become daily more beautiful, more lovable, and more winning. The Clotilda can scarcely bear to be separated from her dear Marcus, she is so entirely devoted to him: he asks for 'bread,' 'bonbon,' and things of the sort. . . . I repeat once more that you must make up your minds what to do, and must do something at once that these little angels may not suffer, and that we who are so much interested in their well-being, may be set free from our anxieties."

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* The Hare-Naylor's Bolognese man-servant, who had married Mrs. H. N.'s English maid.

On receiving this last letter of Aponte the Hare-Naylors hastened their return to Bologna, where the admirable Dom Emmanuele gave up his charge of Francis to his parents in person, before leaving with Clotilda Tambroni for Parma, whence they proceeded in the following year to Valencia.

EMMANUELE APONTE *to* FRANCIS HARE.

"*Parma, July* 5, 1798.—I received your most welcome letter from Bologna of the 2nd, written in Spanish, but which, *ἐιρήσεται τὸ ἀληθές*, seems to me to have been dictated by the polyglott citizen. Nevertheless it has given me the greatest pleasure, because it shows a grateful recollection of me which I think I have deserved. Perhaps in this, as in so many other things, that old proverb is true, —'One knows one's good things when one loses them.' But if you would do what would be most pleasing to me of all, it would be, not so much to remember me, as to recollect those maxims of sound virtue which you have heard from me so many times. Entire, sincere, and hearty submission to your parents; kindness and courtesy towards all; familiarity with and confidence in no one whom you do not know to be honourable and virtuous; continual restraint over your little passions, and most of all over your tongue, which you should never allow to run away with you into evil speaking or discontented expressions, which should abhor deceit and lying, always mindful of the precept, *τὸ σῶμα ψευδόμενον μισεῖ καὶ ἀποκτέινει τὴν ψυχήν*, but, above all, fear of the Most High God and perfect faith in his words, especially in those which come to us inscribed in the Gospel: this is what I would desire for you: this it is which will make you a useful member of society, this it is which will make you grow in favour with God and man. Add to this the love of study: let no day pass without reading with attention at least fifty lines of Homer, and some passages in Isocrates or Demosthenes, and then I, though absent from you in body, shall be near you in spirit, and you may picture me and see me always by your side just as you saw me, when we were together in the middle room of the Casa Campeggi.

"I would beg your dear mother to receive my most respectful salutations, and speak the name of Nono with a hundred kisses to Julius, as well as to my sweetest Marcus. I would not impress upon you, because I am sure that it is needless, that you should never quarrel with your brothers. Dear children! how it goes to my heart not to see them! Would that Heaven may hear my prayers, and render them as prosperous and virtuous, as from my heart I desire. They were tenderly loved by me, and their pictures will ever be stamped in my memory. To the poor and good Betta I would send a salutation, assuring her that I can never forget her constant care of my dear 'nipotini.' Farewell, my dear Francis, be well and happy, and think that in every time and place I am your true friend,

"E. M. APONTE."

From Padua, Aponte returned to Spain, whence his next letter.

"*Valencia, March* 5, 1799.—My dear, my dearest Francis,—It is impossible to tell the comfort your last letter has been to me. I can only say that your image, with that of your excellent parents, is always engraven on my heart; that Francis, the little Julius, and Marcus are continually before the eyes of my spirit, and that I cannot often restrain my tears at the recollection of my four little angels. I never thought to have loved anything so much, at least with the tenderness which I feel. Everything that concerns you is most interesting to me. I rejoice in hearing of your advancement in learning—mathematics especially I am anxious that you should study thoroughly, but that you should not the less continue your reading in Greek for my sake; read, indeed, Isocrates, because he appears to be the favourite orator in Padua,* but I should be more anxious that you should suck the sugar from Demosthenes, whose δεινότης will be most delightful to you; with the help of the Greek professor endeavour to penetrate to the foundations of his style, of his legal phrases, of his intellect; and then without difficulty if you wish it (and you ought to wish it) you may read Thucydides by yourself, without neglecting the occasional reading of the poets, which will serve not only as a relief and recreation amid your other studies, but for practical use in life and its labours, if you learn like the bee to collect from their flowers the juice which forms that sweet, strengthening, and life-giving honey, sweeter than sugar. But that which I have more at heart than anything else, is none other, you well know, than your progress in virtue. You are already beginning to enter upon young manhood: your passions will daily become stronger: if you do not make a courageous stand now, there will be danger lest they should get the upperhand, and lest, when you wish to restrain them, it may be too late. Read with attention the 'Ercole al bivio,' which you will find amongst the works of Xenophon. Or if you do not wish to read it, listen to the advice of your mother, submit to the will of your father, consider how much you are indebted to your parents, and how both nature and the law of God call upon you to honour and please them, persuaded that you cannot show your love to them better than by proving your understanding, appreciation, and love of what is right. . . . . Our affairs are still not in the state we hoped for, and will take time to set in order; but the Clotilde hopes to return to her country, and I do not lose the hope, so I flatter myself (who knows) *σὺν Θεῷ* of being able once more to give you a tender embrace before closing my eyes—nevertheless it should be the care of the younger of us to give this consolation to the old man. Farewell, my dear one, *ἔῤῥωσο, καὶ μέμνησο το͂υ φιλοῦντός σε Γεφυραίου.*"

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* Francis was removed to Padua when Aponte left Bologna.

The same sheet contains the following from Clotilda Tambroni to Mrs. H. Naylor:—

"My dearest lady cannot imagine with what overflowing feelings of pleasure and tenderness I read her affectionate lines, or how precious they are to me. If you desire to see me again, I do indeed desire it perhaps with even greater eagerness, and yet I cannot conceal from myself that I feel it almost impossible, as well because of the difficulties of the journey to England, as because filial love urges me to return as soon as possible to my poor mother, and to assist her, if not otherwise, at least with my personal care in her old age. Certainly next to my mother, there is no one nearer my heart than yourself, and every individual of your dear family. I do indeed love you and your children, whom I constantly remember, and never without a deep sigh in the grief which I feel in not seeing them, and the almost certain probability that I shall never embrace them again. My love for your dear children must, I think, be something like the love of a real mother, and even while I write of them, my eyes are blinded with tears. But one must resign oneself, and say, 'Sic erat in fatis.' You will nevertheless bear me in your heart, and will rest assured that I bear you in mine. I beg you to give a thousand kisses for me to each of your, and my, children. Oh, my most precious Marcus, who will already have forgotten us, tell him that he is engraven upon my inmost heart, and that I shall always be, even though far off, his second mother; to my dear little Julius say that I love him with my whole soul, and to my sweetest Francis that I shall feel the tenderest affection for him to the last moment of my life; in one word, that I look upon them always as my own property, and that their happiness is mine. What is my dearest little Augustus doing? . . . . May you be the happiest of all mothers in seeing these dear children healthy, happy, and crowned with spiritual blessings, and together with your husband, may you enjoy a long life of maternal love, for their happiness, and for my comfort. Never, I entreat you, let me be far from your remembrance, and believe me your true friend and sister,

"'THE CASSANDRA.'"

A year later Aponte and Clotilda Tambroni had fulfilled their wish of returning to Bologna.

EMMANUELE APONTE *to* FRANCIS G. HARE.

"*Bologna, May* 15, 1800.— . . I am more than persuaded that you could never even suspect me of forgetting you. . . . You know me well enough, and the sincerity of my affection. I answered your former letter as soon as I received it, with that tenderness and pleasure which true friends feel who believe that they deserve, as I think I do from you, the name of a second father. I congratulated you on your love of study, and I urged a choice of the best teachers upon you with the same zeal and anxiety for your advantage which I felt while I had still the care of you. In reading I would urge you, as a help to your memory, to set aside a little extract book or two, for making copies of the passages which strike or please you most, especially in regard to morals, politics, and laws; because thus you will form for yourself a little treasury, which will always be useful, and you will show your diligence and application without danger of losing the riches you have acquired, besides the most important point of all—that of setting apart the best maxims for the guidance of all your actions, and thus guarding yourself against the attacks of passion or of vice. In short, it is only folly to struggle after light, if that very light leaves us in our mire, and does not serve to guide us through its dangers. Let us be wise; but let us be wise above all in that which may render us useful to the society in which we live, and especially, which may make us useful to ourselves. God be thanked, I am tolerably well in health, but rather troubled with deafness, and sometimes with gout; I work constantly at my grammar, but do not know when I can finish it, as the publishers are now so unwilling to undertake works of that description. Mezzofanti is perpetually learning fresh languages: he has learnt Polish, Hungarian, German, Russian, Armenian, and Egyptian, &c., in addition to those he knew before. He teaches the son of Count Ranizzi, and he and his pupil Pirino salute you, with Don Angelo, the Rector, the Professors, and all the students of Greek. . . . Never, when you can, omit to give the news of yourself and your studies, and your advance ἔμπροσθεν τοῦ Θεοῦ καὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων, 'Vale igitur, mi Francisce, et mei fac sis memor.' Γεφυρᾶιος."

Thus much is introduced here from the letters of Aponte and Clotilda Tambroni because it was to their early training that the brothers felt they owed so many of the principles which guided their after life, and which Francis transmitted to the others, who were too young to remember more than the almost parental affection of the "Nono" and the "Clotilde."

It was in 1794, while she was still residing at Bologna, that Mrs. Hare-Naylor received the news of the death of her brother-in-law, Sir William Jones. He had written to Elizabeth Shipley, his wife's sister, that he talked "of 1790 as the happy limit of his residence in the unpropitious climate of India;"* but this period was afterwards indefinitely prolonged. In December, 1793, the health of Lady Jones was so affected by the climate that a return to England was pronounced to be the only means of preserving her life. She embarked, therefore, for England, Sir William being exceedingly anxious for her departure, though he had previously declared that if they were compelled to separate, he should "feel like a man with a dead palsy on one of his sides."* He hoped to follow his wife in the course of the next summer, but in the spring was attacked with inflammation of the liver, and died April 27, 1794. "He was found lying on his bed in a posture of meditation; and the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart, which, after a few moments, ceased, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe; and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone, in our last moments, it can ever be found."† Sir W. Jones was only forty-seven at the time of his death. He was buried at Calcutta. A monument was erected to him in St. Paul's by the Directors of the East India Company, and by his widow in the ante-chapel of University College, at Oxford, where there are two portraits of him, both of which have been engraved. The following verses were written to his memory by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, with whom he had long kept up a correspondence:—

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* Letter to Mrs. E. Shipley, Sept. 7, 1786.

"Unbounded learning, thoughts by genius framed,
To guide the bounteous labours of his pen,
Distinguish'd him, whom kindred sages named‡
'The most enlightened of the sons of men.'

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* Letter to Mrs. E. Shipley, Sept. 7, 1786.

† Lord Teignmouth's "Life of Sir W. Jones."

‡ Dr. Johnson.

"Upright through life, as in his death resign'd,
His actions spoke a pure and ardent breast;
Faithful to God and friendly to mankind,
His friends rever'd him, and his country bless'd.

"Admired and valued in a distant land,
His gentle manners all affection won;
The prostrate Hindu own'd his fostering hand,
And science mark'd him for her fav'rite son.

"Regret and praise the general voice bestows,
And public sorrows with domestic blend;
But deeper yet must be the grief of those
Who, while the sage they honour'd, loved the friend."

The desolation which Lady Jones now experienced, and the desire of benefiting her favourite sister by undertaking the expenses of his education, induced her to make the offer of adopting the little Augustus Hare, and to desire that he should accompany his parents when they left Bologna for England. From their detailed letters to the little Francis, the following passages are taken :—

"*The Red Tower, Altorf, Sept.* 22, 1797.—We arrived at Altorf before dark. I believe it would be, of all others, the most economical spot to inhabit, since you find no *food* either for vanity, taste, or learning, not an article of luxury to be purchased, and not one bookseller's shop, even for almanacks or magazines. Yesterday morning we embarked on the lake, with an idea of going to Lucerne; but the wind being contrary, and threatening to blow hard, we were prudent enough to change our plans, and disembark at Brunnen, after three hours' navigation. We there found a cart to convey our luggage, and walked to the town of Schweitz. We stopped a moment at the chapel built in memory of William Tell, and Augustus kissed the ground on which he stood, when, escaping from tyranny and injustice, he had the boldness to throw himself, with his child, into the stormy lake, and brave the waves, less cruel than mankind."

"*Zurich.*—We have been this morning to visit the celebrated M. Lavater, and I scarcely ever saw a man possessed of more fire of genius, joined to a greater simplicity of manners. He is the author of a celebrated work upon physiognomy, and pretends to discover, in a very great degree, the human character from the features of the face. As we had no introduction, the regard with which he received us was very flattering. You may believe I was anxious to show him the heads of my four angels.* He wrote two very pretty lines in German upon them, but said that he had not sufficient time to examine them separately. He only said that your head was a physiognomy to understand Greek well, and that Marcus would give me the most trouble of all four. Pray tell my dear Cassandra this prophecy of *her* son. At parting he gave me a present of several of his smaller works on religious subjects, and we have settled a correspondence for the future."

"*Carlsruhe, Oct.* 2.—Often, in the course of this journey, have I thanked God for having inspired me with the resolution to separate from my boys, and to prefer their good to the fond indulgence of having them with me. You, my dear Francis, would have lost some of the most precious hours of your life, that part which is to fit you for what you are to be hereafter—and the fatigue for my two babies would have been beyond their years to bear. My poor little Augustus has suffered much from Basle hither. . . . One night we were sent on from the station we had intended to stop at, every room being taken ; and about eleven at night we arrived, in a hard rain, at a village called Appenweyer ;

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* A picture by the Bolognese artist Friuli, in which the Four Brothers are thus represented, and which is still in possession of the family.

every soul was gone to rest, and, after repeated callings, we were answered that not a bed could be had. We then demanded horses to proceed; they said that was impossible, as we could not pass the next village, and our only hope of comfort was in my travelling-bed, for me and Augustus, when, on opening it, we found the rain had penetrated in every part. It was quite a moment of despair, when, fortunately, the noise I made disturbed the slumbers of a French officer. He entered very good-naturedly into our distress, abandoning to us his own room, with three beds, and sleeping himself on the floor on his coat. A French soldier was equally obliging in procuring us a light, and unloading the carriage, yet we had to suffer much from cold and hunger. To this night I owe a severe cold and toothache, which confines me to my room, while your papa is gone to dine with the Margrave of Baden. You will often have heard us speak of Carlsruhe as the place where we passed the summer before you were born. It is built in a circular form, the palace forming the centre, from which the streets proceed in rays. The plan is certainly beautiful, but the buildings are in general inelegant, and the plan is too aristocratical to please me. However, the Margrave is an excellent man, who lives economically, and studies to promote the good of his subjects. He has a son just your age, and I had promised myself much pleasure in seeing him, and comparing him with my Francis. When we arrive in England, I shall hope to find a long and interesting journal of all you do, and all you think; it will improve you in the facility of writing English, and it will continue you in the habit of treating your parents with that confidence which their indulgence and affection have a right to claim. I expect to hear all your faults candidly told, that my advice may assist you in mending and correcting them; if you tell me you are always good, I shall not believe it, for it is neither for your age, nor for human frailty, but I hope to hear that you are attentive to everything which is said by your excellent friends, and that when your spirits lead you to transgress or slight that advice, you are repentant and concerned. This I have a right to hope from your good sense and good heart, and if I hear otherwise you will disappoint me."

"*Oct.* 5.—Still at Carlsruhe, my dear Francis, and still suffering much, yet to-morrow we have fixed to recommence our journey, for as quiet and rest do not cure me, it is but suffering a little more, and we get on, though God knows which road we are now to take. I never saw your papa lose his courage so totally, and I shall not be surprised any morning to set out for Hamburgh, that he may go a road he knows to be open, no matter how far round; indeed, he will have one proverb on his side, 'The farthest way about is the nearest way home;' and as to me, I suffer so much, that having now pain added to fatigue, I feel the indifference of desperation, and care not where we go—all I pray is that at last we may arrive safe in England. There is every appearance of hostilities recurring, and, on the part of Austria, with faint prospect of success, and no one doubts seeing the tree of liberty planted at Vienna before Christmas. It may be planted anywhere with my good wishes, except at Carlsruhe, and here I should be sorry to see it; indeed, would every sovereign imitate the Margrave of Baden, and seek like him to reign in the hearts of his subjects, he need but little fear either French troops or French principles. His son, who I told you was nearly your age, has the disadvantage of being an only son, and his parents' too fond indulgence promises to ruin their best hopes—caprice they call genius, passion passes for spirit, and so on. How much, my dear Francis, is such a boy to be pitied, and what gratitude do you owe to the good Dom Emmanuele, who loves you for your own good! Tell me all and everything. Salute affectionately il Nono and la madre dei miei figli, and be assured your papa and I love you most tenderly."

"*Saarlibre, Oct.* 10.—I never saw your papa better pleased than when we quitted the Austrian lines, and entered the French, and now everything goes well, and he is as happy as possible, conversing with every soldier and every officer he meets, and confessing with me, how much the liberty of thinking improves the human mind, and how much superior is the republican to the automedons we have parted from."

"*Morlatner, Oct.* 11.—It is a pleasant sight to travel through France, and to behold the comfort and opulence of the farmers and peasants; the ground is everywhere well cultivated, and herds of cattle descend into the villages at evening, and at every poor man's house stop his cows, his sheep, his hogs, and his geese. Indeed, my dear Francis, I am much surprised at the general appearance of comfort which prevails among the peasantry, who were formerly poor and oppressed, but now seem rich and comfortable. They are perhaps the only class of society who have really profited by the revolution, but their situation is surprisingly ameliorated. . . . . At Metz a band of military music played at our door, 'pour l'honneur L'Angleterre.' . . . With honour, courage, and generosity, those virtues of ancient chivalry, may my *four* sons possess those solid virtues, which render life happiest in a private station."

"*Avesnes, Oct.* 14.—We continue advancing fast on our journey without any difficulty or impediment; every place as quiet as in perfect peace, the churches everywhere open, and the fast observed on Fridays and Saturdays so strict, even at the inns, as to make us fare very ill. Sunday too is kept as a fête, but all shops are open, and a man works, or goes to church, or amuses himself as he likes,—in short, I perceive scarce any alteration, except that people talk politics and are discontented as in England. As for me, I am heartily sick of travelling, and look forward to no comfort, until I can again give my blessing to my Francis and his two dear brothers."

"*Lisle.*—My next letter will, if God pleases, be dated from London. Augustus talks very often of you, and tells every one he loves you best of all. He is very well again, and much amused with the windmills. Adieu, my dearest boy. I recommend you always in my prayers to the care of God Almighty."

As soon as the Hare-Naylors arrived in England, they proceeded to Hurstmonceaux. It seems that they had never before understood how completely the castle was a ruin, and great was their anger at beholding it, and bitter their resentment at the injustice of their stepmother, upon whom the little Francis was encouraged to write Greek epigrams at Bologna. Among other injuries, Mrs. Henrietta Hare, in a fit of jealousy, had destroyed the oil portrait of her predecessor, the beautiful Miss Selman, only preserving the figure of her child (Francis H. Naylor) riding upon a stick. With the "Place" itself they were much pleased.

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* LADY JONES.

"*Hurstmonceaux Place, Oct.* 29, 1797.—I am most impatient to see you, and yet Twyford will recall ten thousand melancholy ideas. Had you been in town, I would have persuaded you to give your preference to Hurstmonceaux, where new objects and new schemes offer themselves, and we want your advice about a thousand things. The place is delightful, and charms me from not being so magnificent as I expected, or leading to any uncommon expenses. The house is vastly comfortable, but if we live in England it is not larger than we should desire, and every piece of the ground may be turned to profit. It possesses all the beauties of a fine place, with the comforts and pleasures of a small one; the parish too is just what one could wish, not so large, or so poor, but what we might be the means of giving much happiness. I think Prudence will recommend us to live here or live in Italy; the first I hope, not again to be separated from so beloved a sister. We were received with such natural demonstrations of joy, and my Hare seems so much to possess the hearts of his tenants, that I have spent some delicious hours. As to our name, we prefer the name of Hare to Naylor as *plus noble*, but we shall continue to sign all letters, papers, deeds, &c., by the name of Hare-Naylor, as we have hitherto done, and the generality I imagine will give us both names, which makes least confusion, and is what we would like best for many reasons."

"*Bolton Street, Nov.* 1, 1797.—I know not how to express my sense of all your kindnesses. We are here in your house receiving every attention and enjoying every comfort, as if we were served by our own servants and had long been settled. My boy is in love with your maid Hickman, and calls her 'The Lady of the Bird.' . . . As to change of person, you will find it in me, and I have no doubt I shall find it in you. Hickman thinks me like you, but thinner. Sorrow brings with it change of health and change of spirits, and whose sorrow was ever like yours? yet every action and every thought shows me my own kind and beloved Anna—she, whose affection for me was ever *true* affection—interested in my conduct, and anxious that I should be esteemed as she esteemed me. I fear I shall not do half the right or proper things which you suggest—want of time and want of carriage are two good excuses.

The Dowager Lady Spencer[*] has written to me that she hopes to see me in town; the young one[†] I will write to. We think of arriving at Twyford the day your maid does, and if we come to dinner it may hurry your spirits less than in the evening; with this idea we think of sleeping one night either at Hampton or Heckfield. My feelings are full of gratitude to God for allowing me to live to so blessed an hour, mixed with regret for your loss, for our loss, for the world's loss. I could not, without tears, visit your apartment, to reflect that it wanted its chief ornament and treasure. What is wealth without it? But tried as you have been, it is my prayer that to me and my children it may be given to make you know all the comfort you yet can feel. I have a very kind letter from my brother. I always loved him, nor do I know, except from others, that he ever felt displeased with me."

"*Bolton Street, Nov.* 4.—All the quiet happy castles I had built with you at Twyford seem tottering from their foundation. It is true, I most anxiously wished for an interview with my dearest brother, but the idea of spending a month or six weeks at Bath does not suit my wish for quiet and repose, and the pleasure of social converse over old times with my beloved sister with which I had flattered myself. Mrs. Ann Hare[‡] found us in bed this morning, and is now talking so fast I scarce know what I write. The Lefevres arrive to-day, and express much pleasure at the idea of seeing us; indeed, I find more friends than I expected, but I find not my dearest sister, for whom alone I consented to leave my three angels. . . . . I have written to young Lady Spencer, who has not as yet honoured me with an answer.

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[*] Margaret Georgiana Poyntz, whose mother was first cousin of Mrs. Shipley, the wife of John, first Earl Spencer.

[†] Lavinia, wife of George John, second Earl Spencer.

[‡] Only surviving daughter of Bishop Hare.

So much the better. I have no ambition, and independence and comfort are in our power. If we regain Buckholt, £17,000 we shall have, perhaps too much for that *media vita* I wish for myself and my boys.

"P.S.—I have this moment a most gracious visit from Lady Spencer, only very angry I have a son named Marcus."*

The plan of joining Mrs. Shipley at Bath was carried out, and thence Mrs. Hare-Naylor wrote to little Francis at Bologna.

"*Dec.* 11, 1797.—Yesterday I finished a long letter to my dear Cassandra, and to-day I once more take up my journal to my dear Francis, which has been so interrupted. . . . . Novels are the present fashionable study in England, and everything is read, good or bad, which bears that title; even your papa is obliged to follow the current, as the conversation, in whatever society, falls upon this topic; we have had *two* which are the most talked of—'The Monk,' which is an assemblage of crimes, horrors, and improbabilities, but calculated to excite the passions, and therefore read; and 'Caleb Williams,' whose author is among the illuminated of the present age, but as his hero, who is drawn a model of honour and moral rectitude, is led by circumstances to commit murder and other atrocious crimes, I think a reflecting mind may fairly extract this conclusion, that *religion alone has sufficient power to preserve man from evil.*

"*Dec.* 14.—I should not, my dear Francis, have dwelt so long on the present state of literature in England if I did not consider that it is the truest test of the character of its inhabitants. They are sunk into an indolence of mind which requires to be fed by such productions as these, and hence it is that, unless an author can excite their passions, warm their imaginations, or awaken their curiosity, he has little chance of being praised, and still less of being read.

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* Her not having seen any of her relations since their anger at her marriage caused Mrs. Hare-Naylor's anxiety as to their reception of her.

"Paoli dined with us to-day, and we talked over the adventures of his interesting life, and I wished that the Republic possessed two or three such patriots. He has been ill-treated by all governments and all parties, being himself a stranger to that *egoism* which pervades every scene of this corrupted age. It is a vice so odious that I wish it may be banished from the world before you enter upon your part, and I think it will, for surely there must be a great change in morals and conduct ere long.

"Since I came to Bath I have only bought a Pliny. All my money goes away in caps and bawbles, while I regret the sad necessity of conforming to fashion, and consider my four boys, like Cornelia, above all jewels. Tell the Rettore I see every day Lady Bolingbroke, and that we often talk of him and his obliging attentions to the *pretty women* of our nation. We are invited to return to the Palmerstons after Christmas, and then I shall more particularly think of my Francis, though the certainty of the permanent good you will derive from the lessons of our respected Dom Emmanuel stifles every regret as it rises, and I believe you happier there than you would be with us, since an occupied life is always happy, and we, on the contrary, exist in a kind of noise and confusion, which annihilates every faculty. This evening I may indeed call comfortable, since I am left alone to write to my darling, or to pursue my next favourite employment of reading and reflection. Assure Il Nono and La Sorella mia amata that I am eternally attached to them, and accept my warmest prayers and blessing."

"*Dec.* 27.—On Monday I went to hear a celebrated preacher, to receive the sacrament, and with a grateful heart to pray for blessings on my four boys. The preacher disappointed me, not in his *manner*, but as to *matter*. He was for dividing *faith* and *reason*, while I am for uniting them; *true reason* must ever support *true faith*, since they both come from God, and the mental powers He has given us were no doubt intended to fortify our faith, however man may have perverted his own nature. Dr. Randolph, on the contrary, would have us *believe* and not *inquire*. A Mohammedan, or a Pagan, can be advised to do no other, but the Christian surely has a nobler doctrine to teach.

"Your letter of Nov. 11 is written with a warmth of patriotism which does honour to your feelings, but would not suit the present times: when a government possesses so great an influence over the minds and passions of the nation, a wise man must only sigh in private. Pitt has gotten the *pride* of Englishmen on his side, and pride has more particularly ever been the strongest feature in the national character of England. Before you are of an age to act your part on this world's stage, this government will have undergone a reform, in which case the true patriot in serving his country will advance himself; or otherwise, it will have settled into so complete a despotism founded on corruption, that the efforts of a single man will avail no more than in Athens a Demosthenes opposing the gold of Philip. Yet even in this worst state of things, the principles you now hold will operate so far as to make you remember in every action of your life that the poor and the rich are the same in the eyes of God, and while prudence may teach you to moderate your zeal in the cause of political freedom, you will perceive that large is the power of doing good and being useful to mankind, under whatever government you live."

The prudence which Mrs. Hare-Naylor inculcated in her children with regard to their political conduct was in no-wise evinced by her husband, whose violent and democratic principles made him many enemies. Even the friends who at first sympathized with him were generally alienated by the violence of his political conduct, so that "the Hare with many friends" became a by-word. At one time he received the offer of a baronetcy, which he rejected, and professed to despise as one of the aristocratic distinctions against which he was always inveighing. His public imprudence was a great disadvantage to his children. Lady Jones alludes to this in a letter she wrote to them many years afterwards :—

"Your father will never get over the unfavourable impression of the violent democratic expressions he made use of on his first return to England; they not only stick by him, but have been of great disadvantage to his children; you will find it necessary through life to remember that the prejudice of the world in that respect is against you."

It was in the spring of 1798 that the Hare-Naylors returned to Bologna to seek their children. They reached Italy in June in time to see "the Cassandra" and Aponte before their departure from Bologna, and then removed for a time to Padua, where the education of Francis was continued under the Abbate Sinigaglia and other professors of the University. During this, their last visit to Italy, they formed the fine collection of pictures, which they afterwards had at Hurstmonceaux. Of this time is the following :—

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* LADY JONES.

"*Bologna, June* 23, 1798. — Here is an anecdote of Francis which I think will please you, as it evinces a degree of presence of mind uncommon at his age. He was at dinner at a gentleman's house in the country, when one of the servants came in to say there was a man in the court, with a dromedary and a bear. Francis immediately jumped up from table, ran out alone to see the beasts, and as their conductor assured him there was no danger, he began playing with the bear; the animal immediately seized him in his paws, and the owner, instead of coming to his assistance, cried out to him in a fright, 'Defend yourself, or you are dead.' Upon this, Francis, who had observed that the bear was blind in one eye, struck the beast with all his force in the good eye; the bear instantly let go his hold, Francis seized the moment, and getting loose from his grasp, fled as fast as he could towards the house. The bear ran after him, and tore his cheek with his paw, which was all the injury he received. All this passed without anybody knowing the least of the matter; the boy returned to table, said the bear had scratched his face, continued to play as usual during the rest of the evening, nor was the story known till the following day, when it was in everybody's mouth at Bologna."

The intense happiness which the Hare-Naylors looked for in an English home may be seen from—

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* LADY JONES.

"*Padua, March* 16, 1799.—My weak state confirms me in an idea I have long taken up, that *we* shall never arrive at settling with our family at Hurstmonceaux, from a persuasion that our life would be then too happy for our mortal state. It was the same thing with you, my beloved sister, when happiness was almost within the grasp, that visionary deity vanished from your sight . . . . . In all my fatigues I have thought of my sweet Augustus enjoying every comfort and attention, happy and beloved by my dearest sister, for

I feel assured the better you are acquainted with him, the more dear he will become to you. He is endowed with one of those happy *soils*, which need little culture and little care, as weeds cannot take root in his sweet mind . . . . . I wish very much that Jules and Marcus may preserve their present beauty, till you see them : Jules is a true Mordaunt face, and Marcus is the very image of his father. Francis too is remarkably well-looking, and so amiable and attractive in his manners, so much knowledge, and so much vivacity, I am sure you will be partial to him : indeed, I long for you to see them all, though none will excel my dear Augustus in sweetness of temper, and sensibility of disposition—indeed they may well call them *les quatre fils d'Aymon*."

In the spring of 1799 the Hare-Naylors returned to England with all the children, and before settling at their own home, took them to visit Mrs. Shipley at Bath. The following letter from Lady Jones to the Dowager Lady Spencer was written then :—

"*July* 17, 1799.—I can, thank God, continue to make a most comfortable report of my mother. She has been bustling about in her dear little old ways, arranging things for her Italian children, and the finding herself equal to such little exertion has certainly mended her spirits. The Hares arrived to tea yesterday, all vastly well. Jule and Marcus are very lovely engaging babes, and Francis, whom we were quite prepared to see an awkward, shy, plain boy, is quite the reverse—I really think a most remarkably pleasing face, and his manners are totally unaffected and unpresuming, lively and boyish, which I feared, with his knowledge (which for his years is extraordinary), would not have been the case. My poor little Augustus certainly appears to disadvantage by his brothers, but I believe his mind is as amiable, and that he is likely to prove as great a blessing to his parents as any of them. I hope we shall manage not to let them be too much of a worry to my mother, and then they will amuse and do her good. I keep the rock-horse in my dining parlour, which is constant lure for them to be there the greatest part of the day, and a tintamarre-de-diable they have been making there these last three hours, God bless their little throats."

During this summer's residence at Bath, Mrs. Hare-Naylor formed the greatest friendship of her later life with Miss Bowdler, whose literary and classical tastes formed a bond between them. She accompanied the family to Hurstmonceaux, where on October 9, 1799, Mrs. Hare-Naylor gave birth to her youngest child, Anna-Maria Clementina.

A long series of letters to her beloved sister Anna describe the family life, which began most peacefully and happily at Hurstmonceaux, where the Hare-Naylors settled with the conviction that they should be able to live quietly within their income, and filled with schemes for the assistance and improvement of their poorer neighbours. Too soon, however, they found that the expenses of an impoverished estate and a house greatly out of repair were far beyond their receipts, and life became a constant struggle, filled with anxieties as to the sale of some of the pictures they had brought from Italy, or the production of Mr. Naylor's plays of *The Mirror*, and *The Age of Chivalry* at Drury Lane, to which they looked almost for the absolute means of subsistence. Indeed, they could not have lived at all, but for the constant and unwearied assistance of "the best of sisters."

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* LADY JONES.

"*Hurstmonceaux Place, Dec.* 31, 1799.—I am made very anxious by your account of Augustus, and though that dear boy has been longer absent from us than any of our other children, yet a mother is always a mother, and in my heart my affection for him is mixed with my affection for the rest: five children, yourself, and Hare, fill it, as in one *mass* of blessings. I am saddened by the thought of my dear mother, and can guess what she must suffer from any diminution of her powers of sight, because I have often said, that the privation of light is the only misfortune perhaps to which our nature is liable, which I believe I should never bear with fortitude or patience; here reason, I fear, would lose her influence.

"Wilberforce writes to inquire when we shall be in town, that he and his wife may renew our acquaintance and friendship. He says he and my husband think so much alike on politics, he will venture to say to him, he fears there can be no safety while France is a republic with all the energy and irritability which the reform possesses. You who condemn my politics, I am persuaded, do not know what they are; it is to Mr. Wilberforce and Hannah More I will appeal, when I want a good character. We have nearly concluded her book, but although I go very far with her in her system of education, I think she repeats so often the word *Christian* she will surfeit numbers, just as honey, if the dose is too strong, will pall the stomachs of children. We are by nature such lovers of variety, that even goodness and religion should be recommended under various forms in order not to clog. As for me, my religion is as simple as my politics, and as I think the best government that where people are most virtuous and most happy, so in religion, I think the simple study of the Scriptures with the moral duties they teach and the rewards they promise, far more calculated to inspire true piety and cheerful dependence on God's providence, than an inquiry into all those obscure systems of faith, grace, and original sin, on which saints and theologians have written *sine fine.*"

"*Feb.* 1, 1800.—The rejection of *The Mirror* was a disappointment to me, because I see pieces in every way inferior are continually produced; but I suspect Sheridan has an old private pique to gratify. Our pictures too, I fear, are in no likely method of producing money, and I feel that the dear Poussin must be sacrificed for half its value if we can no otherwise raise sufficient money to pay the bills we owe. . . . . To be sure, coming into possession of a place so out of repair and unfurnished as we found this, while possessed ourselves of no ready money, gave us from the first great difficulties to struggle with."

"Pray read the 9th chapter of Revelation. It has struck me vastly, particularly the following verse: 'And they had a king over them, which is the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew is Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue he hath his name *Apollyon.*' Now the Christian name of Bonaparte is *Napollione,* which is evidently a Corsican corruption of the Greek—the only change being in the *N,* otherwise the word is merely Italianised. The concluding denunciation of ruin is so terrific, that I think our pious ministers might read and tremble."

"I cannot but write my list of family misfortunes. Our best pigs are very ill and likely to die, after all the great expense we have been in at fatting them. In short nothing thrives without doors; and within doors the library chimney has taken to smoke so much, that I am obliged even of an evening to sit with the window open. . . ."

"*Feb.* 27, 1800.—I think of all our disappointments the greatest has come from our History of Switzerland. As for the other pictures, they must be put up at a public sale. I think we are rather in want of a present sum of money for furniture and stock, than any increase of income, as I am convinced, if we were once set a-going, we should find our income equal to our wants. I wish I could flatter myself into a belief that a view of those pictures you have chosen would be a source of pleasure to you. I confess they were so to me, and that the Poussin especially gave to my sentiments that tranquil character with which in it our Saviour as an infant regards the future cross. I never felt it, except in that and one other, a Guido which represents the crucifixion, before which I have knelt and prayed with a more entire giving up of the whole mind than happened to me anywhere else."

"*May* 11, 1800.—May is come, and yet you are waiting in London, and lose all the charms of this season in this beautiful place. Why do you go and look at villas near London, and not come to your own villa at Hurstmonceaux? At least come and pass this month with us, and do not think of going to live by yourself *en misanthrope*, while we are here, whose domestic joys will be so enlarged by your partaking them. No words can paint the charms of this place, and Hare and I never walk arm in arm contemplating the scene and speaking of our mutual happiness, without giving a sigh to the absence of our only friend. . . . . The Montpellier Terrace, as I call the footpath to church, is always dry, and warm, and sheltered: when our sun is too hot, the shrubbery is pleasant; and when you choose both sun and air there is the road to the gate nearly completed. God bless you, my more than sister, and reward you for your constant kind attachment to your G."

One of the first interests at Hurstmonceaux had been found in the preparation of the sunniest and pleasantest room in the house for the reception of Lady Jones during her long annual visit—a room which is called "Lady Jones's Chamber" to this day. Thither she came for three or four months every summer, bringing the little Augustus to his brothers, when they used to play in the gardens of the "Place," or ramble about in the castle ruins or that old deer-park. Even as a child Augustus was of a much gentler disposition than his brothers, and more unselfish. If anything was given to him, his only pleasure in possession seemed to be that he had it to give to some one else, and "his conversation was not like a child's—he would admire the works of God in every tree and weed."—"On one occasion, when very little, he told his aunt a lie. It happened on a day when Lord Spencer and Lord Teignmouth were coming to dine with her; she had intended that Augustus should dine with them, and he was greatly delighted at the prospect of it, but in consequence of what he had done, she ordered him to stay in his room and have nothing but bread and water. His nurse, who was greatly devoted to him, was not able to go to him till night, when she took him some strawberries, the first of the year, with which at first he was much pleased, but then asked if his aunt had sent them, and on being told 'no,' could not be prevailed on to touch them, saying that she had thought him too wicked to have anything that was good."—"Once when he was playing with a little boy, the son of the Duchess of Devonshire, and they could not keep a little sledge, with tin soldiers in it, steady, he went and fetched a silver crucifix and beads given to him by his Italian nurse, and put it into the sledge, saying, 'Here is something that will manage this and everything else in the world.' "—"After a long illness, he expressed his gratitude and thanks in such a manner to those who had been kind to him, that he was more loved than ever."*

Around Hurstmonceaux Place the country, which is so bare near the castle, becomes luxuriantly rich and wooded. The house is large, forming a massy square with projecting semi-circular bows at the corners, the appearance of which (due to Wyatt) certainly produces a very ugly effect outside, but is exceedingly comfortable within. Mr. Wilberforce, who rented it in 1810, thus describes it:—

> "I am in a corner of Sussex, in an excellent house, and a place almost as pretty as the neighbourhood of the sea ever is. There is a fine old castle here, built in Henry VI.'s time, but in complete preservation till some twenty years ago, and, though this is a very good private gentleman's habitation, yet when one sets it against a complete castle, one side of which was two hundred feet long, and which was in the complete costume of the age in which it was reared, it dwindles into as much insignificance as one of the armed knights of the middle ages, fully accoutred, who should be suddenly transported into the curtailed dimensions of one of the box-lobby loungers of the opera, or even one of the cropped and docked troopers of one of our modern regiments.
>
> "The castle is in the park; but, *horrendum dictu!* it was pulled down, and the bare walls and ivy-mantled towers

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* These anecdotes were told forty years after by Lady Jones's maid Hickman, then Mrs. Parker.

alone left standing; the materials being applied to the construction of a new house, which, on the whole, cost twice as much, I understand, as it would have taken to make the castle habitable, for it had fallen a little into arrears. I don't know, however, that we who inhabit the new mansion may not have made a good exchange, by gaining in comfort what is lost in magnificence; for the old building was of such a prodigious extent, that it would have required the contents of almost a whole colliery to keep it warm; and I think few things more wretched (of the kind, I mean) than living in a house which it is beyond the powers of the fortune to keep in order; like a great body with a languid circulation, all is cold and comfortless."*

Mrs. Hare-Naylor's life at Hurstmonceaux must have astonished her rustic neighbours, and still more her neighbours in her own rank of life, of whom there were few with whom she cared to associate, except the ladies at Ashburnham Place, where the fine library was a great delight to her. Not only, when within the house, was she always occupied in the deep study of Greek authors, but during her walks in the park and shrubberies she was always seen dressed in white, and she was always accompanied by a beautiful tame white doe, which used to walk by her side, even when she went to church. Her foreign life led her to regard Sunday merely as a fête day, and she used frequently to scandalize the church-going population by sitting at a window looking out upon the road, working at her tambour-frame, when they were going to church. Her impetuosity in liking and disliking often led her to make friends with persons beneath her, or to take them into her service when they were of a character which rendered her notice exceedingly undesirable. The two women she took most notice of in the parish were the last persons who ever did public penance at Hurstmonceaux, having both to stand in a white sheet in the churchyard for their "various offspring," so that people said, "There are Mrs. Hare-Naylor's friends doing penance." And it was long remembered with amusement that when one of her maids was afterwards found to have misbehaved herself, she said, "Poor thing, she cannot help it; I really believe it must be *something in the air!*"

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* Letter to Lord Muncaster. See Wilberforce's "Life and Correspondence," vol. iii. pp. 464, 466. Lond., 1838.

Yet in her heart she was of a most holy life; ardent in all her feelings and acts, her whole soul was constantly poured out in prayer. As a Mr. Mitchell, one of whom she saw much at this time, said afterwards to her son Julius, "She did truly *embrace* Christ with her whole heart." Her words were cherished through life by her children as those of an angel, and to their latest days the recollection of the Four Brothers lingered lovingly over every incident of the early years spent with their "precious mother" in the family home. "O that old age were truly second childhood! It is seldom more like it than the berry is to the rosebud," wrote one of the four many years after; and another (Julius) who, living hard by, was wont to cherish every recollection of his beloved mother in the scenes where she had lived, wrote in recollection of these happy days, "What a type of a happy family is the family of the sun! With what order, with what harmony, with what blessed peace do his children the planets move around him, shining with the light which they drink in from their parent's face at once on him and on one another."*

For the two first years of their residence at Hurstmonceaux the family circle was enlarged by one who made up in some degree for the literary and intellectual society they had left at Bologna, and in her letters to her valued Aponte, Mrs. Hare-Naylor constantly dwelt upon the fortunate choice she had been enabled to make in appointing Dr. Lehmann as tutor to her son Francis, and under whom he was making such progress as to be an astonishment to all who knew him and an intense delight to his mother. When Lehmann returned to Germany in 1802, with the intention of taking a professorship in the University of Göttingen, it was intended that Francis should accompany him thither, that he might continue to have the benefit of his teaching, for he had been a most indefatigable tutor, in spite of a devotion to his own studies of natural history, so that, as Mrs. Hare-Naylor quaintly observes in one of her letters, he would impart information to Francis even while he was "dissecting the brains of a butterfly, or ascertaining the legs of a louse." The German plan, however, was abandoned, in order to send Francis to the tutorship of Dr. Brown, an eminent professor in the Marischal College at Aberdeen, and thither he proceeded in August, 1802, after a visit to Lord Palmerston at Edinburgh. He remained at Aberdeen two years without returning. Of the diligence with which his days there were employed the following letter to his mother will give an idea:—

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* "Guesses at Truth," 1856, p. 554.

"*April* 14, 1804.—To give an account of my day. Before breakfast I read Cicero's and Demosthenes' orations alternately by myself. From ten to eleven I read Tacitus, of which I explain five chapters each lesson to Mr. Sievwright at night, and at the same time I write a translation of a chapter of Livy. From eleven to twelve I read books on politics and moral philosophy, from one to two Dr. Brown as usual three times a week; from two to four I study the Law of Nature and Nations, as a preparation for my study of the common law; seven to eight, Mr. Sievwright; eight to nine, I read Homer and Virgil alternately by myself; nine to ten, Smythe; ten to eleven I prepare Smythe's lesson, and if there is any time to spare I employ it in reading English poetry, as even that has great use. So much till eleven o'clock, when I undress. I have given up going to supper, when the college ended, for want of time. For the time for which nothing else is allotted, and on Sundays, there is miscellaneous and superficial English and French reading. The time I have allotted for walking is from twelve to one, but I seldom employ it for that purpose.

"I long to be present at the unpacking of the fine library which has come from Bologna, and I envy you the pleasure of seeing again our old friends the Scanderbeg and the Judith. I shall be very glad to hear how you managed to hang both the great Guido and the great Guercino in the dining-room. Then what is to become of the Paul Veronese, for certainly it deserves a place *inter priores?*"

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* FRANCIS HARE.

"*Sept.* 5, 1802.—'Nil mortalibus arduum est.' This, it is reported, Bonaparte said, when he ascended the Alps to conquer Italy. You have chosen it, my beloved Francis, for your motto, and in the difficulties you have at present to encounter, to *will* is to *do*. In speaking slow you have only to conquer an ill habit of not pronouncing the finals distinct. You have not, like Demosthenes, any natural impediment to surmount, nor, like Bonaparte, to conquer countries without arms or ammunition; but still the principle of industry and attention to amend in time a fault which would become a real prejudice to your advancement hereafter, is a great and material step towards still more important objects.

"Dr. Brown must have heard, with the deepest regret, of Mr. Brand's throwing away his money on a county election. Perhaps this ill-judged measure at his first entry into life may destroy many of those fair prospects which his early virtues gave the promise of. To get rid of a good fortune with little credit and no honour, there is no surer method than a contested election, nor in this case was there ever a prospect of success. You know with what prudence your father behaved last year with regard to this county, nor has his merit been less this year in withstanding the general voice that called upon him to oppose our present member.

"Perhaps, as we have so very often experienced the favour of Providence, and the wisest of us are so inadequate to decide on our own real advantage, it may be among His kindnesses our not having let our house this autumn; for in the general opinion war is but too likely to recommence, and in that disastrous case, happy are those who are living in their own land, and able to protect their own property. You, my Francis, are probably born to live in a portentous age. You inherit the principles of true and genuine liberty from your ancestors. You have yourself seen the lamentable effects of anarchy and licentiousness assuming the name of the true goddess, and treading down her altars. And now, under the care of the pious, wise, and learned Dr. Brown, you are imbibing at their source the untainted sentiments of real patriotism and real freedom; but, above all, my Francis, I exhort you to study the works of my favourite Cicero. Demosthenes excels more in argument and declamation, but none of the ancients have written with more purity of mind and principle of the great question of public good and the duties of the citizen. Your father did not intend publishing the continuation of his history until our arrival in France, when he intended to revise the first two volumes and publish them anew, together with the two succeeding ones, when he had the means of consulting some new authorities; but should we remain in England, I imagine this plan must change. Adieu, my best-beloved—my darling son."

The History alluded to in this letter is that of the Helvetic Republic, which Mr. Hare-Naylor had begun at Bologna, and which he afterwards published, dedicated, "To the immortal memory of Charles James Fox, the enlightened champion of civil and religious liberty."

In March, 1803, good old Mrs. Shipley died—a great loss to her numerous children and grandchildren. "She lived to a good old age, being in her eighty-seventh year," wrote Lady Jones to Mrs. Parker, "and enjoyed all her faculties to the last, and resigned her breath without any suffering—not a sigh or groan, but went off in a quiet angelic sleep."

In 1803, Mrs. Hare-Naylor, who had never quite given up the pursuit of painting, to which she had been so devoted in Italy, and who never ceased lamenting the destruction of Hurstmonceaux Castle, and the loss it occasioned her children, formed the design of leaving them a perfect series of large finished water-colour drawings, representing all the different parts of the castle, interior as well as exterior, before its destruction. This series of drawings she completed, never relaxing her labour and care till the whole were finished; but the minute application for so long a period seriously affected her health, and after she had complained for some time of pain in her eyes, and an eminent oculist had been consulted, it was found that disease of the optic nerve had begun, which obliged her to lay aside at once all her usual employments, and which ended, two years later, when she was only in her forty-eighth year, in total blindness, the calamity which five years before she had spoken of to Lady Jones as the only misfortune utterly unendurable. It was remembered at Hurstmonceaux how exceedingly tall and thin she was at this time, and that she used to knock her elbows together behind her back till they clicked!

In January, 1804, Julius and Marcus were sent together to Tunbridge School, which was then under the care of Dr. Vicesimus Knox; but Julius soon fell ill there, and as his symptoms were of a consumptive tendency, he was removed, to the great grief of his little brother, who exclaimed, "If Jule go away, Marcus pisen hisself." It was decided that Julius should accompany his parents to the Continent, for it was now absolutely necessary that they should go abroad, as Mrs. Hare-Naylor's health was failing so rapidly, that foreign air was looked upon as a last resort. They left England early in August, 1804, and travelled first to Vienna, returning by slow stages to Weimar, where they spent the following winter. Francis in the meantime was sent to another private tutor's, Mr. Michells, at Buckland, near Cambridge, where he pursued his studies with the utmost ardour. Augustus remained under the care of Lady Jones, who sent him at ten years old to Mr. Stretch's school at Twyford, where he used to play with his little companions at "the siege of Copenhagen," amongst the great tomb stones in the churchyard. Hence he was removed to Winchester in 1804. His father at this time writes to him, "Your letters have given the greatest pleasure both to your mother and me, and the affectionate manner in which you speak of her illness has quite delighted her."

It is to this winter of 1804—5, spent at Weimar, that Julius owed his first acquaintance with and interest in German literature. There, the great names of Goethe, Wieland, Herder, and Schiller became to him familiar household words. The extraordinary gifts of his accomplished mother gathered around her, even in these days of sickness, all that was most intellectual in that most intellectual of German cities. And the good duchess who honoured the great men of her city, as she was honoured by them, was the kind friend whose presence daily cheered the darkened chamber of the blind lady, and whose sweet ministrations were constantly afforded in the long hours of suffering from which she was now scarcely ever free. It was as he left Weimar, in May, 1805, that Julius Hare first saw the Wartburg, the scene of Luther's nominal imprisonment; and there, as he used playfully to say in after years, he "first learnt to throw inkstands at the devil."

During the year spent at Weimar, Mr. Hare-Naylor wrote the novel—the very dull novel—of "Theodore, or the Enthusiast," which was dedicated, "To Her Serene Highness the reigning Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, in token of gratitude, admiration, and esteem." Flaxman, who, with his sister (who was governess to little Anna), accompanied the Hare-Naylors to Weimar, made a series of beautiful little illustrations for this novel, which have never been engraved.

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* LADY JONES.

"*Weimar, Nov.* 12, 1804.—The calamity I have so long foreseen and dreaded, my dearest sister, is at length fallen upon me: it is now two whole days since I have distinguished any visible object. The tranquillity of despair, dreadful as it is, is nothing compared with what I have suffered during the last twenty months, in a fluctuation between hope and fear. You, my beloved sister, who know my ideas and sensations on every subject, will picture to yourself all I might say, and I shall have not less of your compassion than your love. It is towards you that I look for all I can hope of comfort either for myself or my poor dear children. Indeed, it is amongst my heaviest afflictions, the feeling myself incapable of the duties of wife and mother: this admits of but one consolation, that though David was not permitted to build the temple of the Lord, yet it was accepted, for he had it in his heart.

"Hare is very much at court, but always most kind and attentive to me. It was only on the 9th that the hereditary prince brought home his bride, a Grand Duchess of Russia, since which there have been nothing but dinners and festivals, though Hare prefers the quiet society he met at Prince Clary's, at Teplitz, to all the splendour and magnificence displayed on this occasion. The grand duchess's wardrobe arrived in *eighty* waggons, and her profusion of jewels is such that she could change the set every day for a twelvemonth. Julius has learned a great deal of German, but is too shy to speak. . . . . May God in his mercy preserve you to support and assist your poor blind

"G. H. N."

In the summer of 1805 Mrs. Hare-Naylor's longing desire for the presence of her son Francis, caused him to be summoned to her side, as her health was daily becoming worse. She rallied, however, sufficiently to carry out her strong wish of revisiting Switzerland—the land of liberty whence she had drawn such ardent aspirations in the days of health and happiness, and when the Hurstmonceaux life, now closed for ever, was just opening before her. They moved first to Bruckenau, and afterwards to Lausanne. Hence she sent to her cousin, the Dowager Lady Spencer, her verses

ON BLINDNESS.

"He chastens whom He loves!"—'Tis thus we read
In that blest book from whence all truths proceed.
While then his mercies humbly we implore,
'Tis ours to bow, submit, and still adore,
Content, in awe, to venerate his plan,
When laid too deep for mortal eyes to scan.

Our keenest sufferings to some purpose tend,
To calm our passions, or our hearts to mend;
To lift our thoughts from earth to heaven above,
And teach frail man to trust his Maker's love.

In all our trials subject to his will,
God blends some good to counterpoise the ill;
And when his wrath divine inflicts a woe,
His love paternal mitigates the blow:
E'en in the heaviest loss, the loss of sight,
That love can fill the mind with inward light,
Bestow on other organs ampler powers,
And bless our night, like nature's, with its flowers.

No more that orb whose vivifying ray
Gives life and vigour to returning day,
Gladdens my eyes with its resplendent flame,
Yet still its warmth revives my drooping frame.
No more, to me, the moon reflects her light,
Nor glittering planets meet the unconscious sight,
Yet o'er my senses steals the calm serene,
And all within is tranquil as the scene.

In vain would nature too her charms conceal,
Her treasures, though unseen, I see, I feel.
The torrent, dashing from the mountain near,
Breaks in rude cadence on the astonished ear;
While the clear rivulet that gently flows
With lulling murmurs soothes me to repose.
Ofttimes I seek the grove or shady bower
When contemplation claims the sober hour;
Oft the pure fragrance of the plants inhale,
And tread the flowery mead, or spicy vale,
The quickened scent delighting to explore
A thousand sweets, unmark'd, unknown before.

E'en though the landscape flies the clouded eye,
Imagination can her tints supply,
O'er the rude scenery cast a brighter hue,
And bring a new creation to my view.
The pine frowns darkly o'er the ivied cell,
The ruin proudly nods, the torrents swell;
Above the wooded vale steep Alps arise,
And threat with snow-clad peaks their kindred skies.
Thus as rich fancy paints with varying grace
Bold nature's grand majestic forms we trace,
Ideal beauties decorate the scene,
No clouds obscure it, and no specks are seen.

Oft too shall Harmony's celestial strain
Soothe to a soft forgetfulness of pain,
Lull in seraphic dreams our mental powers,
And steal from adverse fate some blissful hours.

But chief the social pleasures are designed
To charm the ear, and fascinate the mind.

Satire's keen edge, whose point e'en vice can awe,
Seductive wit restrain'd by moral law,
The patriot thought in manly language drest,
The tale well told, the laugh-creating jest,
The classic page (deep mine of treasured ore
By turns to criticize, by turns explore)—
These, the pure sources of convivial mirth,
Expand our talents, and give genius birth,
The soul's appropriate energies reveal,
Nor need the eye, to make the bosom feel.

Still we enjoy those dear delightful ties,
On which the firmest prop of life relies.
When the fond husband or the child draws near
The well-known step sounds grateful to the ear:
A son's sweet voice can vibrate to the heart,
And love's soft touch the thrill of joy impart:
And memory now restores to mental sight
Their long-loved features lost in shades of night,
Now joys with thoughtful gratitude to blend
In one dear form the sister and the friend.

Friendship too opens wide her treasured store,
And as we grow the poorer, gives the more.
Her tender sympathy is ever nigh,
Nor lets a wish escape its watchful eye;
While, as the sun revives with genial heat,
The drooping flowers on which the tempests beat,
How sweet compassion cheers our clouded days,
And loves in us the feelings that we raise.

Wisdom presides o'er God's omniscient plan—
But Faith and Hope are given for guides to man.
While Hope consoles us in this vale of tears,
Faith here prepares us for the heavenly spheres,
And when our mortal part is wrapt in night,
Uplifts our spirits to the throne of light.

During the illness at Lausanne, Francis was of the greatest possible assistance to his parents. He entirely undertook for the time the education of his brother Julius, a task which he afterwards in some degree continued by writing a series of essays on different literary subjects for the benefit of his brother. "Francis Hare, who gave Julius his first initiation into Greek, was also an excellent German scholar, and no doubt used his knowledge of that, as of other modern literature, to make his lessons more lively."

As Mrs. Hare-Naylor felt her last moments approaching, she solemnly and urgently in writing commended her five children to her sister's care, but especially her little daughter Anna. She lingered till the late spring. On Good Friday, she said to Coleman, her faithful maid, "The day after to-morrow will be that of our Saviour's resurrection, and will possibly be the last of my life;" adding, "If I meet your mother in another world, I will tell her how kind and attentive you have been to me." And so it was. Having taken her husband's hand and kissed it, on the morning of Easter Sunday, the 6th of April, 1806, she fell into a sweet sleep, from which she never awakened, "giving up her soul to Him, who, as on that day, overcame death."*

Just one week before her cousin, died in England, on March 30, 1806, Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire.

At the time of his wife's death, Mr. Hare-Naylor, being then in his fifty-second year, was still very handsome, but exceedingly reserved and cold in manner. He could not bear to return to Hurstmonceaux, where, as he wrote to

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* Epitaph at Hurstmonceaux.

Lady Jones, every flower and every plant recalled the recollection of happy moments "past with his lost Georgiana." His debts were numerous and his children many, and in the following year he sold the estate of his ancestors, a step which all his descendants have never ceased to deplore.

Without failing in the respect due to their father, it was to Lady Jones and to their Shipley relations that his children henceforward always turned for advice, for comfort, and affection, and in the house of this beloved aunt they found the only home they knew from this time. "My dearest Georgiana," wrote Lady Jones, on hearing of her loss, "if she knows in the realms of bliss she assuredly inhabits what passes in the world, shall ever see that I will exert my feeble endeavours to supply her loss, as long as life and health permit me to do so. My dear little Anna especially I shall receive with open arms." And henceforth little Anna always lived with her, recognised before the world as her adopted daughter; Augustus was educated at her expense, and passed his holidays with her, and her care and anxiety for his welfare proved that she considered him little less her child than Anna; Francis and Julius consulted her and looked up to her on all points, finding in her "a second mother, a monitress wise and loving, both in encouragement and reproof." "To the reverence which Julius entertained for Lady Jones," wrote one who knew him well in later days, "may be ascribed much of the nobleness and purity of character, the chivalrous respect for womanhood which distinguished his whole life."

The country home of Lady Jones was at Worting, a place which she had bought, near Basingstoke, a comfortable old-fashioned red brick house, with some fine trees near it, but the surrounding country flat, open, and barren to the last degree. For this very reason had Lady Jones chosen it—she had been so relaxed by her long residence in India, she said, that she wished for the most bracing and exposed situation it was possible to discover.

In March, 1813, Lady Jones fetched little Anna home very unwell from her school at Chiswick, and though she was nursed by her aunt with almost more than maternal devotion, she sunk at the end of a week. Lady Jones never could bear her to be mentioned afterwards. After her own death a small parcel with a black edge was found in her writing-case, marked "Memorandums, Helas!" containing the medical account of her illness, the newspaper notice of her death, and a little packet inscribed, "Triste et Chere," enclosing the earliest primrose of that year's spring, on which Lady Jones had written, "The sweet angel brought me this little nosegay, Wednesday, 17th March. On Wednesday, 24th, she herself had faded, drooped, and ceased to breathe." In the same parcel is preserved this fragment of a letter from old Lady Spencer:—

"'We now call it death to leave this world, but were we once out of it, and enstated into the happiness of the next, we should think it were dying indeed to come into it again.' So says Sherlock, whom I was reading when you sent to me Sunday evening. Had dear little Anna's life been prolonged, it would have been a course of suffering to herself and anxiety to you. *Now* you can feel no anxiety on *her* account, for I think it was quite remarkable the little traits of amiable feelings that appeared during her illness."

Augustus Hare wrote to Lady Jones :—

"Amid abundant cause for sorrow, it must be some consolation to you to reflect that my sister is gone to that mother who committed her to your care, and that she will have nothing to recount but instances of your countless goodness. You have exchanged for a form that prayed for you on earth, a spirit that is praying for you in heaven. All the improper habits that you have ever checked in her, all the good principles you have ever instilled into her, all the religious precepts you ever taught her, are, and will be, day and night rehearsed in the ears of our merciful Judge, and if they are blessed who give food here, what shall be done to them who minister spiritual sustenance, who have conducted the steps of others to the well of everlasting life, who have exerted themselves to redeem a soul from the bondage of sin and Satan? Indeed, when I think of these things, I feel I would not disbelieve a future state for the universe. Then, indeed, would our fate be wretched, and what comfort could we possibly derive from the never-ending sleep of my dear sister, since we never should see her again? Even in this world the care you have lavished upon her will not be in vain. The recollection of it is lodged in the bosom of her surviving brothers, and will, I trust, produce a harvest of affectionate and grateful exertion."

In 1807 Mr. Hare-Naylor had contracted a second marriage with a connection of his first wife, the widow of Colonel Mealey, by whom he had become the father of three children, Georgiana, born Nov. 11, 1809; Gustavus, born Sept. 15, 1811; and Reginald, born Dec. 29, 1812. In 1814 he went abroad with his second family, and died at Tours on the 16th of April, 1815, after a lingering illness, in which his son Augustus shared the fatigues and anxieties of his stepmother. His remains were removed to Hurstmonceaux, where he is buried beneath the altar of the parish church.

IV.

AUGUSTUS AND JULIUS HARE.

> "The great secret of spiritual perfection is expressed in the words of St. Ignatius Loyola, 'Hoc vult Deus.' God wishes me to stand in this post, to fulfil this duty, to suffer this disease, to be afflicted with this calamity, this contempt, this vexation. God wishes this, whatever the world and self-love may dictate, hoc vult Deus. His will is my law."—*Broadstone of Honour.*

"BIOGRAPHIES are wholesome and nourishing reading in proportion as they approach the character of autobiography, when they are written by those who loved or were familiar with their subjects—who had an eye for the tokens of individual character, and could pick up the words as they dropped from loving lips." Thus, in middle life, wrote Julius Hare, the younger of the two authors of the "Guesses at Truth," and thus, in following the footprints of his life and that of his brother Augustus, the truest picture is that which can be drawn from their own letters or thoughts, from the recollection of their surviving relations and friends, or from the reminiscences of the poor who loved them in solitary Little Alton amid the Wiltshire Downs, or among the leafy lanes of Hurstmonceaux.

The chief influence in the youth of both brothers was that of their aunt, Lady Jones, whose house was their home, and who generously made herself responsible for their education. Unlike their own mother, of whose gentle loving-kindness her four sons retained an equal recollection, Lady Jones chiefly showed her affection for her nephews by the severity with which she corrected their faults, while for herself she exacted respect rather than love, and had no sympathy with any demonstration of affection. Her nephews, though devoted to her from motives of gratitude, never ventured to be familiar with her, and Augustus especially suffered in after life from the want of mutual confidence which was thus engendered. In society Lady Jones could be exceedingly pleasant and agreeable. Miss Berry, who knew her well, always spoke of her as "that most perfect gentlewoman." She was very quick in her movements, old-fashioned and peculiar in dress, short in person, and she had sharp, piercing eyes.

Lady Jones sent Augustus Hare to Winchester as a Commoner at the beginning of the short half-year, after the summer holidays of 1804: he was placed at once in the middle division of the Fifth Form. Archdeacon Randall, who followed him to Winchester in October of the same year, thus describes his personal appearance at that time:—"Hare was then, as afterwards, tall, thin, and delicate-looking, and his dress peculiar, varying from that of other boys—much such as might have been supposed to have had its cut and colour selected by a lady who, though not an old maid, was a widow, and not much conversant with the habiliments and habits of boys in general. He was, however, even then an object of general interest in the school. There was a near race between Hare and Boscawen (younger son of the then Lord Falmouth), for one of the highest places in the Part, and as the half-year drew to its close, the marks that they daily obtained in the Classicus Paper were eagerly watched by their respective friends. Of course, the public wishes were divided, but I think if the precedence had been settled by votes, Hare would have had it, perhaps for the very reason that he was in person such as I have described him, young, and looking too slight for a struggle of hard work. This carried him through a great deal, for though he had peculiarities of voice and manner that were often laughed at, I do not think he ever underwent any unkind treatment, but was always regarded as a tender plant that ought to be gently handled. He was successful in this contest, which was a happy thing for him, as it insured his being put up into the senior part of the Fifth before the great struggle of the half-year, and 'the standing-up week' at the end of it, the preparation for which would probably have tried his strength rather too severely."

Augustus went into college at Election, 1806, which was a fortunate time; for he had got up so high in the school as a Commoner, that he came into college as a Præfect, and, consequently, had no fagging to undergo, and the life of a college Præfect was as comfortable as it is possible for a school-boy life to be. Randall became a Præfect at Election, 1807, and from that time began an intimacy with Augustus. "We were both of us thoughtful and imaginative," writes Archdeacon Randall, "great politicians, and full of speculative plans for the improvement of the republic in which we lived, and the constitution of which in the main we much approved and admired, though we were sensible of blemishes which we longed to remove. We both thought, as I believe almost every public school-man that has seriously considered the subject does think, that the authority of the Præfects and their responsibility for the order and character of the school, and as a correlative and compensation for this, their power over their inferiors, and right to command their services, ought to be maintained; but we also perceived the many occasional abuses of this power. The problem was, how to repress these without obliging the oppressed junior to bring his complaint before the masters, which was always an invidious proceeding, and one in which the masters could rarely get to the bottom of a case, so as to do real justice between the parties. The public opinion of the school, and especially the public opinion of the general body of the Præfects, was always against a tyrannical Præfect; but an ill-conditioned Præfect, much like an ill-conditioned great-landlord, or manufacturer, or ship captain, or other man possessed of power, did not care about public opinion; and the question was, how to bring it to bear upon him in some way so that he should feel the weight of it. For this purpose we devised a parliament, and I am sure no constitution-mongers in the world ever set about their work with more earnestness and affection than we did. We knew it could never be brought into practical operation, at any rate in our day, but it was such a pleasure to contemplate it as a thing possible. What delightful talks we had about it! How we returned to the subject again and again! How we discussed details! How we canvassed and obviated objections! How we settled the place of meeting and all the form and order of proceedings! It must be confessed that our undertaking was not an easy one. The republic with which we had to deal contained in it eighteen separate authorities, each of them absolute over all the subjects, who were in number only fifty-two, and each of the fifty-two subject to each of the eighteen, and bound to serve that one of the eighteen that first required his service. This was the constitution, upon which we did not presume to think of infringing. I daresay you will think it odd that at the distance of more than half a century I should go back to this subject as *the* point of interest that I specially remember of my intercourse with Hare. But though it looks like playing with straws, it shows the bias of the mind. To be in Parliament was, all through his young days, the thing for which he longed."

Weak health and a naturally indolent disposition prevented the school career of Augustus Hare from being as brilliant as that of his brother Julius, and his frequently missing the prizes he tried for, brought down angry letters from his relations, whom he more seriously offended in the autumn of 1808 by taking part in a rebellion raised by the Winchester Præfects against Dr. Goddard for his making a Saint's Day into a School Day, without their consent. His account of this scrape to Lady Jones is so candid and open as to seem deserving of insertion.

"*Nov.* 21, 1808.—I suspect, my dear aunt, from your long silence, that you are very angry with me; indeed you have, I am grieved to say, more reason for this than you perhaps imagine. However, before I begin my narrative, permit me to assure you that with a new year I intend if possible, to turn over a new leaf. I say if possible, because after the many assurances I have given you that I intended to throw off idleness, from the time I was eight years old, I am almost afraid to make another resolution. I have not, during this half-year, been content with doing no good, but I have done harm: I consented, fool that I was, to join in an act of resistance to the authority of the masters, and when the names of the insurgents were given up, *mine* was at the top. The circumstances of the case were these. It has always been customary to ask the Præfects whether they had any objection to have a Saint's Day a School Day. Hence arose a supposition that we had by the statutes a right to a holiday on a Saint's Day. Goddard infringed that supposed right; we remonstrated, he persisted, and it was proposed that the Præfects should exert their authority over the inferiors, and keep them out of school. I was angry with Goddard, and ashamed, stupidly ashamed, of differing from my schoolfellows. I asked if the other Præfects consented to this step, I was answered 'Yes.' 'Then so do I,' was my answer. I afterwards found that all the Præfects were so far from agreeing in the step, that there were but eight besides myself who consented out of seventeen, and they were chiefly junior Præfects. I immediately hurried down into our playground where the insurgents were, and determined, as all the Præfects were not unanimous, to have nothing to do with the business. Just at that moment Gabell came into school, my retreat was cut off, and I continued one amongst the other fools. We, however, in ten minutes all came to our senses, and returned into school, and upon making our submission, have all been pardoned, and an act of amnesty has been passed. But the masters cannot look upon us in future with any confidence; they cannot entrust us with any offices. This, however, is a punishment light in comparison of what I ought to expect.

This account must give you a great deal of uneasiness. Endeavour, however, I beg of you, to pardon it. Goddard has already done so."

After receiving Lady Jones's answer to this, which was milder than he expected, Augustus Hare wrote:—

"*Nov.* 29, 1808.—In your letter you neither said nor threatened anything, which I did not deserve. It was all true, as was a great deal more which you might have added if you had determined to punish me with the greatest severity. You might have added that for the last ten years and a half I have been a plague to you; that you have expended hundreds of pounds upon me; that I have been far from improving, as I ought to have done, the advantages I have had; that in return for all your kindness I have never conquered my natural indolence. There is only one thing you could not have added, that I have not loved you as much as my other brothers would. I wait with submission and anxiety for your final decision concerning my punishment."

In the beginning of 1810 Dr. Goddard thus wrote to announce to Lady Jones a vacancy at New College, to which Augustus was elected in the following summer:—

"Your nephew is a young man for whom I have always entertained a high regard, and I am therefore happy in anything that bids fair to promote his welfare. There was a time, when he appeared not to be going on so well as I could wish; I was then unwilling either to disturb your mind or to disguise the truth, and therefore thought it most prudent to hold my tongue, unless a communication should appear absolutely necessary, which I flattered myself it would not be, for as he possesses a good heart and a good understanding, I gave him credit for recovering his senses, which were warped a little by an early elevation to a high situation. Experience has proved that I was right; for more than a year past he has gradually been recovering my esteem, which I assure you he now possesses as fully as ever."

In 1806 Julius had been sent to the Charter-house (then under the guidance of Dr. Raine), where he soon made rapid progress. Among his companions there, were Thirlwall and Grote, the future historians of Greece; Waddington, afterwards Dean of Durham; Sir William Norris, and Sir Henry Havelock. The two last especially were united with Julius Hare in a school friendship which lasted through life. Havelock was always called Phloss by the others, a name intended as short for philosopher. During his time at the Charter-house, Julius received constant extra assistance in his studies from Francis, his "kindest brother," as he always called him, to whom he sent his verses for inspection before they were shown up. Francis always loved Julius the best of his brothers, though the whole four were united almost to a proverb—"The most brotherly of brothers," Landor used to call them.

At this time Francis Hare was at Christ Church, but he did not distinguish himself there. The fact was that the pupil of Mezzofanti, Lehmann, and Dr. Brown went up to college knowing too much. He found himself so far beyond all his compeers, and he had such a profound contempt for the examinations of the Oxford schools, as compared with those which he had been accustomed to see in the Italian and German universities, that he neglected study altogether, and devoted his whole time to hunting and other amusements. In spite of this, he was so naturally talented, that he could not help increasing his vast amount of knowledge, even during his idle years at Oxford, so that Dean Jackson used to say of him, that "he was the only rolling stone he knew that ever gathered any moss."

When he left Oxford, Francis Hare lived principally at his rooms in the Albany, and the remembrance of many of his old friends still lingers on his pleasant chambers (in the end house in the court), and the delightful parties which used to meet in them, and which included all that was most agreeable and clever in London young-manhood. In his conversational powers he was almost unrivalled, and it was thus, not in writing, that he made known his immense mass of information on all possible subjects. "Francis leads a rambling life of pleasure and idleness," wrote his cousin, Mrs. Dashwood, "he *must* have read—but who can tell at what time? for wherever there is dissipation, there is Francis in its wake and its most ardent pursuer; yet in spite of this, let any subject be named in society, and Francis will know more of it than nineteen out of its twenty."

When Augustus Hare went to reside at New College in the Michaelmas term of 1810, he found himself surrounded by a large circle of his Winchester friends. Randall had gone up to Trinity, Oxford, the year before, but Blackstone and Stow were with him at New College, and many others with whom he was less intimate. Hull of Brasenose and Arnold of Corpus also belonged to the closest circle of his friends. "Friendship," he wrote in one of his notebooks of this time, "is love without the veil and the flowers."

A miniature Parliament was still the Elysium in which the imagination of Hare and his friends delighted. Randall and he at once wished to establish a debating club at Oxford, on the principles of that which already existed at Cambridge, under the name of "The Cambridge University Political Society." They talked to all their friends about it, and tried to enlist them; but the overture was coldly received for the most part. They met with only two hearty coadjutors, Kent of Trinity, and Comyn of St. John's. Even these two, and Randall himself, took rather a desponding view of the matter. They thought the attempt would be an utter failure, and that they should only be laughed at; but they could not bear to disappoint Hare, whose heart was entirely set upon it. Thus "The Attic Society" (so called after much deliberation, with something of a punning reference to the abodes of most of its first members) held its first meeting in Randall's rooms and under his presidency. The members at first were only seven in number. They were :—

1. Kent, Trinity. He was the star of his college and of the society. He took a distinguished first-class in mathematics, and was the delight of every company that he entered, the dearest friend of all his friends, who were many, and moreover, the best oar upon the river. He died in his twenty-eighth year, having given promise of a brilliant

career in his profession, though as yet only a pleader under the Bar.

2. Comyn, St. John's. He was Chief Justice at Madras, retired on a pension, and died in London.

3. Hare, New College.

4. Roe, Trinity, a lively Irishman from Tipperary; clever, good-humoured, and much liked; but with a considerable spice of the Irish capacity for blundering. He sat in Parliament (1834) for Cashel, as a joint of O'Connell's tail.

5. Randall, Trinity, Archdeacon of Berkshire.

6. Streatfield, Trinity, afterwards Vicar of East Ham.

7. Everth, Trinity.

From this scanty beginning the society increased more rapidly than its founders had ever ventured to expect. Among the members shortly enrolled were:—

Singleton, Trinity, another good specimen of Irishry.
Ackerley, Trinity.
Smith, Trinity, afterwards Vicar of Grays near Henley.
Villiers, Baliol, afterwards Vicar of Bromsgrove.
Basevi, Baliol.
Lowe, Brasenose.
Milman, Brasenose, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.
Hull, Brasenose.
Arnold, Corpus, Head Master of Rugby.
Bartholomew, Corpus, Archdeacon of Barnstaple.
Belin, New College.
Beckley, New College.
Blackstone, New College, Rector of Heckfield.
Stow, New College, Heber's chaplain in India.
Ching, St. John's.
Hayter, Trinity, Sir W. G., Secretary to the Treasury.

Evans, Trinity.
Andrews, Trinity.
Lowndes, Brasenose.

The Attic Society was such a darling object of Augustus Hare's affections, that its history is in a great measure that of his college life. Communication was opened between the young Oxford society and that previously established at Cambridge. Copies of their statutes were mutually transmitted, and the members of each society were made honorary members of the other. It is not recollected that any member of the Cambridge society ever availed himself of the privilege of attending the Oxford meetings; but Augustus Hare, on a visit to Cambridge, took his seat and spoke in theirs. He was complimented upon his speech, when, with characteristic patriotism, he assured the Cambridge men that in his own society he was quite an ordinary speaker, and had many greatly his superiors.

When the society was fairly established, its founders delighted themselves in building airy castles of its future glories. They speculated upon the time, when in process of years the present or some future undergraduate members would have grown up into Dons and Heads of Houses, and when even a Vice-Chancellor would on some grand occasion leave his bedel and staff at the door, and take his seat as a member, subject, while so sitting, to the authority of the president. These grand anticipations were not destined to be realised. The Attic Society was too far in advance of its age. The Dons always looked unfavourably upon it; and in the troubled years that succeeded the peace of 1815, when all Debating Societies were in bad odour, it came to an end, either in consequence of some intimation from the authorities, oı from the mere prudence of its members. After its dissolution in Oxford, the Attic Society was reformed into an annual meeting in London, which lasted two or three years, and then dropped, owing to the early deaths of several of its choicest members.*

Augustus was exceedingly fortunate in at once obtaining "the garden rooms" at New College, and from these rooms, with their charming view across the green lawns and between the old chestnuts to the beautiful Magdalen Tower, he never afterwards moved. His opposite neighbour upon the same staircase was afterwards "Chancellor Martin," and with him he had the common use of rooms and books which intimate friends so located at Oxford generally enjoy. Martin was already distinguished, even from his school-days, for the sound judgment, steady practice, and manners at once firm and conciliating, which made him afterwards so valuable to his bishop as a judicial officer, and so influential a member of Convocation.

The interest which Augustus Hare felt in politics increased during his Oxford life, and, in October, 1813, he gave evidence of the sagacity and clear-sightedness with which he had followed Napoleon in his German campaigns, by a practical joke which he played upon the University, and which rendered him remarkable for years afterwards, in societies where his better and worthier talents would have passed unnoticed. On returning one evening from a meeting of the Attic Society he wrote an account of a great battle, and a victory gained over the Crown Prince near the imaginary village of Altendorn, in imitation of a bulletin from Napoleon. This arrived at Oxford the next day by post, enclosed in a cover, to Martin Stow, Fellow of New College, and professing to come from his father's office in London, of which Mr. Eve (in whose name the letter was written) was a clerk. Mr. Eve's letter began by some statements about money matters, and proceeded, "I am sorry to say that an account of a great victory over the Crown Prince by Bonaparte has just reached the office, which, as it has arrived too late for insertion in the evening papers, I take the liberty of copying for you. There are two dispatches to the Empress; the first, dated the 12th, merely gives an account of what we heard before, that Bonaparte having left Dresden, detached a large army towards Berlin and then retreated on Duben. It concludes thus:—'If the allies follow us, a great battle may be hourly expected.' The second is as follows, dated the 21st, head-quarters at Duben" . . . . . Then came a long account of the supposititious battle which concluded—"Thus has the justice of Providence, and the brilliant dispositions of the Emperor, in a moment dissipated those numerous battalions that threatened to carry us across the Rhine and violate the integrity of the Empire. An impartial posterity will rank the Battle of Altendorn among the days of Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland. The head-quarters will to-morrow be removed to Delitsche. The Emperor, notwithstanding his fatigues, continues to enjoy the best health."

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* All the information regarding the Attic Society is due to notes contributed by Archdeacon Randall.

So similar was the style to that of the usual bulletins, so accurate the geographical details, and so probable the movements described, that all the members of the University who read the fictitious dispatch were completely taken in for more than a day and a half, till the coaches of Monday bringing down the morning papers dispelled the illusion. Even then, and long afterwards, those who had eagerly studied the fictitious dispatch, and the geography of the imaginary movements, found it difficult to separate the story of the victory at Altendorn, from that of the real history of the campaign.*

Another practical joke which Augustus Hare assisted in playing upon the University, was at the time when Madame de Staël was at the height of her celebrity. It was announced that she was in England, and was about to visit Oxford, where she had an undergraduate friend. For a few weeks the undergraduate who was to be so highly honoured, became an object of universal interest. At length it was noised abroad that the great lady had arrived, and under the extraordinary circumstances and to meet so illustrious a guest, the undergraduate ventured to invite several of the heads of houses, and even the Vice-Chancellor himself, to meet her at breakfast. The party assembled, Madame de Staël was there, and so charmed everybody by her grace, wit, and brilliancy, that they all went away feeling that they had found her even more than they anticipated. It was not till many weeks after that it was discovered that she had never been in Oxford at all, and that she had been represented by a clever undergraduate, who had resided for many years in France ! †

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* Contributed by the Rev. F. Blackstone.

† Rev. F. Blackstone's "Reminiscences."

On first going to New College, Augustus was rendered very indignant by the negligence of the college tutors, who "took no notice of the undergraduates, beyond hearing them construe a certain portion of the classics for two hours every day." On this subject, however, Lady Jones wrote to him:—

"I am neither dismayed nor disappointed at the very little assistance you will receive from the college tutors. By what I have always known and heard of university studies I am convinced that they entirely depend upon the student's own inclination and application. I might mention only the former, for, where that prevails in a sufficient degree, the latter will follow. I know in your boyish days you have always wanted some one to spur you on, but I am convinced this is no longer the case, but that your own good sense is a sufficient spur to overcome your natural indolence, and, in spite of indolent tutors, you will steadily and assiduously proceed with your studies. You have talents and a fair field open before you. The Church was never so devoid of learned men, and the laity are very clamorous about it—so that a Barrow, a Lowth, or even a Horsley, with your gentle manners and correct principles, would be certain of distinction, and, what I am sure to you would weigh far more, would be a means of happiness to thousands, and a greater blessing to the nation than political cabals would ever make any one, be their talents what they may. . . . . I like you too well just as you are to wish any great change either in mind or body, but especially in the former, which I delight in thinking is such as will secure your own happiness here and hereafter, and make the solace and pride of my old age. That God may bless my dear Augustus is the fervent prayer of his affectionate aunt."

It was during the summer of 1813 that the repugnance which Augustus had always felt for taking Orders became so strong, that he ventured to risk the anger of Lady Jones by its avowal. Knowing how strongly her wishes were fixed upon this subject, both from a real desire for his future usefulness in the Church, and from the natural wish that he should succeed to the rich family living of Hurstmonceaux, he greatly dreaded the effect which his decision would have upon her. During a visit which he paid in the summer to his cousins the Hebers,* he consulted them as to how he could best break the disappointment to his aunt, and the result was that Reginald Heber himself undertook to write to Lady Jones upon the subject.

"Dear Lady Jones,—I am anxious to write to you on a subject in which you take a most kind interest, and on which you flattered me so far as to consult me when last we met. I mean the future plans of our friend Augustus. It was then and is still my opinion that his disposition, attainments, and habits are all such as will be most likely to make a valuable and happy clergyman, and I doubt whether his health is sufficiently firm to allow of his being equally happy as a barrister. In the early part of his visit to Moreton I perceived that he was wavering between the choice of these professions, and took some pains, by such means as were least likely to make him suspect my intention, to *show off*, as I may say, the utility and interest of my own clerical pursuits, to which, as I am myself fond of them, I had considerable hopes of attaching him, or of at least removing any prejudices which he might have conceived against them, and, since it has been no longer necessary that I should appear ignorant of your wishes and those of his other friends, I have, in plain terms, had many discussions with him, and he in my presence consulted Mr. Warren. I can say with great truth that I can see no reason whatever to suspect that either idleness or any childish aversion to a black coat have influenced his opinion on this subject. He has dwelt much and sensibly on the great remoteness of his own prospects of any extensive field for utility in the Church, or of any comfortable maintenance to be drawn from it, and though his objections have not related to any part of the duties of a clergyman, he has expressed a doubt whether, without a real relish for them, he should ever perform them well. There are, he says, other disadvantages in his prospects, some of which are peculiar to his college,—which holds out very few prospects of preferment and no encouragement to become a tutor, so that for many years a curacy must be the boundary of his hopes. I am not myself convinced by these arguments, but they are I confess such as joined to the encouraging view which Mr. Warren gave of his profession, may fully justify him in refusing at present to pledge himself to enter into Orders, which, indeed, he as yet cannot do,—and, I must add that it is my opinion, that if left to his own reflections, the very indolence which we have remarked in him will, as the time draws nearer, be likely to decide him in favour of present ease and tranquillity over a distant chance of legal honours and fortune. He has promised me to ask the opinions of his own legal friends, of the young as well as those who have mastered the difficulties of their profession, of the unsuccessful as well as the fortunate, and their answers will (to judge from my own experience) be not unlikely to make him decide as you now wish him, and believe me when I say that it is not without very evident pain that he has on this occasion differed from one to whom he owes so much.

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* Reginald Heber had married (April, 1809) Amelia Shipley, youngest daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph.

Under these circumstances, a year's time on the part of all advisers will not, I think, be too much to ask for him. He may be right or wrong in declining the Church, but as the black stain, once circumfused, can never, thanks to our wise lawyers, be washed off, we cannot blame him for hesitating."

During the last year of his undergraduate life Augustus Hare was occupied by an attempt to extinguish (on the ground of lapse of time, and consequent wearing out of all real relationship) the privileges of Founders' kin at Winchester and New College. He also printed an attack, in the form of a letter to his friend George Martin, on the privilege or custom of New College men not going into the school for the public examinations, but claiming a B.A. degree after an examination by their own authorities in college, which not unnaturally brought down a hurricane of wrath from the Warden, and most of the Fellows of the College, who attempted to make it a reason for refusing him the grace necessary for taking his degree. On this point they were baffled, as the only statutable ground for refusing a degree is insufficiency of scholarship, but their anger is not surprising when it is considered that this, the first attempt at "University Reform," was made by an undergraduate against the fundamental principles of the society to which he belonged, and whose privileges he had so long benefited by.

In 1817 Lady Jones gave Augustus £150 to spend in travelling on the Continent, and he left England with his brother Francis on the 29th of July. The following extracts are from his foreign letters :—

AUGUSTUS *to* JULIUS HARE.

"*August*, 1817.—Coleridge ought to have written a poem on the falls of Schaffhausen, as a companion for his hymn on Mont Blanc. To me that fall was certainly the most majestic sight I had yet seen; and so awakening were the images and emotions it called up, that I could not refrain from attempting to embody them in words, at the very moment when I was possessed with the fullest consciousness that no words could represent them to myself, much less convey to others, the rushing and whirls, the flashes and roar, the mountains of foam and columns of spray, which had just been surrounding and amazing me. We are too lavish of strong expressions, in speaking of little things, to have a sufficient store of them in reserve for great. What is louder than thunder, what more momentary in brightness, more awful in rapidity, than lightning? And yet these two superlatives of nature are called in day after day, to give consequence to cracks and sparkles, until we reach this mighty waterfall without an image or illusion left to impart a notion of what the eye and ear are feeling.

"The Rhine at Schaffhausen is already a considerable stream, some hundred feet in breadth. Between the town and the fall, which is about half a league from it, the river, after making two right angles in its course, turns abruptly and makes yet another, to plunge headlong down a precipice of seventy feet. We crossed it at Schaffhausen, and followed the left bank through vineyards until the walls of Laufen Castle, which overhangs the fall, prevented our proceeding farther. We then mounted the rock on which the castle stands, and while waiting for the key of the door that was to admit us to a sight of the cataract, I looked out of a window in the court, and saw the Rhine already emerged from the fall, but still one stream of foam, flowing on and gradually changing colour, until it disappeared betwixt the quiet banks of green, itself also by that time as green and quiet as if it had never been disturbed. The door was now unlocked, and we descended a steep winding path, until we found ourselves in a little jutting gallery, opposite the cascade, and within its spray. Then opened on my eyes and ears (which hitherto I had deafened purposely to avoid getting accustomed to the noise of the fall before I saw it) a scene wherein sensation for awhile absorbed me. When at last I became collected enough to distinguish the sights and sounds which had astounded me, I perceived that on my left hand, very near as it then seemed to the right bank, two rocks broke the stream. Of these one stood perhaps thirty yards before the other, and the torrent rushed furiously through the opening between them. On the left hand, just above the fall, the waters had scooped out a large basin, the issue from which into a narrow channel produced on that side of me the same violent cross-current as the passage betwixt the two rocks produced on the other. Between these two cross-currents the main body of the water fell, or rather —to speak as it looked—turned on its axis. For as the bottom of the descending stream was lost in its own vapour, this part of the river, from incessantly rolling down an unbroken mass of foam, seemed an ever-revolving avalanche crested with snowy spray. But how to give an idea of the depth of the sound, when the two cross streams, which had been prancing along sideways, arching their necks like warhorses that hear the trumpet, broke from the main stream and forced their way into it! From the valley of thunder where they encountered rose a towering misty column, behind which the river unites unseen, as though unwilling that any should witness the awfully tender reconcilement of its waters. In returning up the path, contrasting in my mind the confusion I had just left with the comparative tranquillity of the stream above, and its subsequent quiet stillness as it winds between its green banks, I found it remind me of the one day of terror which is to separate time from eternity. The idea was strengthened when, looking back on the scene of turbulence from a summer-house immediately over it, I saw the glorious sun, that visible eye of God, not only smiling on the river in both its states of quietness, but beautifying the very fall itself with the colours of a perfect rainbow, thus brightening the depth of the extremest uproar with a gleam of light and peace, and a sign of hope.

"After fully examining this side of the waterfall, we got into a boat to cross over. In our passage I discovered that what I had taken for nearly the whole stream was little more than a third of it, and that between the right bank and the two rocks before spoken of was a third, which divided the remainder of the river into two unequal parts, so as to make three cascades in all. One has been already described. The middle fall is perhaps the broadest, and though not so interesting as either of its brethren, brings its waters down with great dignity in one straight unbroken flood. The fall adjoining the right bank is the smallest. To this we approached very near by means of a mill which is built close to it. Here I perceived to my great delight that what previously and at a distance seemed a savage contest between the currents, is only a fiercer joyousness and the fury of mimic war. The waters, after rushing to the onset, leap back from it with a laughing exultation and boyish alacrity incompatible with hostility or hatred. The third fall is very beautiful indeed, the whole stream on that side running aslant over a bed of rocks till it tumbles forward in vast masses like enormous blocks of crystal, with edges so white and brilliant, so sudden in appearance, and following one another with a speed so glancing, that they gave the idea of frost lightnings."*

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* This passage has already appeared in the Second Series of the "Guesses at Truth."

From Schaffhausen the travellers proceeded to Zurich, and then made a tour of the Grisons in company of two young Englishmen, Mr. Neave (afterwards Sir Digby) and Mr. Penrhyn. The latter was already known to Francis Hare, but to Augustus this was the first introduction to the family with which he was afterwards most closely connected.

A. W. HARE *to* LADY JONES.

"*Sept.* 12.—There was perhaps no place which we were to visit that I was more desirous of seeing than the lake of Lucerne, since one finds on its shores not only the field of Rutli (or Grutli, as the people here call it), famous for being the spot on which the liberty of Switzerland was first concerted, but likewise William Tell's chapel, where at a distance of twenty years I well remember my mother made me kiss the pavement as a mark of homage to the virtues of the peasant hero. The chapel, I am afraid, disappointed me; but climbing up to the field of Rutli was very delightful, and my draught of water from the three springs which they cherish there, in honour of the three first planners of Helvetic independence, was one of the best things that I have done since I left England. It was impossible to reflect on the action, of which we were celebrating the memory, without a religious emotion. For that three-and-thirty peasants without any wealth but their cross-bows, and without any earthly resource but their own courage, should have formed the desperate resolution of waging war against the House of Austria, and that in consequence of this daring attempt their descendants should have enjoyed five centuries of uninterrupted liberty, is one of the most extraordinary among the crowd of miracles, misnamed 'unaccountably fortunate occurrences,' which cross the reader at every step of the page of history."

"*Bologna, Oct.* 25.—At last we have got an Italian sun, and a beautiful sight it is. There is nothing that I can persuade myself into fancying I remember here but the great square, and even that has grown so much smaller to my eyes since I left Italy, that but for its name and situation I should not have had the least chance of recollecting it. Still it is a great pleasure to visit a place that I have heard and thought so much about. Though the town has lost the six pictures which my mother copied in the Zampieri Palace, and which were bought some years back for the Gallery at Milan, it can still boast of a beautiful collection: as one sees in it some of the finest works of every great artist belonging to the Bolognese School except Annibale Caracci, and besides these the famous St. Cecilia of Raphael.

"*Oct.* 27.—I am quite delighted with the people of Bologna. They all seemed so glad to see my brother again. Mezzofanti especially, who was formerly one of his thousand and one instructors, and who is now celebrated as the greatest linguist in the world, being perfect master of thirty languages, besides being more or less acquainted with twenty others, could hardly satisfy himself with looking at his old pupil, who, he had heard from Fazakerley, had turned out a great Grecian. Then he alluded, with looks of gratitude, to my brother's great kindness to him in a dangerous illness, then talked to me a little, then began rejoicing over Francis and his Greek again. We saw besides him Count Fava, who was my father and mother's great friend there. Old Senni and his wife are still living at Bologna, and we of course paid them a visit. She, it seems, was the person who first received me from the nurse's arms, and who always dressed some wound in my head that I was born with, and she shrieked out when she saw us, that next to her own dear son from heaven, we were the two persons she most wished to see. You may have heard my mother speak of her, by the name of Woolley. From her we went to the mother of the Clotilde, whose brother, by-the-bye, is the best painter in Bologna, and has done himself great credit by restoring some old pictures. When she heard our names, the dear old woman put on her spectacles, and examined us for some time, then shook her head and said she did not recollect us, but told us to sit down. I happened to take a chair near the window, so that the light fell full on my face, and a few moments afterwards she cried out in Italian, 'Oh yes, I recollect him now, the little Augustus;' and she held out her hands to me, so that I might come and kiss her as I used to do. We finished our calls at the house of the Rector of the Spanish College, an old friend of Dom Emmanuele."

From Bologna the brothers proceeded to Florence, and thence, after much hesitation as to how far it would displease Lady Jones, having received no letter from her, Augustus proceeded with his brother to Rome. Thence he wrote to Lady Jones:—

"*Dec.* 5, 1817.—We left Perugia at five A.M., that we might have plenty of time for the cascade of Terni. This, like almost every other which I have seen, except the Rhine, is only beautiful, and the idea of force is so inseparably connected in my mind with torrents and waterfalls, that mere beauty on these occasions does not satisfy me; but the scenery in which it is set is equal, perhaps more than equal, in loveliness to anything that I saw in Switzerland. The thing most like it is the Linthal in Canton Glarus, except that the latter is topped by glaciers. . . . . On Wednesday we left the Apennines, and got into the Campagna about twenty miles from Rome. It almost seems that Italy is still in mourning there for the fallen grandeur of Rome. Not an animal, not a man, not a house, not even a ruin is to be seen there to cheer one into the recollection that it was once inhabited. I had, however, been prepared gradually for this desolation by the general barrenness of the Papal States. The Apennines, were they left alone, would probably produce grass enough to feed sheep in abundance; but the inhabitants torment them too much, in hopes of getting corn, to allow them to be good pasture, and consequently they bear nothing, except in some privileged spots, which are covered with cork-trees and laburnums, and a thousand other shrubs, whose names I never heard."

At Rome the brothers lived with their friends the Martins, by whom they had been joined at Florence, and who afterwards accompanied Francis to Naples, while Augustus returned to England after a very short stay in Rome, from fear of his aunt's displeasure, not receiving in time a letter from her, saying :—

"I wish to set your heart at rest as to my approbation of your motions, whatever they may have been. I feel fully assured your wish has been to act according to my wishes, but as the uncertainty of your brother's movements has prevented your getting my letters, you must have been left to act for yourself, and if you have gone on to Rome, be assured I shall not be at all displeased; and shall only hope that you will stay long enough to see what is most worthy of being seen in your birth-place, and then that you will get a safe conveyance home as soon as you can, for I certainly do not wish you to go on to Naples, Dalmatia, or whatever wild-goose chase Francis's vagaries may lead him."

Augustus was even more impressed than he anticipated with the wonders of Rome, especially of St. Peter's. He wrote:—

"People say that St. Peter's looks larger every time they see it. It does more. It seems to grow larger while the eye is fixed on it, even from the very doors; and then expands, as you go forward, almost like our idea of God. . . . On entering St. Peter's my first impulse was to throw myself on my knees; and but for the fear of being observed by my companions, I must have bowed my face to the ground and kissed the pavement. I moved slowly up the nave, oppressed by my own littleness; and when at last I reached the brazen canopy, and my spirit sank within me beneath the sublimity of the dome, I felt that, as the ancient Romans could not condemn Manlius within sight of the Capitol, so it would be impossible for an Italian of the present day to renounce Popery under the dome of St. Peter's. . . . . . But how disproportionate are the projects and means of men! To raise a single church to a single apostle the monuments of antiquity were ransacked, and forgiveness of sins doled out at a price. Yet its principal gate has been left unfinished, and its holy of holies is encrusted with stucco."

January, 1818, found Augustus Hare again in England, and he soon returned as a tutor to New College, which continued to be his principal residence for seven years longer. His life there was now considerably changed. His old friends had dispersed in different directions. Stow, the dearest of them, had taken orders, and was curate of Houghton-le-Skerne; Randall also had left Oxford almost broken-hearted by the death of his friend Kent in the first year of his married life. Augustus wrote to him on hearing of it:—

"*January* 24, 1818.—I have seldom been more hurt than at hearing from Blackstone of the sad loss we have both sustained last autumn. On you, to whom Kent was everything from similarity of tastes, principles, and profession, the affliction must have lighted with a force heavy indeed. Even to myself, little as I had seen of him for some time past, it has been a hard and sudden blow. Fortunate as I have been in most of my acquaintances, and worthy in every sense of the word, but especially in the best and highest sense of it, as my friends have all happily proved, I could ill afford to spare out of their number the one who was most distinguished for clear discernment and steady prudence, while he was fully equal to any amongst them in honest strength of principle and friendly warmth of attachment. But you who knew him much better than I could boast to do, will be conscious how weak and inefficient these or any other words are to give an idea of his real merits. And thus at once to be deprived of them, thus to lose the comfort they afforded, thus to find the light which his example shed behind it to guide his friends who were following in the same path, unexpectedly and in a moment quenched, is, alas, bitter! How can it be other than more bitter to you above all his other friends, my dear Randall, to whom he was exactly as a brother in sincerity and fervour of affection? In losing him you have lost a brother indeed; but turn your eyes to the surviving friends who have been made yours by time and trials, and days spent together in joy, and hours mutually devoted to sorrow—turn to them, and you will find that you have yet a few brothers remaining to you. It is you, indeed, who in your present solitude are the object of my chief solicitude, for I feel sure that to him who has last left us, the change cannot be otherwise than a happy one. Departing, as he has done, in the innocence of youth, with all his honourable and, I believe, all his religious sentiments fresh upon him, their lustre yet unsullied by the contaminations of the world, his lot is, I believe and trust, one that we should envy, could we see it. It has indeed been determined that we should not see it, and with all our usual proneness to be deceived by appearances, we mistake the clouds, which conceal from us the state of the departed, for their state itself; and thus come to lend to it the coldness, and darkness, and dreariness, borrowed from our own deep ignorance and sad imaginations. But even Paganism in its happier hours guessed better things. 'Largior hic campos æther, et lumine vestit purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt,' was the heart-boding suggested to it by nature, during the absence of more certain information; and is it likely, nay, is it possible, that the dreams of man should be more cheering than the glorious magnificence prepared for his children by God?"

Lady Jones continued to press upon Augustus Hare her desire of his taking orders. On May 4, 1818, he wrote to her from New College:—

"I ought to be one of the happiest persons in existence: so many delights are crowding round me in all shapes and sizes. The weather, with all its spring accompaniments of air, sunshine, verdure, and singing birds, has been here so perfect as to make Blackstone cry out a hundred times a day that for such days he believes there is no place like England. Then we have had Reginald Heber here full of spirits at the idea of becoming a father. He came to preach, and did give us two such sermons—one on, 'To die is gain,' showing that to make this possible required an Atonement, the other upon the choice of principled friends,—that, I believe, if he were to settle here and become a regular preacher, he would bring church-going, and perhaps religion itself, into practice. . . . . And now after all these pleasant subjects to a less agreeable one. I am afraid you are quite right in suspecting that Trinity Sunday and its approach have made much less impression on me than they ought. My southern expedition was certainly of use to me in opening my eyes and ears to sights and sounds in nature. But alas ! this good is just at present counterbalanced by the indisposition it has produced in me to give up my time and thoughts to the abstruse study of my profession. That it is my profession I know well, and that it is under my circumstances of situation the best employment to which I can betake myself. But an employment in which one engages merely from considerations of prudence and duty, without feeling an interest in the occupations which it involves, is somewhat irksome, and one does not without an effort succeed in bringing the mind to dwell on it. I fear all this would not be pleasing to you, and I feel that I have nothing to urge that can make it so ; the cause, however, I hope, will ere long be over, and then I trust all things will go on smoothly as ever."

Yet the high estimation in which Augustus Hare already held the clerical office, may be seen from the following, written to his friend Frederick Blackstone, upon his ordination :—

"*Dec.* 18, 1818.—I am not sorry for a necessity for writing, as it ensures the expression of my deep sympathy in the sacred character which you are on the point of assuming. You are about to become a teacher in our new Israel ; and the titles of 'watchman' and 'father of souls,' high as they are, will from henceforth be yours. Happy !

thrice happy! the person by whom their full dignity is felt. What a freedom from the thralls of the world and the flesh —what a piercing insight into the true nature of things; how large a share of the wisdom that is from above must be possessed by such a man! To me it is a source of much real joy, that you, my much-tried friend, who are entering into Christ's ministry, are blest, I will not say with such a perfect sense of its glories as I have been figuring to myself, but certainly with the fittest dispositions for in time arriving at it. With perhaps not fewer surface faults than many of my acquaintance, I can yet with truth say, that in sincere straightforward singleness of heart, I believe it would be difficult to go beyond you. . . . . Certainly the Church is the sphere for you. In the service of a Creator and Redeemer, your zeal will enjoy the amplest and fairest scope; while in the spirituality of your future objects, whatever of earth still clings around you, must in time find a corrective. Only in striving to be perfect do not be betrayed into timidity. Our scrupulousness, taken in its extreme, consists neither with Christianity nor with faith, for it degrades the Deity into a taskmaster. Plans of life and the relations of duty must be *once* examined, and afterwards acted on. 'Quod putavi, putavi,' was Latimer's rule at the stake, and must to a certain degree be the principle of all who are not willing to spend life in questioning.

"And now Adieu in the literal sense of the word. And may He, the Being, to whom you are thus committed, the Father and Friend of all, instruct you in the truth, fill you with the spirit, confirm you in love, strengthen you in goodness, and make you the minister of life, even of life eternal, to all those over whom you may be set, in the name and through the authority of the Lord Jesus. Amen."

Julius Hare had been sent to Cambridge in November 1812, upon which occasion his father wrote to Augustus :—

"I have been to settle Julius at Cambridge, which I have done in a very comfortable lodging. When we were introduced to Mr. Monk, the Greek professor, he told Julius that he had lately had so high a character of him from Mr. Russell, that he was happy to make his acquaintance. Julius at the same time heard of his having obtained a prize for a Latin prose composition upon the kings of Rome. It was written in imitation of Cicero's Dialogues, and Russell told a friend of Julius's that it is the best exercise he ever read; and in a letter to Julius, he says that he thinks of sending it to the Classical Magazine. Mr. Hudson, his tutor, assures me that he may live very well upon £160 a year. His business is to study, not to give wine-parties, and he is perfectly aware, that if he runs in debt, he will be immediately taken from Cambridge. If he gets any scholarships, their emoluments will add to his income, and it will be entirely his own fault if he does not get them."

When Julius Hare went up to Trinity he had already earned a reputation both as a scholar and mathematician. Old Charter-house companions brought with them startling stories of his school prowess, and his shelves were conspicuously laden with his school prizes. Thus he was eagerly welcomed by all the best set of men in his college—all those whose pursuit and aim was the same as his own. Sedgewick, already a college tutor, made a friend of the freshman; Starr, Whewell, Worsley, and Kenelm Digby were his intimate companions—the recipients of his "Guesses at Truth"—the witnesses of his enthusiastic championship or furious denunciations, according as he was biassed by the feelings of the moment; for then, as afterwards, Julius never loved or hated by halves. It was perhaps this very openness and demonstrativeness of character which rendered him so peculiarly interesting to his acquaintances, and which made it impossible for him to pass unnoticed. He was often loved, frequently detested, but never ignored. The knowledge of English literature which he brought with him to Cambridge was extraordinary, but his knowledge of German literature was hitherto unknown in an English undergraduate. This had been partly the result of his residence as a child with his dying mother at Weimar. The interest which was then aroused by the conversation of Goethe and Schiller, of the good Duchess of Weimar, and of other illustrious persons who were wont to meet in the honoured sick-chamber, had never passed away. Schiller died while he was at Weimar, and his childish ambition and enthusiasm were aroused by seeing this great loss received as a national calamity by his mourning fellow-countrymen. The great poets and philosophers of Germany were thus no mere names to him, but at ten years old they were grand living realities, and their tales were the story-books, their poems the inspiration, of his childhood. When he returned to England, his father's and his brothers' libraries kept open for him a vast field of discovery in the wealth of German authors, which few boys would have access to, and indeed few would appreciate. Lady Jones in vain remonstrated against what she considered as the dangers which might result from such license in reading for one so young, but Mr. Hare-Naylor was accustomed to the freedom of opinion which the mother of his four sons had always encouraged, and desired that all possible sources of information might be left open to his children.

When Julius went up to Cambridge, he gave himself up with passionate delight to his classical studies. Of mathematics he would now learn no more than was necessary, though, according to the system which then prevailed in the University, he thus, considerably to his father's annoyance, shut himself out from competing for the chancellor's medal. In his classical studies he was privately assisted by his brother Francis, who had boundless faith in the talents of Julius, and was never weary of writing essays for his assistance and reference. His success in college examinations led to his election to a Trinity Fellowship in October, 1818.

The following winter was spent by Julius Hare in Italy with his brother Francis, who had remained in the south since Augustus left him in the preceding spring. From this time dates his great love and veneration for Raphael.

"Where to find a parallel for Raphael in the modern world, I know not. Sophocles, among poets, most resembles him. In knowledge of the diversities of human character, he comes nearer than any other painter to him, who is unapproached and unapproachable, Shakespeare; and yet two worlds, that of Honour and that of Passion, separate them. In exquisiteness of art, Goethe might be compared to him. But neither he nor Shakespeare has Raphael's deep Christian feeling. But then there is such a peculiar glow and flush of beauty in his works: whithersoever he comes, he sheds beauty from his wings. Why did he die so early? Because morning cannot last till noon, nor spring through summer." *

"In intellectual as in active life, the still small voice wherein speaks the true genius, 'that peculiar sway of nature, which (as Milton saith) also is God's working,' will usually be preceded by the strong wind and the earthquake and the fire, which may rend the mountain and break the rocks in pieces, but in which there is nothing that abideth. The poet will at first try force and endeavour to take Beauty by storm; but if he would succeed, he must assure himself that she consents not to be won until she has been wooed by duteous and loyal service. This appears a simple and easy lesson; yet few among the sons of men have duly apprehended it, except tardily on compulsion. There may indeed have been others, even in modern times, who have felt and known these truths instinctively from their childhood upwards, but I cannot name any besides Raphael. Of him it may truly be said that Beauty was his nurse, that he had sucked at her breast, and been dandled in her arms, and been covered with her kisses, until all her features were indelibly written on his mind, and her image became amalgamated, and as it were, one with its essence. From his earliest sketch unto his last great work, whatever came from his pencil, appears, so to say, to have been steeped in beauty: in his imagination, as in the bright atmosphere of a summer day, every object was arrayed in a loveliness at once its own and his: for all he gives is so genuine and appropriate, it is impossible to distinguish what is native from what is adventitious. But Raphael had the good fortune to be born earlier in the world's great year, when the sun might safely rise without a cloud: in these autumnal

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* "Guesses at Truth." First Series.

times one can hardly hope for a fine day, unless it be ushered in by a misty morning." *

But, together with the growth of his love for Raphael, Julius also became converted to a belief in the general superiority of sculpture over painting. Soon afterwards Augustus, writing to Frederick Blackstone, says:—

"Julius, who was nearly as sceptical as yourself about sculpture, *felt* while he was standing among the Townley marbles that there was no comparison. The effect of the sculpture was so much stronger than that which had been produced by the Raphaels, Leonardos, and Guidos, which had been exhibited. He was so far hurried away by his enthusiasm as to kiss an arm of one of the female figures, to the great astonishment of the unimaginative beholders, who, perhaps, would not one of them have given a halfpenny to kiss the finest arm in the world. 'Mais cela tient au morale, ou plutôt à la Philosophie.'"

During these years of youth also grew in the heart of Julius that great love with which he always afterwards regarded "the honoured name of William Wordsworth," he being one of the first of a circle of young men who upheld the reputation of the new poet at a time when he was greatly ridiculed, and when the influence of Scott and Byron was supreme.

On his return from Italy Julius was persuaded by his brother Francis to devote himself to the study of law, and for that purpose took chambers in Hare Court, Temple. But he never was able to give his heart to legal studies, and continued his wide reading in literature and philosophy, of which a visible result was the publication, in 1820, of a translation of "Sintram," which he intended to follow by the other works of Fouqué. Lady Jones characteristically wrote to him at this time her wish that all his "German books were burnt." He replied :—

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* "Guesses at Truth." Second Series.

"*Jan.*, 1820.—As for my German books, I hope from my heart that the day will never arrive when I shall be induced to burn them, for I am convinced that I never shall do so, unless I have first become a base slave of Mammon, and a mere vile lump of selfishness. I shall never be able to repay a hundredth part of the obligation I am under to them, even though I were to shed every drop of my blood in defence of their liberties. For to them I owe the best of all my knowledge, and if they have not purified my heart, the fault is my own. Above all, to them I owe my ability to believe in Christianity with a much more implicit and intelligent faith than I otherwise should have been able to have done; for without them I should only have saved myself from dreary suspicions, by a refusal to allow my heart to follow my head, and by a self-willed determination to believe whether my reason approved of my belief or not. The question has so often been a subject of discussion, that I have determined, once for all, to state my reasons for remaining firm in my opinion."

To his extensive acquaintance with German thought and German thinkers is due the German tone which pervades many of the "Guesses at Truth," furnished by Julius to the volumes which appeared in 1827. "Its authors, it has been said, suppose truth to be mere guess-work. An observation more curiously inapplicable to the spirit and character of both brothers was certainly never hazarded. Because they were so confident that truth is fixed and eternal—that it is not the creature of man's notions and speculations—that a man must seek for it as hid treasure, not refer it to his own narrow rules of judgment—therefore they thought it an exercise useful in itself, certain of reward, to trace the vestiges of it in every direction, to grasp even the skirts of its garment, and if they missed it, still to testify that it was ready to declare itself to more faithful inquiries. They believed that there was a ladder set up on earth and reaching to heaven; that the voice of God may be heard in the calm midnight, nay, even in the open day, by those who are on the lowest step of this ladder, who have only a bed of earth, with a stone for their pillow, if they will reverently apply their ears to listen, and ask to have it distinguished from the noises of which the air is full, and which try to drown or mock it. These Guesses have cherished this conviction in the hearts of many who needed it, and who would have suffered infinite loss if they had been without it. And they have led not a few to look further still; to ask whether there is not a Centre of all God's revelations, one in whom He created the world, one in whom He has enlightened men, one in whom He has made himself perfectly known. The words, 'I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life,' have come to them as at once the encouragement and the result of their guesses. If this result is not what our doctors of the law, our masters in Israel desire, it may, nevertheless, be one which He does not disapprove, who in every part of nature, and in every human relation, found parables of his kingdom, and openings through which his disciples might have glimpses of it." *

Julius's career as a lawyer was of short duration, and most gladly did he welcome the change when, in 1822, his friend Whewell, already a tutor of Trinity, conveyed to him the offer of a classical tutorship in his own college. He at once returned to Cambridge and took possession of delightful rooms in the tower at the back of Trinity, looking down its beautiful lime avenue—rooms where he collected the nucleus of that library which afterwards rendered his country home so remarkable amongst English rectories, and where he resided throughout the next ten years, to which he owed, as he himself described it, "the building up of his mind."

At Cambridge Julius Hare re-united in a great measure the large circle of friends amid whom his undergraduate life had been passed—Sedgewick, Whewell, Thirlwall, Worsley (whom he was wont to call "the brother of his heart"), and, for a time, Digby, the author of the "Broad Stone of Honour," "that noble manual for gentlemen, that volume" (wrote Julius) "which, had I a son, I would place in his hands, charging him, though such prompting words would be needless, to love it next to his Bible." Among his pupils also were three young men who were among the intimate friends of his later life, John Sterling, Frederick Maurice, and Richard Cavendish.

The pupils who attended Julius Hare's lectures have a vivid recollection of their interest. "While in form he was adapting himself exactly to the practice of English colleges," wrote one of them, "in spirit he was following the course

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* Preface to Hare's Charges. 1843–46.

which a cultivated man, thoroughly in earnest to give his pupils the advantage of his cultivation, and not ambitious of displaying himself, would fall into." "When we were reading the Gorgias of Plato, his anxiety seemed to be that Plato should explain himself to us, and should help to explain us to ourselves. Whatever he could do to further this end by bringing his reading and scholarship to bear upon the illustration of the text, by throwing out hints as to the course the dialogue was taking, by exhibiting his own fervent interest in Plato, and his belief of the high purpose he was aiming at, he did. But to give us second-hand reports, though they were ever so excellent—to save us the trouble of thinking—to supply us with a moral, instead of showing us how we might find it, not only in the book, but in our own hearts—this was clearly not his intention." *

Amid his collegiate duties, Julius Hare found time to unite with his friend Thirlwall in the vast labour of translating Niebuhr's 'History of Rome,' and editing it with fresh notes from his own reading. This work brought down upon its author, and by implication upon its translators, a charge of scepticism as to secular history which would tend to encourage a similar feeling in regard to sacred history. This led Julius to publish (1829) his 'Vindication of Niebuhr,' the first of a long series of vindications which in later life he used playfully to say he should one day collect and publish in one volume, under the title of 'Vindiciæ Harianæ,' or the 'Hare with many Friends.' "Any attack on Luther, Niebuhr, Bunsen, Coleridge, would have called forth his sword from its scabbard under much

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* Preface to Hare's Charges. 1856.

less provocation than was actually given in the respective cases. Indeed, in some of these instances we almost wonder at the amount of energy and learning spent against charges which hardly seemed sufficient, either in quality or quantity, to need any refutation at all. But even when the object of attack was his dearest friend, it was an outraged sense not so much of private partiality as of public justice that fired the train; and in one remarkable instance in his later life (that of the Hampden controversy) he came forward in behalf of an entire stranger."

"The scholarship of Julius Hare was of a kind which penetrated the whole frame of his mind. Like all English scholarships, it was built upon a classical basis, and the effect of this, enlarged as it was by the widest view of the ancient writers, never left him. Greece and Rome were always present to his mind; and when he afterwards endeavoured to arouse the clergy of Sussex by the strains of Alcæus, it was only one instance out of many in which his deep delight in classical antiquity found its vent in the common occasions of life. To the older school of English elegant scholarship he hardly belonged, but in a profound and philosophical knowledge of the learned languages he was probably second to none, even in that brilliant age of his Cambridge contemporaries; and he was one of the first examples that England has seen, not merely of a scholar, but of a 'philologer,' of one who studied language not by isolated rules but by general laws.

"This precision of scholarship showed itself in a form which is perhaps, to many, one of the chief associations connected with his name. Almost any one who has ever heard of Julius Hare's writings has heard of his strange spelling. Every one knows that his sermons were not 'preached' like those of ordinary mortals, but 'preacht;' that his books were not 'published,' but 'publisht.' It is but due to his memory to remind our readers that it was not, as most people suppose, an arbitrary fancy, but a deliberate conviction, founded on undoubted facts in the English language, which dictated his deviation from ordinary practice. His own statement of his principle is contained in a valuable and interesting essay on the subject in the Philological Museum; and it was maintained in the first instance not only by himself, but by his two illustrious colleagues at Cambridge. But Bishop Thirlwall openly abandoned it in his history of Greece, and has never since recurred to it; and Dr. Whewell confined it to his occasional efforts in verse. It was characteristic of the man that Hare alone persevered to the end; whether it were a hymn-book for his parish church or a monumental tablet, a German novel or a grave discourse on the highest matters of Church and State, he would never abandon what he considered the true standard of correct scholarship, or countenance the anomalies of popular practice. We may justly smile at the excess to which this pertinacity was carried; but it was an index of that unwearied diligence, of that conscientious stickling for truth which honourably distinguished him amongst his contemporaries; it was an index also, as we may fairly allow, of that curious disregard for congruity which, more than any other cause, marred his usefulness in life."

"The scholarship of Julius Hare was remarkable for its combination with his general learning. Learning as an acquisition is not perhaps uncommon; but as an available possession it is a very rare gift. It is easy to accumulate knowledge; but it is not easy to digest, to master, to reproduce it. This, however, was certainly accomplished in his case." *

As our story will for many years be more connected with the life of Augustus than with that of Julius Hare, it may be well to look forward here for a few years.

On Easter Sunday, 1826, Julius was ordained deacon in Wells Cathedral by Bishop Law, and on the following Trinity Sunday was ordained priest, at St. George's, Hanover Square, by Sparke, Bishop of Ely. His first university sermon, afterwards published under the title of the "Children of Light," was preached on Advent Sunday, 1828. This sermon assumed that his hearers were born in light, and that if they walked in darkness, that darkness was caused by the sin which had broken up the even tenour of the true life which was intended, and that their true conversion would be simply the restoration of the light, which was the guide of childhood. His next well-known sermon, the "Law of Self-Sacrifice," was preached in Trinity Chapel at the Commemoration of 1829, an earnest protest against the selfish theory of religion. It at once announces the opposite law as the one which binds together all things in earth and heaven, as that which affords the only explanation of all the great facts of history, of all that has produced any real effect upon mankind in poetry, art, science. Selfishness he traces, indeed, everywhere: but as the disturbing, destructive force; the

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* *Quarterly Review*, cxciii.

enemy of the order of the world, not its principle; that which the Son of God by His Sacrifice came to subvert, because He came to renew and restore all things. Theology is here, as elsewhere, the necessary climax as well as the necessary foundation of all his other thoughts; he does not want to reconcile them with it; it is the reconciliation of them. The sermon on "The Sin against the Holy Ghost" is in strict harmony with these, inasmuch as it connects the common daily life of the English student in the nineteenth century with the principles set forth in Scripture, even with the most awful sentences in it. These are not used to produce a fearful impression upon the nerves, but to keep the conscience alive to its continued peril, as well as to its mighty treasures and responsibilities—to the truth, that all true and righteous deeds, by whomsoever they are enacted, are the work of the Holy Spirit now as in other days.*

Until these Cambridge sermons were preached, Tutors and Fellows alike felt sure that no undergraduate could be induced to sit through discourses of such prodigious length, yet they were not only listened to with patience, but not more than two days after the preaching of the first sermon, a petition for its publication was sent to Julius Hare, more numerously signed than any that had been known for years. After publication, however, these sermons scarcely met with the success which was anticipated. Many would perhaps have been more impressed by them if they had not taken advantage of their peculiarities—of the quaint expressions they contained, to turn aside; these seemed to afford a handle to such as were glad of one, to take hold of as a diversion from the serious impression they could not otherwise avoid.

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* See Preface to Hare's Charges, 1843—46.

The chief external pleasures of Julius Hare's Cambridge life were derived from his intimacy with the family of Sir John Malcolm, who was at that time residing at Hyde Hall, in its immediate neighbourhood. In 1826, he stayed for a long time in their house to recruit, after a severe attack of illness. Of this home he wrote :—

> "The house, in which, above all others I have ever been an inmate in, the life and spirit and joy of conversation were the most intense, is a house in which I hardly ever heard an evil word uttered against any one. The genial heart of cordial sympathy with which its illustrious master sought out the good side in every person and thing, and which has found an inadequate expression in his delightful 'Sketches of Persia,' seemed to communicate itself to all the members of his family, and operated as a charm even upon his visitors. For this reason was the pleasure so pure and healthy and unmixed; whereas spiteful thoughts, although they may stimulate and gratify our sicklier and more vicious tastes, always leave a bitter relish behind."

Of Sir John Malcolm himself he afterwards spoke as—

> "The illustrious friend, who was always so kind, always so generous, always so indulgent to the weaknesses of others, while he was endeavouring to make them better than they were—he who was unwearied in acts of benevolence, ever aiming at the greatest, but never thinking the least beneath his notice; who could descend, without feeling that he sank, from the command of armies and the government of an empire, to become a peacemaker in village quarrels—he,

in whom dignity was so gentle, and wisdom so playful, and whose laurelled head was girt with a chaplet of all the domestic affections,—the soldier, statesman, patriot."

In the family of Sir John Malcolm, lived at this time, as governess, a Miss Mary Manning, with whom Julius formed a friendship of mingled love and reverence, which was as great a feature of his later years as that of Cowper with Mrs. Unwin. Of very humble origin, she owed her admirable education to the generous kindness of Elizabeth, Duchess of Buccleugh, in whose family her father was a factor. Lady Malcolm was greatly attached to her, and as she was always treated rather as an honoured guest than an inferior, she had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the many remarkable persons who visited the house. Having great observation and a retentive memory, she amassed by this means an extraordinary amount of general information, which she had the gift of imparting to others in the most lively and agreeable manner. Few persons came within her influence without being attracted by her; by most of the friends of the family she was almost adored; clever Cambridge professors were wont to seek her society, and even to ask her advice on an astonishing variety of subjects, and her unfailing fund of anecdote and quiet wit made her equally charming to her younger hearers. In his later life many people believed that Julius Hare had been engaged in his youth to Ma-man, as she was playfully called; but this was never the case.

The Cambridge vacations of Julius Hare were frequently passed at Bodryddan, in the society of his cousins, the daughters of the Dean of St. Asaph. Lady Jones had always dreaded that Augustus would fall in love with the second daughter, Anna Maria, who, while still quite young, had returned to her father's house as the widow of Colonel Dashwood, and whose interest in poetry, art, and Italian and German literature made her conversation exceedingly attractive to both the brothers. Julius, however, was always her favourite cousin, and she was quite devoted to him. In 1828, he became engaged to her, but without any prospect of marriage, until he should obtain a living. But the engagement was in itself a great source of delight to him, and for some years he spent as much time as possible at Bodryddan, where Mrs. Dashwood continued to live with her aunt, Mrs. Yonge, after Dean Shipley's death in 1825. This charming family-home is described in a poem by Leigh Hunt :—

"Their very house was fairy. None
Might find it, without favour won
For some great zeal, like errant knight,
Or want or sorrow's holy right ;
And then they reach'd it by long rounds
Of lanes between thick pastoral grounds
Nest-like, and alleys of old trees,
Until at last, in lawny ease,
Down by a garden and its fountains,
In the ken of mild blue mountains,
Rose, as if exempt from death,
Its many-centuried household breath.
The stone-cut arms above the door
Were such as earliest chieftains bore,
Of simple gear, long laid aside ;
And low it was, and warm, and wide,—
A home to love, from sire to son,
By white-grown servants waited on.
Here, a door opening, breathed of bowers,
Of ladies who lead lives of flowers ;

There, walls were books, and the sweet-witch,
Painting, had there the rooms made rich
With knights, and dames, and loving eyes
Of heaven-gone kindred, sweet and wise;
Of bishops, gentle as their lawn,
And sires, whose talk was one May-dawn.
Last, on the roof, a clock's old grace,
Look'd forth, like some enchanted face
That never slept, but in the night
Dinted the air with thoughtful might
Of sudden tongue, which seem'd to say,
'The stars are firm, and hold their sway.'"

V.

CHANGES.

"God writes straight on crooked lines."
Spanish Proverb.

"Circumstance, that unspiritual God, was then a most fruitful source of spirituality."—DIGBY.

IT was in returning from Scotland in 1818, that Augustus Hare, while visiting the Hebers at Hodnet, made his first acquaintance with Miss Leycester. He was at Hodnet on her birthday (November 22). On the preceding day the conversation had turned upon Italy—a subject which always called forth the full powers of his enthusiasm—and she had playfully asked him to write an ode upon it. In the night hours he wrote, and on the following morning presented her with, his Ode to Italy.

"Strike the loud harp, let the prelude be,
Italy—Italy!
That chord again, again that note of glee—
Italy—Italy!
Italia, Italia! the name my bosom warmeth,
Italia! Italia! the very sound it charmeth—
High thoughts of self-devotions,
Compassionate emotions,
Soul-stirring recollections,
With hopes, their bright reflections,

Rush to my troubled heart at thought of thee,
My own illustrious, injur'd Italy.

Dear land of woody mountains,
And consecrated fountains,
Within whose rocky heav'n-aspiring pale
Beauty has fix'd a dwelling,
All others so excelling,
To paint it right, thy own sweet tongue would fail,
Hail to thee! Hail!
How rich art thou in groves and streamlets clear!
And those broad pines within the sunniest glade
So reigning through the year,
Within the hallow'd circle of their shade
No sunbeam may appear.
Thy double sea too, with its glittering blue,
How beauteous!—but I may not dwell
On charms, which decking thee too well,
Allur'd the spoiler—let me fix my ken
Rather upon thy godlike men,
The good, the wise, the valiant, and the free,
On memory's pillar tow'ring gloriously,
A trophy rais'd on high upon thy strand,
That every race in every clime
May mark and understand,
What memorable courses may be run,
What and how precious treasures may be won,
From time,
In spite of chance,
And worser ignorance,
If men be ruled by virtue's fix'd decree,
And wisdom hold unquestion'd mastery.

What art thou now?—Alas! alas!
Woe, woe!
That strength and virtue thus should pass
From man below—
That so divine, so beautiful a maid
Should in the with'ring grave be laid
As one that—Hush! nor dare with ominous breath,
To syllable the name of Death;

The fool alone and unbeliever weepeth—
We know she only sleepeth—
And from the dust,
At the end of her correction,
Truth hath decreed her glorious resurrection:
She shall arise, she must:
Nor can it be that wickedness hath power
To undermine and topple down the tower
Of virtue's edifice:
And yet that vice
Should be allowed on sacred ground to plant
A rock of adamant.

But who may bide the dazzling radiancy,
When first the royal dame awaking
Darteth around her keen indignant eye—
When first her firm spear shaking,
Fixing her foot on earth, her looks on sky,
She standeth like the archangel, prompt to vanquish,
Yet still imploring succour from on high!
O days of wearying hope and grievous anguish,
When will ye end?
Until that end be come, until I hear
The Alps their mighty voices blend
To swell and echo back the sound most dear
To patriot hearts, the cry of Liberty—
I must live on: but when the mighty queen,
As erst is canopied with Freedom's sheen,
When I have prest with salutation meet,
And reverent love to kiss her honour'd feet,
I then may die—
Die, how well satisfied!—
Conscious that I have watch'd the second birth
Of the most beauteous being upon earth—
Conscious beside
That no more glorious sight can here be giv'n;
Serener visions are reserv'd for Heav'n."*

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* The poem given here, printed from the original MS. of Augustus Hare, differs in many respects from that already published, as altered by his brother Julius.

The interest in Maria Leycester which was aroused in Augustus Hare during this visit was afterwards kept awake by the letters of his friend Stow, and the share which he had in their joys and sorrows.

The summer of 1819 was passed by Augustus Hare at the English lakes. Thence he wrote to his friend Frederick Blackstone:—

"Of the Lakes I will only say that I found Southey more egotistical, less identified with his family, and more reflective than I expected. By the way, I am surprised you should represent him as inimical to discussion, for into one I was betrayed by him unawares, and into another he attempted to lead me, challenging and almost pulling me to the field. At first I thought his manner cold, but it gradually thawed, and before we parted he seemed to begin to take considerable interest about me. Wordsworth I found much greater in the common concerns of life than I had anticipated. He is as perfect an instance in his way of the connection between genius and kind-heartedness as Mr. Scott is, of whom you know my admiration ; and it is interesting to observe two men of great powers, who are so remarkably different in many respects, agreeing and reflecting each other's character in this."

On November 19 he wrote to Lady Jones:—

"I left Edinburgh by way of Selkirk and Melrose, stopping by the way to see Walter Scott. He lives in a cottage transmogrified by additions into a sort of castle, on the road between these two places. His family consists of a silly little Frenchwoman—his wife, two stout lassies of daughters under twenty, the eldest of whom is said to be a very extraordinary person, and a great favourite with her father, and an enormous staghound, with three or four other dogs of various kinds as his satellites. Walter Scott himself looks like a very stout, good-humoured shepherd; and if it be a merit in a poet not to be 'all-poet,' he possesses it in a very high degree. He kept me all day with him, and in the evening had a large party of borderers to dinner, which I regretted, as I would rather have seen him merely with his family. But in the morning he was very delightful; we walked together round his little property, and the interest he took in his plantations, fences, and crops—reaped, sowing, and to be sown—reminded me completely of Worting. At the same time he has not the affectation of dropping the author altogether, for in pointing out the various objects around to me he did not omit to mention the lands of Deloraine, 'which,' he added with a smile, 'you may perhaps have heard of.' In the same way, many of his beasts are named after persons in his works—his old mare is Sybil Grey. He talked of the tales and novels exactly as an indifferent person would have done, except that he praised them less and alluded to them more. He seemed extremely attached to Reginald Heber, and indeed to everything else except Bonaparte and a few Scotch Whigs, for never did I meet a man so overflowing with the milk of human kindness."

In the summer of 1820 Augustus was selected as one of the School Examiners at Oxford, and during this time "Augustus Hare plucked Cicero Rabbit," which caused great amusement to the University. "My work began on Monday," he wrote to F. Blackstone; "I was extremely frightened the first day, and though my spirits gradually increased, it was long before I ventured on a vivavoce appearance in Logic. I also find great difficulty from being out of practice in minutiæ of the two grammars. Things which I have been accustomed to take for granted till I have forgotten the reason why they should be so, are denied, and the unexpectedness of the answer has more than once silenced me, and made me doubt the accuracy of my own memory. So much easier is it to say what is right than to confute what is wrong."

In 1822 Augustus Hare was after a manner brought into public notice by his "Letter to Sandford," to repel an attack upon Oxford in the *Edinburgh Review*. In the summer of that year he again visited Southey and Wordsworth at the English lakes. In the autumn of the same year he succeeded to the Logical Tutorship at New College, with a stipend of £100 a year, upon which he resigned, on his thirtieth birthday £100 of the £120 he had annually received from Lady Jones, "wishing to begin a new decade with an act of justice to her for the thousand acts of generosity he had received from her." In December of the same year he was recommended by Reginald Heber as the successor of Gifford in the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*; but, though strongly supported, withdrew in favour of Coleridge.

In 1824 he published a defence of the Gospel narrative of the Resurrection, under the title of "A Layman's Letters to the Author of the 'Trial of the Witnesses.'" "To this publication his brother Julius contributed the fourth letter, in which, with his wider knowledge of German theological literature, he fought the battle on the ground which the Rationalists had chosen. The rest of the book was a terse, vigorous answer to the more vulgar form of denial which was then represented by Taylor, and Hone, and Carlile, and this was entirely the work of Augustus. Those who know the clear, bold English of the Alton sermons, and the epigrammatic point of most of the Guesses which came from his pen, can form some estimate of the effective skill with which those weapons were employed by him. Different as the details of the strategy of the enemy may be now, those who wish to answer M. Renan's version of the Resurrection, so as to gain the ear of acute but half-taught men, will not find it lost labour to turn to the 'Layman's Letters.'"*

Augustus Hare was now much happier in his life at New College, where his romantic chivalrous disposition, and the interest which he threw into all his instructions, endeared him to his pupils, while his peculiarities of manner never failed to amuse and attract attention. "He was *very* eccentric," is the remark of almost all who knew him at this time. If excited in conversation he would spring up in the midst of his talk, twirl himself rapidly round three times, and sit down again without pausing in what he was saying, as if some external action was necessary to let off the force of his excitement. After dinner, at the houses of his intimate friends he would "rush up and down the drawing room in the vehemence of his spirits, and then cast himself upon a sofa, and throw up his legs in the air."† Of this time are the following letters:—

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* Memoir of Archdeacon Hare, prefixed to the "Guesses at Truth," ed. 1864.

† Letter from Archdeacon Randall.

AUGUSTUS HARE *to* LADY JONES.

"*November* 17, 1823.—Writing on my birthday, I can only say, what a change since last November in all my prospects! and how entirely, under God, am I indebted to you for it! May He who has given you the means and the heart to be liberal reward you for it. He alone can, by enabling you to see in this world the happiness which your hand has planted for me, blossoming and bearing fruit, and hereafter by giving you such good things as we can neither conceive or ask for."

LADY JONES *to* AUGUSTUS HARE.

March 18, 1824.—You will readily believe, my dear Augustus, how severe a blow my heart has received by the sudden death of my beloved Dowager Spencer. I had a note from her written at eight yesterday evening, so delighted with Lord Althorp's approaching marriage with Miss Acklom. She had complained of a cold, but said she should go to Lady Clermont's this evening, so could not come to meet Sloper at my house. It seems she slept well as usual, and was getting up at eight o'clock, had walked from her bed to the fire, said 'Oh!' and sat down in her chair, and instantly expired. A most blessed end for such a life. The loss is to the survivors, and not even the firm persuasion that you and I have of a blessed hereafter can prevent heartache on such trials, so selfish and inconsistent are our feelings! I lose one of the very few strong ties that still held me to this world, and 'tis a most merciful dispensation that these trials gradually wean us from a world which in the course of nature I must soon leave—God only knows how soon. May all the afflicting warnings I have received not have been given in vain! God bless you, my dear Augustus, and continue you what I now think you, and then I have a blessing and prop to look forward to, should my life still be prolonged a few years."

In the spring of 1825, Augustus Hare had told Miss Leycester that, upon receiving the news of Martin Stow's death, he thought within himself, "If I were to die now without ever having been of use!"—and that evening he decided upon taking Orders.

On Advent Sunday, 1825, he was ordained in Winchester College Chapel by the Bishop of Hereford. That in taking this step he was not influenced by worldly motives alone may be seen from the zeal with which he fulfilled at Alton even the high idea of ministerial duty which he had formed for himself and suggested to his friends. Doubtless each year spent among his village people brought with it a growth in grace and a ripening for immortality; but the work was not begun at Alton. As he himself wrote about this time, perhaps with reference to the mental struggle which had been so long oppressing him: "In darkness there is no choice. It is light that enables us to see the differences between things, and it is Christ that gives us the light." On December 24th, 1825, he had written to Lady Jones a letter (on the outside of which she has inscribed "Mirabilia!") as follows:—

"I have at last made up my mind to take Orders at the Bishop of Hereford's next ordination. I know this will give you pleasure; and may God, who by the workings of his providence thus seems to call me to a particular state of life, enable me to do my duty in it. My wish would be to continue tutor at New College during my year of deaconship, to be ordained priest soon after that year is completed, and after that to take the first good country curacy that offers.

"So far I feel certain that you will like my letter. Would I were as sure you would be equally pleased with the remainder. But the truth may as well be told at once; and as I have lost no time in communicating to you my decision when once formed, so will I be equally candid in confessing what has induced me *now* to form it. In two words, it is Maria Leycester. You know how long and how sincerely I have been anxious to see her united to my lost friend. The last words I had from him were as follows: 'How blessed it would be if, after all, I were to owe my happiness to you!' God, who has forbidden this, well knows that could any persuasions, any exertion of mine have brought it to pass, it would have happened long ago. But it was ordained otherwise. In the meantime, as poor Stow's friend, I have seen and heard very much of her, and all that I heard and saw convinced me of her great worth. Never was woman exposed to a nearer scrutiny. No love was in the way to blind my judgment, while I had opportunities of observing her character and habits, such as I can never in any case expect to enjoy again. The result on my mind was thorough esteem founded on a conviction of her thorough excellence. And there the feeling would have rested but for my late loss; since which I have begun to feel desirous of securing, if possible, for myself, what up to that time I had loved to dwell on as a treasure reserved for my best friend. To have been loved by him and educated by Reginald doubles her value in my eyes, and I am sure will not diminish it in yours."

In April Augustus Hare met Miss Leycester at Alderley, still as the friend of Mr. Stow, and a fellow-mourner with her for his loss. But on the day before he left, in speaking of his distress in going away, he disclosed involuntarily what his own feelings had been, while he was doing all he could to promote the happiness of his friend.

The early summer of 1825 was passed by Maria Leycester at Alderley.

M. L. *to* Miss Clinton.

"*Stoke, July* 27, 1825.—That I have not written to you before you will easily understand to have arisen from my unwillingness to lose a single hour of my last days at Alderley. They were indeed very precious to me, and after staying there for four months uninterruptedly, you may well imagine how painful it was to me to leave all those who were more than usually endeared to me by the comfort they had afforded me during a time when nothing else could have pleased or interested. Certainly too, altogether, with its inhabitants, its abundance of books, of drawings, liberty unrestrained, beautiful walks and rides and seats, luxuriance of flowers, and in delicious weather, there cannot on earth be so perfect a paradise. During the hot weather we generally went on the mere or rode in the evenings. Every morning before breakfast Lucy and I met in the wood at the old Moss House, where we spent an hour together, and Owen came to ferry me home. With so much around to interest and please me, I put away self as much as possible, and endeavoured as much as I could to enjoy the present. You know how dearly I love all those children, and it was such a pleasure to see them all so happy together. To be sure it would be singular if they were not different from other children, with the advantages they have, where education is made so interesting and amusing as it is to them. . . . . While others of their age are plodding through the dull histories, of which they remember nothing, of unconnected countries and ages, K.'s system is to take one particular era perhaps, and upon the basis of the

General History, pick out for them from different books all that bears upon that one subject, whether in memoirs or literature, making it at once an interesting study to herself and them."

M. L. *to* A FRIEND IN LONDON.

"*March* 29, 1827.—All your doubts and difficulties I enter into and understand, and I think there is scarcely so trying a situation, one so full of fears, as that of a person who struggles to act up to the highest sense of right, and yet wishes not to seem uncharitable, or to condemn those around who act differently or think less to be necessary. To those who have once separated themselves from the world, openly shown and declared the difference of their opinions, and are consequently countenanced by many others who think and act as they do, the difficulty is far less —the struggle is at an end. They have made their choice, and though they may often judge imperfectly and be judged harshly, they are, I do not doubt, happier than those who try to reconcile their better feelings with the habits of the world by taking a middle course. To persevere with firmness and courage in what we know to be right, caring not for the ridicule of others, and at the same time to disarm their censure by the mildness, humility, and charity with which we differ from them, is one of the most difficult points to gain; but I agree perfectly with you that no one can judge of another's mind, or what may have an effect upon it. It is the *object* we are to attain which should be alike to all, the *means* of arriving at it may differ in every different person, and we must remember we are accountable only for ourselves. As far as we can make Sunday a day of rest, not so much from outward acts as from earthly feelings, it must surely be right, and in London, above all places, this is so difficult to do, that every help we can give to our wavering fancies must be needed; indeed, I have always looked back with shame upon the waste of so sacred a day, which the habits of London life entail even upon such humble sharers in it as myself. As for theatres, I cannot understand where their *individual* harm lies. How far example and sanction is right is another question; but I cannot but think that there is much to be said of the good produced by the presence of respectable and good people. Such amusements in the case of these all deserting them, would become much more pernicious in their character, and the staying away of ever so many would not deter others from going, while their presence may be a restraint and preservation from evil. . . . ."

Augustus Hare frequently met Miss Leycester during the winter of 1825-26, which she passed with her brother at East Sheen, and the following summer he visited Stoke.

M. L. *to* L. A. S.

"*Stoke*, *June* 23, 1826.—After dining early, Augustus and I proposed an expedition to Hodnet, and my father joined us. It was the most bright, beautiful evening, and I cannot describe to you how lovely the rectory looked, it is so improved since the trees are grown up, and there was such an abundance of flowers, which seemed to mock the desolation of the house within. As I stood there, looking at that beautiful view, my mind went back to years gone by, and I could almost have fancied myself again the Maria Leycester when it was a place to me of such exquisite enjoyment. I thought of all the happiness I had received there from those I loved so dearly, and turned to find them all gone, Augustus standing by me as the only remaining link of all that had been. We went together over the garden in silence, both feeling much that could find no utterance; but it was a comfort to know that all was understood."

Of this time is the following letter from Bishop Heber:—

"*Bombay, June* 3, 1825.— . . . . It has not been altogether business which has prevented my writing; for, busy as I have been, and must always be, I could still long since have found or made time to say how gratified I am by your keeping me in recollection, and with how much eagerness I open letters which bring me near to such valued friends at so great a distance, and which call me back, as yours do, for a time, from the broad, arid plain of Rohilkund to the quiet lanes and hedgerow walks of Stoke or Hodnet. There are, however, alas! so many painful associations connected with my handwriting since the period of my letters to Augustus and Mrs. Stanley, that I have felt, to say the truth, a strange reluctance to address a letter to you, out of a fear to disturb afresh the grief of an affectionate and innocent heart, which had been so severe a sufferer by the events which took place at the commencement of my present journey. That journey, interesting as it has been, and full of scenes and circumstances peculiarly adapted to excite and gratify, has had its pleasures, indeed, throughout, alloyed with very sad recollections, and much as I enjoyed the beautiful country and singular people through which my course was laid, I could not help often, very often, calling to mind that I was seeing all these things *alone*, and divided by distance, or a yet more awful separation, from my wife, children, and the attached and affectionate friend with whom I had hoped to share my pleasures and toils, and whose acquirements, good sense, and invincible good temper and cheerfulness so remarkably fitted him to enjoy and profit by such a pilgrimage. My wife and one of my children—our dear little Emily—I have since been permitted to rejoin, and the accounts we receive of little Harriet, whom they were obliged to leave behind in Calcutta, continue very comfortable. . . . . For myself, I really do not recollect a time when I have enjoyed more perfect health than now, and though my hair grows grey all the faster for the fiery sunbeams which have beaten on it; yet 'that,' as I remember a poor old woman saying of her rheumatism, 'is, at my time of life, *excusable*.' As to the general outline of our lives in India, you have had, I know, a diligent and faithful, as well as a most attached, correspondent in Emily, who will have told you both the wide expanse of river, mountain, forest, and plain which I have since been travelling, her own still more romantic and perilous situation during the mutiny at Barrackpore, and (as I believe she has written since her arrival here) the long voyage of six weeks which she made to rejoin me round the whole southern half of India. We have since had a little experience of camp-life together; and it gave me pleasure to find that, though the weather, even on the hills, is too hot at present for a long continuance under canvas, she is likely to enjoy a marching life as much as I do. For myself—

'My tent on shore, my pinnace on the sea,
Are more than cities or serais to me.'—

So far as enjoyment only is concerned, I know nothing more agreeable than the continual change of scene and air, the exercise, the good hours, the good appetite, the temperance, and the freedom from the forms and visiting of a city life to which we are enabled or compelled by a long march, encamping daily with our little caravan through even a moderately interesting country, nor, except during the intense heat and the annual deluge of rain (which, by the way, it must be owned, occupies *one half* of our tropical calendar), I should desire no other than a canvas roof during the rest of my abode in India. Many indeed as the discomforts and dangers of India are (and surely there are few lands on earth where death so daily and hourly knocks at our doors, or where men have so constant warning to hold themselves in readiness to meet their Maker), and much as, I cannot help feeling, I sacrificed in coming hither, I have never yet repented my determination, or have ceased to be thankful to God for the varied interest, the amalgamated knowledge, and, I hope and think, the augmented means of usefulness which this new world has supplied to me. I have, indeed, abundant reasons for thankfulness in the preservations which my wife and children have met with amid all the dangers of unhealthy climates, wide wanderings by land and sea, and the incidental dangers and difficulties of political disturbance (in my wife's case even at her own door), and in mine, during my progress through countries which are never, according to European ideas, settled or tranquil. Still more ought I to be thankful for the support and encouragement which I am receiving from almost all classes of men in my attempts to discharge my duty. And, after all, India in itself, taking one province with another, is really a noble field either of duty or speculation, abounding in everything which can interest either an artist, an antiquarian, a lover of the picturesque and romantic beauty, or a curious observer of human life, both in their most refined and their simplest dresses. I have often thought how Edward Stanley would be at home here, and how rich a portfolio he would have acquired in such a journey as I have been making, from the wild and naked Bheel, with his bow and arrows of bamboo and his kennel (for his house deserves no better name) in the dark recesses of the jungle, to the splendidly-equipped Patan, with his bright chain-mail, his silver-studded lance, his shield of rhinoceros hide as transparent as amber, and the trappings of silk, silver, and brocade which almost sweep the ground as he passes on his beautiful charger. Either of these would make, as you may well believe, a spirited picture; nor might less striking sketches be made from the courts and processions of the native princes, with all, which noise, bustle, banners, elephants, and horsemen can give of magnificence, or from the totally different ostentation of the more austere Brahmins and religious mendicants. You may conceive the former of these, with their heads close shaven, their naked bodies covered with chalk and cowdung, a white cloth round their waists, and their countenances composed into a studied calmness, the meekness and abstraction of which is sometimes singularly contrasted with the steady, watchful, crafty, glittering eye which seems to look into those its owner speaks with; the latter mad, filthy, hideous, his hair and his beard full of ashes, his garment a tiger's skin, his limbs distorted and his body scarred with the effects of his voluntary austerities, his eyes inflamed with spiritual pride and intoxicating drugs, and his whole mind and body wilfully lowered to the level of the wild animals among whom he chiefly affects to have his habitation. Add to all this a very rich and luxuriant scenery, a sky which gives to every object a glow beyond anything seen in the old Italian paintings, and (in some of the older and more renowned cities) buildings which in beauty of material (white marble) far surpass, and in grace and majesty bear no unfavourable comparison with, our finest Gothic architecture. Such is India; and such a country is doubtless well worth visiting, even if one had no stronger motives than curiosity in coming hither. Yet I own there are times when, though I do not repent, I cannot help being melancholy; and it is, perhaps, one of the advantages for which I ought to be thankful, that I have too much and too constant employment on my hands to have much leisure for indulging gloomy thoughts. You are probably aware that I had an opportunity of visiting the mountains which form the first stay and outwork of the Himalaya. The season, however, was too far advanced and my time too limited to allow of my penetrating more than five days' journey from the plains of Hindoostan, or to climb to a greater height than about nine thousand feet, where Merdideer lay before me at about forty miles direct distance, and above sixteen thousand feet higher still. It was tantalizing to turn back at such a time; but even thus far the scenery which I passed through not only surpassed all which I had seen, but all which I had *fancied* previously. Adieu, dear Maria. That you may be blessed with all temporal and eternal happiness is the earnest wish of your sincere and affectionate friend.

"R. CALCUTTA."

This was the last letter of an affectionate correspondence of many years. On returning to Stoke from Toft, on the 1st of September, 1826, Maria Leycester received the following:—

AUGUSTUS W. HARE *to* M. L.

"*August* 30, 1826.—I must write a few lines to my dear Miss Leycester, because I am sure she will be a fellow-mourner with myself. It was only this morning I received the mourning-ring my poor uncle left me;* and already the news had reached me that Reginald went before him to heaven. So closely do misfortunes, in this world that we love so much, press and follow on each other. I did not think he could have been taken from us so soon. For our sakes, and for the sake of India, I trusted he would have been spared, though he was fully ripe for being gathered into the garner of God. But our Saviour was making up his jewels, and missed so bright a one, and sent for it. And we repine! and must repine; for when was there a better man, a kinder, a more delightful, or one more fitted to make Christianity appear in its true light as a mild and amiable dispensation? May a double portion of his spirit fall upon his successor, that India may not have cause to feel his loss, as we must, to be irreparable. For we shall never see any one like him again, and therefore do I grieve."

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* Dean Shipley died at Bodryddan, in June, 1825. He is buried in the parish church of Rhyddlan; there is a fine statue of him in one of the transepts of the cathedral of St. Asaph.

C. S. *to* M. L.

"*Alderley*, *Sept.* 1, 1826.—Of course, my first impulse is to take up my pen and write to you. I could hardly believe what I saw when my eyes fell upon the words 'Bishop of Calcutta'—nor can I now. I had always a presentiment, alas, how false! that he was—would be safe—that his energy of mind would carry him through; and that as he had begun, so he would go on. Alas! how you *will* feel it!—how everybody must!—how incalculable the loss to the world! And poor Mrs. Reginald: the shock must have been apparently as unexpected as to us in taking up the paper. Now, she is probably on her way home, and the first news on landing will be her father's death. My first thought was of you, and how this must revive in their original form all your feelings. All one can say is, that he yet lives to you almost as if he was alive, and that one's affection and remembrance of such a character does indeed live beyond the grave."

M. L. *to* AUGUSTUS W. HARE.

"*Stoke Rectory*, *Sept.* 3, 1826.—I did not think you would a second time have had to communicate intelligence so grievous. . . . Dear, dear Reginald. I had hoped so confidently he would have been spared; that so faithful a servant, so noble a pattern of what a Christian should be, would have been preserved to continue the great work for which he seemed so peculiarly marked out; but God's ways are not as our ways, and the same confidence which led us to trust in his preservation, must now convince us that it is for some great and high purpose he is removed from us. This is one of those mysterious dispensations in which nothing but an unlimited faith can avail us anything. Here is no selfish grief: the public loss seems almost even more than the private one; yet, who that has ever felt the support and comfort of his friendship, who that ever knew the tenderness, kindness, and gentleness of nature, added to those uncommon talents and powers of mind, can ever cease to regret that they shall see him no more? And Emily, poor Emily, where can she seek for comfort upon earth? She too, on her return to England, which, I suppose, will not be long delayed, will find a second affliction awaiting her, and the home and protector to whom probably she would look for support and comfort, gone likewise. Her children too, who can ever supply the place of such a father to them? For him, if such a word as envy can be used, how much cause is there for such a feeling in thinking of the termination of such a life, in which he exchanges this world of trial and sorrow for one of never-fading glory! I am most grateful to have had such a friend—to have been permitted an intimate acquaintance with a character like his, but after receiving from him the affection and kindness of the tenderest brother, after living so constantly with him as I have done, you may well believe that it is now a hard struggle to feel that we have in this life parted for ever. It was only yesterday morning, before leaving Toft, that I copied out of Mrs. Hutchinson's 'Memoirs' a passage, which I little thought would, in a few hours, be brought home to my mind with such renewed force. I must quote a few lines of it for you. ‘Let not excesse of love and delight in the streame make us forget the fountaine : he and all his excellencies came from God, and flowed back into their owne spring :—there let us seek them, thither let us hasten after him, there having found him, let us cease to bewaile among the dead that which is risen, or rather was immortall,—his soule conversed with God so much when he was here, that it rejoices to be now eternally freed from interruption in that blessed exercise,—his virtues were recorded in heaven's annals, and can never perish ; by them he yet teaches us, and all those to whose knowledge they shall arrive. . . . . .’

“We are going soon to stay with the Stanleys at Penrhos. I am glad this bitter news reached us while we were at home ; here, at least, we are surrounded by those who know how much cause there is to grieve. It has been a comfort to me writing to you, for on this subject we can have but one feeling, and you will not be tired with my dwelling upon it so long. Dear Augustus, we have lost two whom we dearly loved ; but their spirits continue to live with us, their memories to rest in our hearts, that we may place our hopes on that world to which they are gone before us, and so live here that we may one day be united to them in heaven.”

C. S. *to* M. L.

“*Sept.* 5, 1826.—You will well imagine that for the last two days I have thought of little but you, and what you must be suffering : the gap in one's own mind is so great, in everybody's it must be. To be sure he has died at his post as much as any soldier on the field of battle. There is something very fine and affecting, *and* soothing and elevating, in reading of the occupation of his time up to the very moment of his death, the suddenly giving his benediction in the Tamul language to the people at Tanjore, his very last act having been the visit to the native colony; in short, preparation was necessary for those who are left behind—not for him. One is so sure that if he had had to choose his death, except the suddenness of it for *our* sakes, he would have chosen thus to die in the midst of his labours, thus perhaps giving an efficacy to his last words, and leaving an impression on the minds of all who had just heard and seen him, which no labours of a long life spent amongst them could have done. In this respect it is a death worthy of him, of his character, and better than if his health had been impaired and gradually undermined. . . I long to have you out of sight of Hodnet Tower."

After a visit to Penrhos, Maria Leycester returned with the Stanleys to Alderley, in order to attend the marriage of her friend, Isabella Stanley, with Captain Parry. In June, she went for three weeks to the Isle of Wight, and thence to Paris with her father and Mrs. Oswald Leycester, returning to Sheen for the christening of her brother's eldest son. One of her great interests this year was in the publication of the "Guesses at Truth," by the two brothers, Augustus and Julius Hare. As their "minds had grown up together, been nourished in great measure by the same food, sympathized in each other's affections and aversions, and been shaped reciprocally by the assimilating influences of brotherly communion, a family likeness is perceivable throughout the volumes, although perhaps with such differences as it is not displeasing to behold in the children of the same parents."*

* Preface to the "Guesses."

Augustus Hare, who was to pass the next winter in Italy, spent two days at Sheen while the Leycesters were there; and, as they returned to Stoke, they passed through Oxford, and visited him at New College.

M. L.'s JOURNAL.

"*Sheen*, *July* 22.—Two days spent together here have done away with the reserve hitherto kept up between Augustus and me, and I have far more than I once thought possible, been able to give a degree of affection I was scarcely myself aware of, till it was called forth. Time has done its work in softening down every painful remembrance, in making the past appear as a dream, and giving to the future more of reality. Unconsciously and imperceptibly the feelings of esteem and friendship have assumed a new character, and something of the tenderness and beauty attending a warmer interest taken their place. . . . Devotion of heart such as his must either be met and answered, or repelled; there can be no medium of indifference; and where there is an interest so strong as I have always felt in him, admiration of the whole character, gratitude for the kindness and attachment felt by him, it must be a colder nature than mine which could remain unmoved. It is well that such openness of heart should have been reserved till now, earlier I could not have entered into it so much; now the seed that is sown needs but watering, and I feel all the happier that we understand each other perfectly, and that both are satisfied that nothing but time is wanting to give us all the happiness that may be enjoyed by persons between whom there will be such perfect confidence and affection. How extraordinary and singular good fortune has attended me, that I should twice have met with that kind of deep feeling which alone could, I think, have power to interest me,—that when the only species of happiness which I imagined to be perfect was taken from me, it should spring up again as it were from the ashes of the other, and assume a form nearly as beautiful, and I trust, more enduring."

"*Stoke, August* 16.—I feel now a glow of inward happiness which I have long been without, and whether I contemplate the beauty of the world around me, or turn inward and dwell on the beauty of feeling, and the many sources of gratification it has given me, my heart swells with gratitude for such enjoyment. Secure of the affection of Augustus, I feel no longer a blank in life, and everything takes a new and brighter colouring.

"It was a pleasure, though a mixed one, to see Augustus again (at Oxford). The moments of anticipation are in so short a meeting the most real in enjoyment: you do not then dwell upon the parting so soon to follow, and think but of the meeting,—and what feeling is so exhilarating as that of hope? But when you see the person whom a few minutes is about to separate you from for a length of time, the present is not able to exclude the recollection of the future that is so soon to come. . . . I do indeed daily feel the blessing of having such a friend to love, and with whom I can hardly be mistaken in looking forward to a happy future."

M. L. *to* L. A. S.

"*East Sheen, July* 10, 1827.—What a pleasure it is to think that the most exquisite moments on earth are but faint images of that which will be! In beautiful days and nights such as these, how far easier is it to raise one's thoughts, and lift oneself up to higher spheres, and what a miserable and aching void must those hearts feel which cannot ascend beyond the present! When we look around at a world so beautiful, our hearts must glow with gratitude for having so much of enjoyment given; and if there are some things which are kept from us, if we have some trials, some annoyances, if all is not as we could wish it, we must see the mercy of it in leading us to seek that comfort which if every earthly blessing were granted to us, we might perhaps neglect and forget. Oh, at times how clear, how straight seems the path we should follow, making one object our chief and great concern, and all things subservient to that—forgetting ourselves, except in the exercise of examining self—and striving to show worthily our Christian profession by a more unwearied endeavour after good and love to all around us. But then comes human weakness, and our highest resolves often fall, and become of no avail: this, too, has its use, for without such humbling experience, we should not fly to Him who alone can make us strong. We shall never be tried beyond what we are able to bear, and assuredly those whose struggle here has been the strongest, will hereafter reap the more abundantly.

"I close every evening now by learning a hymn of my dear Reginald's, which sends me to sleep in peace and love. You are hardly aware in reading them, how calculated they are for private devotion."

"*East Sheen, July* 29, 1827.—Augustus is just gone. . . It is indeed a blessed thing in a world which it needs not eight-and-twenty years to show in its true colours, to feel the repose of resting upon the certain hope of devoted affection, and a peaceful and happy future; and, although for *his* sake I could wish for more lightness and gaiety of heart than ever comes to me now, I am quite satisfied for my own that the past has not been in vain, and that it is far better to have earthly hopes and feelings subdued and mingled with higher ones—that I can never forget how uncertain and perishable everything here is, and how dependent one must feel on God for every possession granted to us. Of the dearest earthly treasures, any single moment may deprive us; and, in the midst of the purest blessings to be enjoyed here, so much of care, of anxiety, and of vexation is mingled, that nothing but constant and habitual recourse to spiritual comfort can stay the mind in perfect peace, and calm the variableness of human feelings. Surely I should be grateful for the chastening which has brought this more forcibly home, and for the links of sweet remembrance which have attended even my hours of suffering and sorrow."

M. L.'s JOURNAL.

"*Stoke, August* 9, 1827.—I have been walking with perfect composure with Mrs. Reginald Heber over those fields where we have so often walked in happier days; but how did my heart swell within me as I looked upon that beautiful view once more, and, instead of Reginald, had by me only his widow and children! Time strangely accustoms us to all, even the bitterest deprivations, and above all it teaches us to hide deep within us what *is* felt. Some years ago I could hardly have thought of the circumstances under which we have now met as bearable. How all is changed—the gay, the spirited of our party then, now gone to their eternal home, no trace left of those who were so very dear! I am much affected by the letters from Dacca, which Mrs. Reginald has given me to read. How powerful a lesson does such a death-bed give! The same hour must come to all, and cold, lukewarm, and indifferent as the heart now is, in the near approach of a separation of the soul and body, the true state of things will flash upon us with the same strong conviction. To put myself in imagination in this situation I ever find the best means of making my heart *feel* its own insufficiency. I *feel* that in the moment of expecting to appear before God, every fancied good must at once sink into nothing, and the blessed privilege of seeking the mercy of the Saviour be clung to as the only refuge. But without going beyond the present, I find a strange difficulty in bringing myself to more than a cold belief in all the Gospel teaches. I am but as a beginner in those things which I have so long thought of, and I am aware that my heart is filled with pride, vanity, and selfishness, even when I seek to do my utmost. That I am sincere in my endeavours to discover the truth, to seek after the right way, God surely knows, and in his own good time I know that He will assist and strengthen me in every good work, and give me that blessed hope which brightened the last days at Dacca."

"*Oct.* 28.—The more we advance in Christian knowledge the narrower seems the way: so many difficulties seem to start up, so many trials to arise, of which we have lived unconscious before, and the self-humbling nature of all real inquiry into ourselves leaves an almost discouraging sense of how much there is yet to be done. We are too apt to compare ourselves with others as imperfect and perhaps more erring, instead of seeing how far below the Gospel we fall, or how inferior we are to many who have so much more to struggle with than we have; in short, if there be a way in which it is possible to deceive our own hearts into the belief that we are better than others, or that we have excuses for not being so, we instantly adopt it. Surely, of all the Christian graces, that charity, which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, beareth and endureth all things, is the most hard to attain. I daily feel it so. It is so difficult to bear with patience and allowance the faults of others. It is very mistaken to think that the *great* occasions of life only demand religious feeling and principle: it is in the everyday petty annoyances, the constant call upon our charity, forbearance, and meekness, that we feel the constant want of some stronger and more powerful stimulant than the feeling of the moment, to smooth down the rubs of life and make our existence one of peace and happiness."

"*April* 1, 1828.—As I search deeper into things unseen I seem to gain clearer views of evangelical truth, and in looking back I see how little my former ideas upon the subject were consistent with the word of God itself. For this increase of knowledge I feel that I am chiefly indebted to those books and those writers usually stigmatized as Evangelical and Calvinistic. I cannot enter into the (as it appears to me) narrow and prejudiced feeling which would at once discard every book in which there were expressed any opinions differing from one's own, and even in which there might be mingled expressions at variance with good taste and judgment. Fallible as all human efforts are, we must distinguish in everything the wheat from the tares, and though I may not agree and feel on many points with another, I can benefit by and admire others which he perhaps may represent in a more striking light than many a less earnest and zealous author, who may be free from objection and yet may be far less useful. The truth is, nothing but a very strong feeling of religion can inspire such language as shall excite interest and awaken attention in the heart. This strong feeling is usually connected with a strong view on doctrinal points, but it is not inseparable from some of them."

In the autumn of 1827, Augustus Hare went to Italy. He was detained for six weeks at Perugia, by the results of an accident, where he was most kindly nursed by Mr. (after Sir Augustus) and Mrs. Calcott, who, when he was able to move, took him on to Rome in their carriage. Here he passed several months, chiefly in the society of the Blessingtons, who were then living at the Villa Negroni.

"Their house is not perhaps the house for a clergyman," he wrote to Mrs. Stanley, "though not a word is ever said there either on religion, or morals, or politics, which could offend the most scrupulous ear, but I cannot quarrel with people who for my brother's sake have received me both cordially and kindly. Lady Blessington reminds me of Julius' Guess—'Flattery is the nicest thing in the world; pray don't sugar it too sweet;' Lady Blessington sugars it too sweet. New College, Francis, the Vicar of Rumford, Landor, all are almost equally superlative: but she is attentive, she is clever, she is affable, she is amusing, she is Irish, she has black hair, and if she does not tire of me, which is not impossible, I foresee that she will continue to force me to dine with her five times a week."

In the following summer, Maria Leycester also went abroad, accompanying her sister, brother-in-law, two of their children, and her friend Lucy Stanley, to Bordeaux and the Pyrenees, an excursion which gave her the greatest delight. It was on her return to England after this tour that her engagement to Augustus Hare received her father's sanction.

M. L. *to* L. A. S.

"*Stoke*, *Oct.* 13, 1828.—After all the long uncertainty which has attended every future prospect I have ever had, the change now to thinking one may in reality look forward to the happy rectory I have so often fancied to myself, with one dear companion sharing every thought and feeling, is so great I can hardly at times feel it to be really so. Although to most people the prospect of a curacy on £700 a year would not be a very promising prospect, you may imagine how very little it will affect me, and how happy I may be with the smallest possible outward advantages, provided the essentials are there, and of this, the more I see of Augustus, the more I feel how impossible it is not to love him dearly and entirely—indeed there is far more fear of my loving too well than too little, and of the present happiness engrossing every thought and feeling too much. But united as we are in interest about higher things than our mere present happiness, I do trust we may go on together through life improving and advancing towards a better state than this can ever be under its best aspect. . . . I cannot tell you how my heart overflows with love and gratitude to all in this time of joy, or how deeply sensible I am of the goodness which has led me through so many years of chastening and useful anxiety to bring me to such a haven of peace and happiness as I cannot but hope our little home will be.

"*Oct.* 24.—Anybody would perhaps be astonished to find me sometimes reading upon *resignation* and *afflictions* in a time of rejoicing, but the truth is I cannot rejoice without trembling, and never felt more strongly the need of support and stay upon something not human than now, when I feel my whole soul is so engrossed with what is and must be so uncertain and precarious. I tremble for myself and for him. We are building upon a happiness to come which appears so perfect that I cannot but feel the possibility of its not being realised. In thinking of the future it is with the earnest prayer that I may enjoy what is given me of happiness here, in subjection and complete submission to the divine will, whenever it is thought fit to deprive me of it. Whichever way I turn I see such causes for thankfulness that I know not how to give utterance to half that passes through my mind; at the same time I cannot but feel the *trial* that such a tie to earth is. On this point, however, I feel sure that I cannot remain stationary with a companion such as Augustus, and that the duties opening upon me will rouse my every faculty and exertion, and be a constant call to watchfulness and attention."

"*Dec.* 27.—I find it increasingly difficult to know how far consistently with a firm sense of truth we can and may suppress what we know and believe to be right, and how far we should yield to the fear of putting a stumbling-block in another's way by differing in anything not essentially material. There are some people, doubtless, who dislike any stronger feeling of religion than they possess themselves, but I think the generality are annoyed by those little things which are usually marks of a party spirit, and which have little necessary dependence upon true faith. I am sure the more we grow in knowledge and advance in love, the more we should strive to preserve that simplicity which is so peculiarly the characteristic of the Gospel, and the more we should guard against the uncharitableness of supposing that any other view except our own must be useless or erroneous. I cannot fancy it possible that one can ever go '*too far*,' because the more one feels on the subject, the more humble one becomes, and one clings to the simple words of the Bible alone, and makes Him one's pattern who never turned any away because they were not entirely perfect, but with gentleness showed them how they might go on to perfection. . . . . If we analyze ourselves, we may find ample employment without judging our companions; and in our own imperception and ignorance, may see abundant cause for making allowance and excuse for others, gladly hailing all there is of good, and trying only to lead them on in that path we have found lead to happiness by gentleness and our own fruits of the Spirit."

M. L.'s Journal.

"*Oct.* 18.—The die is cast, and our fate is decided. After the long years of uncertainty and suspense attending every future prospect, the first certainty was overpowering—the first certain conviction that I should indeed become the wife of one to whom every warmest affection is now given. It scarcely yet assumes the form of reality, nor do my thoughts accustom themselves without surprise to the present view of things. The break through old habits, and the change to new, must be felt strongly whenever it comes, and I feel entering so completely upon a new line of duties, feelings, and occupations, that I rejoice to think I have a little time of quiet previously to prepare for it. How my heart does overflow with gratitude whenever I think of him,—of his deep affection, his tender feelings, his generous and disinterested nature! And the high and overrated estimate he forms of me, I begin to feel, so far from exciting pride or vanity, tends to lower and depress both by making me feel how little I really come up to it, and how earnestly I must strive hereafter not to disappoint the expectations he has formed of my character. His standard is that of Christian feeling and action, and to come up to it in every daily occurrence of life, will require that watchfulness which must not slumber. How it raises and exalts earthly affection when it is joined as it is to such entire confidence and unity of feeling on every subject, and when the motive is so much the same! Oh, may I be enabled to fulfil this new part of life in such a manner as may become a real follower of Christ—in humbleness and sincerity—endeavouring as much as possible to put away self from every consideration, labouring for the good of others, submitting without a murmur to their will, and seeking so to temper and moderate the strongest feelings of my nature, that they may never draw me too much from higher thoughts, making me love the *creature* more than the *Creator*. To Him may I show my deep and fervent gratitude for his infinite mercies to me by making his word the guide and rule of every action, and striving to advance each day in holiness, and in love and charity to all around me. How wonderfully have all things worked together for my good; and even those things which seemed the most bitter to endure, proved the means of my ultimate happiness! Most clearly does it show how weak-sighted and fallacious are our judgments—how entirely we ought to trust to that power which overrules everything in his mercy for our real good."

"*Dec.* 13.—How bright a colouring does the sunshine of the mind invest everything with!—the everyday enjoyments of life become clothed with new attractions, as the mind is invigorated and enlivened by happiness, and seem to wear a different aspect from what they once did. And yet I pause, whilst I feel how bright is the prospect before me, and ask, will it indeed last? The question may be asked, and the fear come across as a shadow over the gleam of the sun, but we shrink from an answer to such a doubt, and the real precarious and uncertain thread on which our whole happiness depends, is seldom dwelt upon with anything like a feeling of the truth. There appears to me, however, nothing which can quiet and ease the undefined anxieties respecting the future, but that firm trust in the constant and immediate superintendence of God, which is by so many frittered away in the consideration of second causes. With the sure knowledge that our smallest concerns are regulated by Him, we may repose in confidence that if it is good for us such happiness will be granted; and if it be hereafter chequered, as we see is often the case, the support and the comfort will come with the trial."

M. L. *to* A. W. H.

"*Stoke, Dec.*, 1828.—It seems unnatural to have Christmas unaccompanied with frost and snow; and I think I am almost fond enough of old customs and associations to wish it to be attended with such natural accompaniments, even at the expense of my own comfort. And there is something so cheerful in a bright winter's day, with the sun shining on all the old women's red cloaks as they come to church. By-the-bye, I was struck the other day with the benefit of our regular Liturgy, by hearing from an old woman of eighty-seven that I went to see, how much comfort she derived on her sick-bed from the remembrance and repetition of many of the collects and prayers, which by constant attendance at church she had treasured up in her mind, never having been able to read, or had any other opportunity of instruction; and the simple way in which she described her filling up in one Sunday what she had not been able to catch or remember in the previous one, might have shamed many a wiser and idler person; and now in the peaceful and tranquil state of mind which seems to attend her last days, she is reaping the fruits of her humble efforts. It is really a pleasure to contribute to such a person's comfort. I feel often now, in the prospect of leaving Stoke, how little good I have done in comparison of what I might have done in all the time I have spent here; the future must be better employed; and how delightful it is to think that every exertion will then be shared by my best and dearest friend, and that we shall together strive to show our gratitude for the happiness granted to us by endeavouring to benefit others! I always feel that 'the situation to which *God has called me*,' is so exactly that suited to me, and which I should naturally have chosen; and I own that I cannot look forward to our future life without feeling my eyes fill with tears. I see others contented and happy with what is around them, satisfied to have no more intimate communion than that of mere friends or relations; but I am afraid that I never should have been perfectly happy without some one person to confide in and to love."

"*New Year's Day*, 1829.—I must employ some portion of this day in talking to him to whom in all probability part of this year will be devoted, if it be only to put on paper what must pass through both our minds in entering on this new portion of life—*new* in every sense to us, to whom this year will open, indeed, a new stage in our pilgrimage, new in its duties, its pleasures, its hopes, and enjoyments. Other years seemed to lie like a blank before me; I could trace nothing upon them but the probable round of the same course of days and weeks which had marked the preceding one. But this comes attended with a bright train of anticipations; and if no clouds arise to dim our present sunshine, I am convinced that it must, indeed, be my own fault if the close of 1829 does not find me a happier woman than I have ever yet been. And is no thanks due to the past year, which brought to both of us the first security of our future happiness? If one had the power to *show*, by conformity to God's will, one-half the gratitude with which at times one's heart is ready to overflow in thinking of all He has done for us, how much better we should be; but I am afraid we are too often engrossed so entirely by the gifts as to forget the Giver, or at least to forget that idle acknowledgment is not the only return such love deserves. You will begin to suspect I am inflicting on you a part of that sermon which I amused myself on this day last year with writing, to while away the hours at the Raven at Shrewsbury. But days like these are as resting-stones on our journey, from which we look back upon the winding path through which we have arrived at such a point, and onward to all that is yet in store on the way open before us

—that way, dear Augustus, which we shall in future travel together. Thorns and briars, it may be, will here and there intercept us and mingle with the flowers on each side, but guided by one feeling and one interest, they can scarcely have power to check our progress; and so long as we are permitted to be fellow travellers, can we cease to be happy?"

M. L. *to* A. W. H. (after he had been with her at Alderley).

"*April*, 20, 1829.— . . . . It seemed last night so like old times wishing you good-bye when you were to go by the coach early in the morning; indeed, more than once, I have been quite taken back to our former meetings in seeing you here, and only recalled to the present by the different—no, not different, but stronger—feelings now excited. I have before my mind's eye so perfectly those times when you came here during the long winter I spent here three years ago—everything you said and did, and a confused recollection of the mingled feelings of pleasure and pain with which I then saw you. I sit in the same place, the door opens, and the same Augustus walks in, but how changed is the feeling! The past, sacred as it is and always must be, is now no longer the prominent feeling; others less sad have taken its place; and, happier than I ever was before, I now look forward with the brightest hopes, fearing nothing but that I shall place my happiness far too much on that which must be perishable."

M. L.'s JOURNAL.

"*Stoke, May* 27.—In one more week the object of so many thoughts and anxious expectations will be accomplished, and I shall have entered upon that new state from which I promise myself so much happiness. I can hardly feel now as if such a change were drawing so near, and certainly in the contemplation of it am infinitely more composed than I expected to be. That firm confidence which I have in him to whom I am about to commit my whole future happiness takes away every shadow of distrust; and though I feel at times that I am about to leave so many whom I love for an indefinite time, the stronger feeling overpowers the lesser one, and I feel chiefly gratitude that what so long appeared doubtful and distant is now so nearly certain of being realised. We have been separated so much, and there have been so many circumstances which have kept up doubt to the last, that the feeling we shall now not again be parted is in itself delightful to me; and I have so long looked forward with so much pleasure to having him as my constant companion, and our enjoying life together, that I can hardly believe the time is now so nearly come. I seek to convince my sanguine mind that such sunshine cannot always last, that my anticipations will not all be realised, and that there will be a thousand little rubs and cares and troubles, of which I have made no calculation, and which will interrupt that enjoyment I have pictured. Be it so. I am not blind to the changes and chances of this life, to the certainty that these are tenfold increased by marrying, and that the anxieties and troubles, when they do come, are of a much deeper cast than those can be of a single state. Were there no such vicissitudes, we should grow too fond of this world, too careless of another. God grant only that such blessings as He gives may never be misused or disregarded, that they may excite fervent gratitude while they keep up dependence, and that when He thinks fit to remove them or for a while hide them from our view, we may resign ourselves entirely to his disposal, and bless Him alike for his chastisement as for his mercies. From the power, influence, and effect of a strong earthly affection I have learnt much of the manner in which a heavenly one should influence us, and how irresistibly such a course of life as would please God would be the result of such a love to Him as was really deep and sincere. Let me, then, act upon this knowledge, and never be content with that bare acknowledgment of his goodness which leads to no practical end. The highest gratification I can feel is when I have done anything to oblige or please Augustus, and the most painful sensation I can experience is having done anything he disapproves. Ought I not much more to feel this with my Saviour and God? May He vouchsafe me such aid that I may never forget Him, but daily grow in love towards Him, and by constant dependence on Him be able to perform all those new duties which I would now enter upon with the spirit of a true follower of Christ."

VI.

WEST WOODHAY.

"Dans l'opinion du monde, le mariage, comme dans la comédie, finit tout. C'est précisément le contraire qui est vrai : il commence tout."—MADAME SWETCHINE.

"Love is surely a questioning of God, and the enjoyment in it is an answer from the loving God himself."—BETTINA *to* GOETHE.

ON the evening of the 2nd of June, 1829, one of the family at Stoke wrote to Lady Jones :—

" I am most happy to perform the part allotted to me, of filling up the details of the events of to-day, so as to make you as much as possible one of the party at Stoke ; and we only wanted you and Mrs. Penrhyn to complete the circle of those most interested in our dear Augustus and Maria. . . . . The walk through the churchyard was lined with the school-children, with wreaths of flowers in their hands ; one went before us strewing flowers in our path ; and all the silver spoons, tankards, watches, and ornaments of the neighbouring farmers were fastened on white cloths drawn over hoops, so as to make a sort of *trophy* on each side the church gate, which is, I understand, a Shropshire custom. The church was carpeted and garlanded with flowers, one arch just opposite the altar making a beautiful framework to the bride and bridegroom. Maria was quite composed all through the service, and Augustus looked as if he was indeed imploring a blessing upon the union then forming.

"At two o'clock they drove away, and the last we heard of them was that as they went through Wistanswick, on their way to Newport, the road was again lined with people, and children, and flowers, and that Mrs. Augustus Hare leaned forward and nodded to them all, and looked as smiling and happy as ever."

Lady Jones meanwhile was becoming increasingly ill daily at her house in South Audley Street, but on the wedding day she had written :—

"*2nd June*, 1829.—I will not let this (I trust) happy day pass without sending my most affectionate kind wishes and blessing to, by this hour (two o'clock), my two dear children. I thought of them often in the night, and never without my blessing and prayers to the All Good and Wise Disposer of all events for every happiness in this life which will best conduce to their eternal happiness in the next."

Just before his marriage, the small New College living of Alton-Barnes in Wiltshire had fallen to Augustus Hare as Fellow of his college, and he had accepted it. But the place to which he first took his bride was West Woodhay, near Newbury in Berkshire, which had been lent to him for the purpose by his connection, John Sloper.* It is a picturesque, old-fashioned, red-brick manor-house, with high roofs and chimneys, embosomed among trees; in front a lawn, backed by the swelling downs; and at one side, almost close to the house, the little church, of which Mr. Sloper was the rector. A more desolate place, or one more entirely secluded from society, could scarcely be imagined; and Mary Lea, one of the two maids who had accompanied Mrs. A. Hare from Stoke, and who had already entered upon those loving and devoted ministrations which were to last for her whole lifetime, had many stories to tell afterwards of its unearthly occupants, and the mysterious noises which were heard there at night. But M. H.—as I will call, during this period of her life, her who has been the sunshine and blessing of my own existence, as she was of that of an earlier Augustus Hare—was very happy there, and ever after remembered the place with a tender affection. The family history at this time is best told by extracts from the letters which remain :—

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* Emilia Shipley, second daughter of the bishop, married W. C. Sloper, afterwards of Sundridge. Mr. Sloper of West Woodhay was her husband's great-nephew.

M. H. *to* C. S.

" *West Woodhay House, June* 5, 1829.—We came through the park at Blenheim, which was delicious on such a day, stopped a short time in Oxford, then to Newbury by half-past five, and then came on here seven miles through the most charming woody lanes. You may guess the delight with which we approached our *home*, and found ourselves here. It is the perfection of an old manor-house — the house very large, which in this hot weather is very agreeable, and does not look waste or dreary as it might do in winter. The drawing-room where I now write is a capital room, very well furnished, with three windows down to the ground opening on a long lawn running up to the hills, with trees on each side,—roses clustering in at the windows, and all looking so retired, I should almost say lonely. Then there is a very nice dining-room, and sitting-room for Augustus, besides a great hall, and small library; and up-stairs my room is magnificent, and there is a large tapestried chamber with family pictures. I don't know how we are to come down to rectory accommodation afterwards. It seems all so extraordinary being here alone, so completely separated from everything and everybody; and you would have laughed to see me this morning with my two servants, making out to the best of our mutual knowledge or ignorance all the things to be sent for, there being nothing except what has been borrowed from the farm-house for last night and this morning. Mr. Sloper comes to the farm to-morrow, which is very well, to set us in the way of going on.

"I think you may now give full vent to your fancy in my cause without much fear of being wrong. All you imagined of the tenderness, consideration, and perfect way in which I should be treated falls short of the reality. When I am with Augustus it is but a continuance of that confidence and openness which has so long existed between us, only freed from any doubts or reserve kept up as long as we were in an ambiguous situation. But it seems very odd to find myself so completely removed from all my own family, in so new a place, and obliged to assume the office of mistress of a household to which I am so little used. I could scarcely think of any of you without tears till to-day, and I do not know now that my heart is not very full in turning to those I have left. It is so different from any other parting. He understands it all so well, but says if all women suffer as much in marrying under so much less favouring circumstances as generally are, he wonders they ever survive it. . . . . This weather is perfectly delicious. Every now and then a dream comes over me of Tuesday, and I feel as if I was now in another state of existence. I scarcely know yet how to write collectedly and say what I feel, for all is bewildering to me at present, especially to know myself in that situation so long uncertain, doubtful, and distant, now really come to pass in the most beautiful form I have ever pictured it."

M. H. *to* LADY JONES.

"*West Woodhay, June* 6.—Your most kind and affectionate welcome greeted us here, dearest aunt, last night, and greatly did we both feel your good wishes for us upon that eventful day which has opened so new a life to us both. I trust neither you nor we can be deceived in feeling it to be the beginning of such happiness as is granted to few as far as regards our own mutual confidence and affection, and though, in common with our fellow-travellers through life, we must expect to meet with our due proportion of sorrows and trials, I trust we may then rest upon the same source for trust and support that we do now in gratitude. The account of Tuesday you will receive from Stoke, I believe, and probably a more correct report than we could give—at least it seems to me in recurring to that day very much like a dream, and I scarcely know what passed. It is a trying thing and I felt even more than I expected the *wrench*, if I may so express it, from all former ties to form one so much stronger and which was to last through life. I cannot tell you the tenderness and consideration Augustus has shown me, and how he has endeared himself to me more than ever by the kindness of his affection during the last few days. He will now be rewarded by seeing me as happy as he could desire, and in this delightful place it seems as if we could scarcely enjoy ourselves enough. . . . The man waits to take the letters, so I must conclude with the dearest love of your two grateful and happy children."

L. A. S. (LUCY STANLEY) *to* M. H.

"*June* 11, 1829.—You will well know how I have rejoiced in your letters. Our visions and pictures of all you were to enjoy are indeed realised, and God grant, my own dearest and best friend, they may long be lent to you. I see your house at Woodhay, and know it as if I had seen it—its green hay-fields, and the south-like woods and lanes, so unlike our northern ones. I almost feel sorry that this home, where you will pass the first weeks of married life, is not to be your permanent one; but perhaps you will discover as many charms at Alton-Barnes, and every bank you look upon will now be *Thymy*, and every view sunny and smiling."

"*June* 22.—You do indeed draw a picture of the sunny Thymy bank so beautiful, that one cannot help wishing life should just now stand still for awhile with you. . . . . I hardly ever heard any description of happiness after marriage which sounded so perfect as yours. Everybody says and writes that they are happier than any one ever was, but I am sure that you *are* so."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*June* 12, 1829.—We dine at five o'clock, and walk afterwards. You cannot imagine anything more delightful than these fields are—so very extensive, more like a park, stretching before the house in a long uninterrupted surface of green terminated by a range of green hills; and then the hawthorn is such a mass of snowy white, that it quite puts to shame all lanes and hedges with you. What a different style of country it is to be sure—so much more really retired and *country* it looks than the north. I shall try the pony in a day or two with him walking by my side; he thinks it will not run away. Sometimes he reads to me a little, and anybody would have been amused to see him one evening reading me a sermon of Skelton's, 'How to be happy, *though* married.' To-day he has got down a volume of Rousseau out of the little old library in the drawing-room, and has read me some of the letters to Julie, which he calls eloquent nonsense.

"*June* 13.—I am most perfectly happy and comfortable. Last night we had a delicious walk to a farm-house about a mile off—so pretty, it was covered with roses and plants all over the outside of the house, and I made friends with the mistress, who sent me a loaf and oven-cake as a present. Breakfast over, I go to the kitchen, inquire into matters there, scold about the bad bread, contrive a dinner out of nothing, find out how many things are *not* to be had for asking. 'No, ma'am, you can't have that because there is *not* such a thing,' is my general answer. Then my bonnet is put on, and we sally out into our park, find out new paths, come home, 'Letters and butcher,' and so there is business for the morning.

"*June* 20.—The last week has been very enjoyable. I have ridden every day, and Molly goes quite well, only fidgeting at setting out. However yesterday she gave us a fright. We went up the hill, higher than we had yet been, to a point where was a gallows erected. It was exceedingly windy, and in getting up the highest mound, such as the beacon at Alderley Edge, the pony was excited, either by the noise of the wind against my hat, or by its being so high; and if Augustus, who was at a little distance, had not *seen*—for I think he could scarcely have *heard* my cry of distress—and hastened to my aid, in another minute I should have been galloping away over those high downs as hard as the pony could go. My terror was momentary. Augustus led the animal down, the wind being too high for either of us to speak; but when we got under lee of the wind, and the pony was quiet again, the fervent way in which he seized my hand—'God bless her!—God be praised!'—showed how he had been frightened. I don't suppose there would have been any danger for a bold rider, who would have given herself up to the speed; but I think I should have been too much frightened to stick on long. It was a splendid *map* view, and our way home through delicious lanes.

"He is going with me through the Greek Testament, reading two chapters each morning after breakfast and lecturing upon them, he reading the Greek, I the English; and he goes into it thoroughly. Sometimes he surprises me by, 'Now this is very difficult—I don't understand this one bit;' and so then we compare different passages, see what is the connection, what is alluded to, &c.—in short, it is a very interesting lecture."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*June* 27.—This place is quite what I have so often thought the first home ought to be, and what it so seldom is in reality. . . . . . I delight in our Sundays; the relief it is to cast one's self upon Him who will be with us in joy as in sorrow, and upon whom we may repose with sure confidence those trembling feelings of joy, whose uncertainty is often felt, showing us the need of support even in rejoicing. I longed for you to have been here last Sunday to have heard my husband in the church. His preaching is so earnest, and brings the subject so home, that I cannot but feel all the time it must be doing good, and if his peculiar manner has the effect of rousing attention, it is certainly useful. Then he cordially unites with me in every plan of considering the good of our little household, and I look forward with still greater pleasure to all that we shall join in when we have our own parish. I can hardly tell which part of our day is the most enjoyable; but perhaps our evening walk or ride is the most so. Do not you know the pleasure of hunting about in a library full of odd volumes and old editions of books, all mixed in strange confusion? We found yesterday an old 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with queer cuts and engravings, which was amusing to look over. He is reading Milton to me, and sometimes Wordsworth, and anything else called forth by the occasion. Then he enjoys a little song, and there is a very tolerable large pianoforte for me to play to him upon."

M. H. *to* C. S. (the same evening).

"Augustus and I were in the midst of our reading an hour ago, when a chaise drove up to the door, and in walked Mr. Sloper. His first words were, that Lady Jones was scarcely expected to live through the day, and Augustus would just have time by the return chaise to catch the coach. There was a note from Julius, begging him to come immediately. You may guess the hurry and agitation of the moment, the putting up his things, &c., and now, almost without my knowing it has been so, he is gone. Yesterday she was very ill indeed. There was a consultation of Brodie, Warren, &c. The latter thought very ill of her, and feared for to-day. Mrs. Warren* was with her till past eleven last night, thought once or twice she was gone. She rallied however a little, but Mr. Sloper seems to think she cannot get over this attack. I do hope Augustus may arrive in time to see her, and I feel quite rejoiced to have him off. How one regrets that she has not lived to benefit by the happiness she has given. I feel easier on this point now that I have seen her in London, and that he will feel she did know me. How thankful I am to be his wife—able to comfort him, and with the right to know and hear everything. We had no time for any words when he was leaving, except his reminding me of a dream he had about his aunt a week ago: that she puzzled him by saying she was going into the *Barn*, when he asked about her coming to Worting, and which he made out, still in his dream, by the text of the wheat being gathered into the garner; and he said to me at the time, 'Remember my telling you this.' I got a note from her, written some days ago, full of affection, and thanking me for knitting her some muffitees. . . . Dearest Augustus! how I shall feel now he is gone the increase of love in the last three weeks. We were saying yesterday how it seemed to grow every day, and how it was quite a grief to him to think of it; for it could not last, we had no right to be so much happier than other people. . . . How naturally I fall to writing to you in any emergency, that you may share with me every feeling."

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* Penelope Shipley, eldest daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph, married (1814) Dr. Pelham Warren, the eminent physician. Of a most unselfish and charming disposition, she was greatly beloved by all the family. She died in 1865.

JULIUS HARE *to* M. H.

"*South Audley Street, June* 27.—Augustus will probably have left you before this, and you will rejoice to hear he will have the comfort of finding my aunt considerably better. This morning she said she was a great deal better than yesterday. When I was reading some of the prayers for the sick, she asked, 'Is there not one for rendering thanks for an amendment of health?' Still, though the danger is averted for the present, I am afraid we must not indulge the hope, even if we ought to cherish the wish, of keeping her long amongst us. Her general weakness is so great, and seems rather increasing than diminishing, that her constitution, however naturally strong, will hardly be able to hold out much longer; and when her life is so much more thickly beset with suffering than with enjoyment, even those who will grieve most at losing such an object to love and revere, ought hardly to desire that she should be detained from her heavenly reward.

"God bless you, and make you and Augustus the endless source of happiness to each other. He will probably soon need you to replace his best counsellor and friend, and he is fortunate in having already secured so good a substitute. I hope some time or other to be a witness of, and therefore a partaker in, your happiness.

"John Sloper has been as kind and attentive, and almost as one of her own nephews, to my aunt."

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*South Audley Street*, *June* 28.—Though Julius wrote to relieve your anxiety yesterday, I presume the loving wife will send over to Newbury for the letter I promised by the night coach, and her messenger must not return empty-handed. Alas! though there is an improvement in my aunt, it can only be a question of weeks or days.

"At Newbury I heard the last coach had been gone half an hour. 'Horses immediately.' At twenty minutes after four I was driving up to the inn at Reading, having gone seventeen miles in an hour and a half. 'Is the last coach gone?' 'No,' said the landlord, 'it is changing horses at this minute.' 'Gallop on, driver!' He did, and we caught it before it started. There was an inside place, so in I got, and by nine P.M. was at home. You may conceive my joy when the servant who opened the door said, 'Her ladyship is much better.'

"*June* 29.—What a delightful note, dearest, did you send to greet my waking this morning, and make me feel less solitary and widowed, shall I say, or *more.* It is just so I would have wished my wife to write and think, years before I had one, and when the name was little more than an idea to me. To find that idea realised in my own Mia, is a blessing a thousand times too great for me, did God measure out his bounty according to our deserts, and not rather pour it out of his exceeding bountifulness and loving-kindness.

"My aunt is slightly better. Her nurses have hitherto been my aunt Louisa and Penelope alternately. Dear, good, affectionate Penelope would never dream of feeling tired, or own that she was so, till she dropt; but drop she will if this attendance lasts much longer, and it may go on for weeks. Julius has formed a plot for you to come up and relieve her a little by sharing her duties. Alas! if my aunt had done two years ago what she has so nobly done for us this year, she would have had you now to comfort her. As it is, you are still so much of a stranger to her, that there is some fear of her not feeling sufficiently at ease with you in her infirmities. My belief is that three days would get over the difficulty, and make your presence a continual joy to her. I only mention this, that you may not be surprised if you receive a summons. You would come, of course, to a lodging; you would come to attend on a sick person; you would have to exercise much judgment and steadiness; but you would feel that you were of use to her who has united us, you would be sensible it is the only return in all probability you will be allowed to make her, and you would rejoice that at the sacrifice of some personal convenience you are permitted to minister a degree of satisfaction and ease to her last moments."

M. H. *to* A. W. H.

"*West Woodhay, June* 30.—What a joy to me have your letters been this morning. It is in such times as these that one feels the full delight of the perfect confidence there is between us. I felt so sure of your understanding what my feeling would be about your aunt, that it was quite unnecessary to express it. I think if I came I might be of some little use, though less I fear than many, with equal goodwill, from my awkwardness and inexperience. But in this, as in everything else, do and order as seemeth you best; here I am, your devoted wife, whose highest happiness is to do what you think it right she should do.

"Do not be very vain when I tell you that there was a very large congregation on Sunday evening, great part of which was much disappointed at not hearing you preach—for which laudable purpose they had gone to church! So you see your sermon of the Sunday before gained other approbation besides that of your partial Mia.

"I need not tell you how much I miss you, nor tantalise you with thinking what a delicious walk we should have had yesterday evening after the rain ceased; but somehow or other Woodhay does not look so gay and cheerful as it did some few days ago, and I hear no laughing voices sounding in its passages."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*June* 30.—I am satisfied to have had our first month of enjoyment unsullied. That enjoyment has been so great as to make me only the more anxious to show my gratitude to her who has given it, and to gratify him by the full extent of whose tenderness and consideration I have benefited by so much. The separation of this week will reconcile me to being in any place with *him*, though the exchange of Woodhay delights for a lodging, with summer-days to be passed in a sick-room in London, is not exactly what one should choose. But there is no help, and I doubt not if it is to be, we shall find ample cause to rejoice in having done it.

"I thought this morning what a pleasure there is in the power of sending one's *one* servant off to the post just at the time he ought to be bringing in breakfast—submitting to the *indignity* of having the coffee brought by a maid rather than wait for the letters. No quantity of servants or money could make me feel more independent than the perfect command which marriage gives one over the few one has, and the complete choice left to one's self *which* inconveniences to choose. I have just regained strength and spirits enough to enter upon the new duties awaiting me, if so it is to be. How destined my life seems to be not to stagnate. I look forward to Alton as quite a haven of rest and peace. As much as anything I dread the jealousies there will be about my being with Lady Jones; however, I have nothing to do with that."

M. H. *to* A. W. H.

"*July* 1.—How I did want you yesterday to admire the most glorious sunset. Mr. Barker, or Burford, or whatever is the name, might have taken some good hints for his Pandemonium in that glowing sea of fire, with the streams issuing out of it, and the splendid battlements of clouds piled one above another closing it in. Even Mr. Sloper was obliged to stand still and admire it, in spite of the ominous appearance for the hay; and truly it has not deceived us, for to-day the heavens seem inclined to pour out their utmost fury upon us, and it will be well if you find anything remaining of Woodhay floating on the top of the waters when you return.

"Let me take advantage of Mr. Sloper's absence among his workpeople, to draw near to my Augustus and tell him how he lives in my thoughts. I can no longer cheat myself with the fancy that he is ensconced, book in hand, pretending to write letters of business in the library; nor flatter myself with the idea that he is pacing the tapestry-room for exercise this rainy day. It seems to assume a very real air of separation now. . . . . ."

"*July* 2.—The account to-day is most disheartening. That our dear aunt may be spared further pain is now all that we can hope or pray for her in this world. Would that I had gone with you and could have shared the anxiety and attendance of those who have so devoted themselves to her last days, and to whom it will be a lasting satisfaction to feel that they have done so. But this could not be, and I only feel thankful that you have yourself been able to be with her to the last. I have had a very distressing thing to do this morning, in breaking to Ravenscroft (the cook) the sudden death of a sister to whom she was much attached. She was in sad affliction, and it went to my heart to cause so much grief; but there could not be a time when such a communication would be made with more sympathy than after receiving your sad letter, and feeling that ere this you probably are mourning the departure of one who has so long been an object of interest and anxiety. Dearest, how I wish to be with you it is needless to say. You are with those who feel as you do, you will have much to do, and you know that when the time comes, and everything is done that can be done, and you have paid the last tribute of respect and affection to her who has been so kind to you from childhood, you will find me to feel for you and with you, and who through life will seek to be your comforter and friend. I cannot tell you how glad I am that this has not happened before. As your wife I may share every feeling, and, as far as earthly comfort can go, contribute all I can to replace what you will lose."

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*July* 2.—She is much weaker. All muscular power has ceased. When lying quite back in her chair she seems easiest. The fire is going out for want of fuel. The pulse proves the vitality which still remains, but the machine is worn out. Penelope still insists on sitting up every night. There is an occasional cheerfulness in my aunt's manner, and a constant thought and care about others, which are the best practical Christianity, and worth all the sermons in the world.

"*July* 3.—'Much the same, but feebler, and, if possible, thinner,' is Dr. Warren's report to-day. Her senses are growing dimmer. Last night, for the first time, she did not make me out. This morning she did not know Julius, and Penelope doubted if she knows anybody. The greatest comfort is that she is calm and quiet, and apparently suffers little. She often smiles; and her talk, as far as I have heard it, though wandering, is on agreeable subjects.

"*July* 6.—My black seal and paper will have announced to you that all is over. She was called from us at ten minutes after nine this morning. Nothing could be easier than her departure. She literally expired, or breathed away her soul, without a struggle or a groan. Shall we envy or grudge her the reward of her years on years of active munificence?"

M. H. *to* A. W. H.

"*West Woodhay, July* 8.—My own dearest Augustus, you know how I feel with you—how every thought and feeling goes along with you—in recurring to the many years of kindness and affection which must come before you, in feeling that she to whom you have so long looked for assistance and guidance, who has been an object of such long anxiety and interest, is indeed gone. How grateful I am that I have seen her, and to have the impression which none but personal evidence can give of what she was, and still more grateful am I to have the power now of sharing your grief and seeking to fill up the chasm her loss must have made to you. . . . ."

Very little doubt had been entertained before the death of Lady Jones as to the contents of her will. To Mr. Sloper, to Dr. Warren, and to other friends, she had frequently spoken of it; and all her relations believed that she had left her property at Worting to Mrs. Warren (Penelope Shipley), her house in South Audley Street to Francis Hare, a legacy to Julius, and the residue of her property, with her library, pictures, and furniture, to Augustus, whom she had always regarded as her adopted son. After her death, however, the rightful will was never found, and it was supposed that she had destroyed it when her mind was enfeebled by her last illness, mistaking it for the old will, which was found, and which was inscribed—"To be burnt." To all the three brothers this was a great distress as well as a serious loss.

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*July* 7 1829, *South Audley Street.*—Dearest, dearest Mia. How providential our marriage took place when it did! Had it been delayed another month, it might not have taken place for years. My aunt, the most methodical of women, and possessing an amount of clear understanding which would have done credit to the best men of business, she, with all her minuteness of detail, has left two wills in the same envelope, and in such a state that it seems clear the second is good for nothing, and the chief question is, whether it invalidates the first. If it does, she has died intestate; if it does not, her money goes almost entirely (for the greater part of it will certainly go) to the last possible persons in the world she would have wished. And as for Worting, it is not even named; though she had promised it to Dr. Warren, and, it is quite clear, meant to give it him.

"The last will, which has the signature obliterated, and 'this to be burnt' written at the bottom, is dated as far back as 1821. The other is a will of 1809, when my sister was alive, and is chiefly in her favour. . . . . However, thank God! her life was spared long enough to carry into partial effect her kind and generous intentions in my behalf.

"*July* 8.—Old Lewis, the Worting bailiff, has written, 'No doubt our loss is her ladyship's gain, and her dear soul is at rest.' His letter is perfect in its way, from its serio-comic mixture of genuine feeling with scraps of book and sermon phrases. He talks of 'How much she will be missed by the poor of Worting, and regretted by all.' She will be missed, indeed, unless the search to-morrow at Worting after a will is successful, and produces some inheritor of her kind-heartedness as well as of her land. I have myself not a doubt that it will produce it. The more Julius and I have compared our thoughts on the matter, the more certain we are that my aunt has not by negligence, in the most important arrangement of her life, contradicted sixty years, or more, of methodical and provident activity.

"*July* 9.—Doubtless there is another, and of course a perfect will. So many circumstances on inquiry have come out, all pointing the same way, that the fact appears to me as certain as anything can be, which rests only on probabilities and presumptions. It was made about last Michaelmas, and it cannot have been destroyed since. Mislaid it may have been; but sooner or later it will be found. Perhaps it is so now, or at least it will be, ere I finish my letter, for Francis, Julius, Mr. Seton (our good lawyer), and Charles Shipley, set out in a britska this morning, at seven, for Worting; and, allowing them six hours for their journey, they are at this moment searching for it. They return to-night, but it will be late before they can get back. It is for the sake of justice, and of seeing my dear aunt's intentions (whatever they may be) carried into full effect—it is that those who have equitable claims on her, and that the poor, may not be deprived of what she destined for them, and not from any personal interests of my own, that I am anxious to have her will produced.

"*July* 10.—You will grieve to hear that our expectations have been sadly disappointed. Worting has produced nothing. That a will was made at the time she obliterated the signature from the will of 1821, and that she believed it, or some subsequent one, to be in existence, is quite certain, from fifty speeches during the last two months. Whether it has been destroyed by accident, or laid by too securely to be found, I know not. It is not forthcoming, and perhaps never may be; but to Julius and me, and indeed to all who love *her*, and not her property, it is a great consolation that this inconvenience, grievous and manifold as it is, is not aggravated by a conviction—no, nor even by a suspicion—that she was procrastinating or neglectful about her last and most important worldly act. In the meantime a suit—an amicable suit, for so I find they call those suits which provoke more ill-blood than any other—must be instituted in Doctors' Commons; and if the second will is not quashed there, the interpretations of the last clause carries us, still amicably—it is wonderful how amicable people are when their dirty interests are engaged—into the very pleasant Court of Chancery. God show us the way out of all such evils!"

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*July* 12.—I wish you could know that at this moment I have got him back. Mr. Sloper being too ill to return yesterday for his duty to-day, Augustus was obliged to put aside his scruples about leaving the house in South Audley Street, and come in his place, and you may imagine what a meeting we had about eight o'clock last night. If he had been dead and risen to life again, I could scarcely have felt more in having him again. He looks most wretchedly, so thin and care-worn, and has been made quite ill. He consulted Dr. Warren, who said, 'You have come from the extreme of happiness to the extreme of misery, and the revulsion has been too great. Go home to your wife, and she and quiet will be better than all the medicines in the world.' It seems quite clear that there must have been a subsequent will, even if she destroyed it by mistake. Francis seems to have behaved very well. In giving directions the first day after her death, he burst into an agony of tears, and could not go on. When the will leaving a thousand pounds to him was read, he proposed at once its being divided between Julius and Marcus. In case neither of the wills are good for anything, the property would be equally divided amongst the brother and sisters' children—giving thus one share to the Dean's children, one to Mrs. Hare's children, one to Mrs. C. L. Shipley, and one to Mrs. Sloper's only child, Mrs. Charles Warren, so of course the Hares' proportion for each would be small. Lady Jones leaves £3,000 in one of the wills to charities. It is very puzzling, very annoying, and likely to be a long source of discussion. Everything else found is order and method itself—letters all ticketed in packets, 'For Augustus and Julius to read, and afterwards to be burnt,' and the same to others. All accounts are paid up to Easter. Augustus heard her mutter to herself, 'All my worldly affairs are settled, servants and all.' A few days before her death she dictated as clearly as possible a beautiful letter to Lord Spencer. A year ago he had asked for Sir J. Reynolds's portrait of Sir W. Jones, evidently wishing to complete his collection. She was affronted, and refused. This letter was to tell him she had reconsidered his request, thought Sir W. J. would have wished him to have it, and begged his acceptance of it; that she had now but a few days, perhaps hours, to live, and could not be satisfied without employing her nephew Julius, as she was too ill, to write; spoke of the mortification she had felt in his doing nothing to promote Marcus, which she had so much at heart; but as worldly things had become of less import, the pain she had felt on this account had diminished, and she heartily forgave it to him, and hoped he would equally forgive any hasty word she might have used in speaking on the subject; that she had now great pleasure in complying with his request, and had always retained the sincerest affection for him. She begged it might be sealed with black, and sent when she was gone, and she then seemed satisfied that everything was done. The brothers give Mrs. Pelham Warren a diamond ring with Lady Jones's hair in gratitude for her attentions. Augustus says Julius cried himself into a fever on the day of the death."

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*July* 17.—John Sloper will tell my dearest Mia all the particulars about the funeral—how Julius read the service over her, slowly, distinctly, and with a voice that scarcely faltered; how, after it was over, the brothers walked down with Charles Shipley to the church to fix on a place for her monument; how liberally and with what disinterestedness Charles has behaved in the scheme he has drawn up for a compromise; and all other how's which you would have a painful interest in hearing."

M. H. *to* C. S.

" *West Woodhay, July* 19.—I think I wrote on Thursday night after Penrhyn went. Friday was a thorough wet day again. I had my fire, and wrote out a long extract from Blackstone about New College and Winchester, Founder's kin, &c., as I was ordered, and was thinking how comfortable one could always be when left quite alone, when in walked Mr. Sloper. However, he brought me a letter from Augustus, and the latest news about the funeral, &c. Julius read the service. Nobody attended but the servants, the three brothers, Charles Shipley, Mr. Seton, and himself. The only news about the will is that they have found some money in the French funds, making her property amount to above £60,000. They say Mrs. C. Warren is sure to do what is right and handsome, and Mr. Sloper is very anxious she should, as she is his cousin. Then Shipley Conwy, who is heir-at-law to Worting,* has written in the handsomest manner to Dr. Warren, saying that his aunt did not intend him to have it, and as she had declared her wish that he should have it, he shall certainly make it over to Dr. Warren—a fine thing to do, as £7,000 might have been too great a temptation to give up at twenty-two. She intended to have founded two scholarships out of Worting, which I believe Dr. Warren will do, and he has some land in Wales, which he will probably give to Shipley Conwy—near St. Asaph—so it will be a system of giving up and giving. I find the envelope to all the papers was evidently *new*, and not written above a year ago. This seems to me decisive that the new will was put into the same cover, and that it has been wrongly destroyed. To be sure it is provoking!

"You may guess how impatient I am to hear about Alton-Barnes. When once settled, I think I shall be so happy I shall not know what to do. There is something so enlivening in having real things to do, and I shall be so busy in making my garden and everything nice. I begin to feel a little more naturalised, and less as in a dream.

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* His father, William Shipley, was eldest son of the Dean of St. Asaph.

"*July* 26, 1829.—I am glad you feel the comfort of my details, and that you find in this I am not as *yet* changed; indeed, I know not how it could be otherwise, and with one who has so long shared every thought and interest. I feel as if I could hardly—separated as we are likely to be—tell enough of all I feel to make up for the want of personal observations and intercourse. I regret so often that it will be so long before you see us as *we are*. . . . . He has been very busy composing his letter to the Bishop of Winchester about the evils of Founder's kin, which plague him much, and he walks up and down the great saloon up-stairs half the day. I do not know what he is to do at Alton with rooms too small for any quarter-deck—here he has been so spoilt by having such great space for his pacings. Then on Friday came a notice to Mr. Sloper of a confirmation whilst he is away, so Augustus will have to prepare the people for it. He is certainly very queer about his writing; whilst he takes such time often to write a letter, at other times he is equally rapid. Yesterday before service he was about ten minutes writing a sheet-full upon confirmation, which after his sermon he brought out, with the bishop's letter, and I dare say surprised the people not a little, telling them how, a stranger amongst them, he was unable to do all he would otherwise wish to do in inquiring into the state of their families, &c., but exhorted them to attend to this notice, and that he was ready on his part to do everything to help them to a right understanding of this part of their duty; that he should fix a time when he knew who were willing to come—such a time as might suit not *his* convenience but *theirs*, to whom time was more valuable; and then he brought forward every objection they could make to being confirmed, and asked what Christ would say on being told it was too much trouble!

"Yesterday I had my mind enlightened upon the origin of Augustus's interest in and fancy for military tactics and politics—of all the youthful dreams he had, all kept to himself, and nourished up—the long vision of delivering his country, as he then considered Italy, from the Austrian yoke. His account of his early habits of thought quite accounts for any originality of ideas—always making a point of not reading the *opinions* of others, finding out the *facts*, and working them out in his own mind.

"I am amused to think how little most women would have suited him, and how exactly I do. His love for ruminating by himself, to anybody without resources of their own, would be so dull, and he would not like that eternal interruption which many wives would give; then their being fussy about trifles, talking about their neighbours' concerns, vagueness, and the *very least* regard to appearances or show, would annoy him so much; and yet, without liking a wife to be troublesome in fondness, he would ill have borne with the slightest coldness; so that, without vanity, I certainly am more adapted to his *wants* than most could have been. Perhaps I might equally say of myself that, indulged as I have always been, I should have borne ill any person of more irritable nature, and less tender and considerate. Putting aside all other considerations, I never saw anybody so easy to live with, by whom the daily petty things of life were passed over so lightly; and then there is a charm in the *refinement* of feeling, which is not to be told in its influence upon trifles.

"*July* 27.—A new parcel of books has just arrived, and Augustus having seized upon one, I have no chance of a word for some time, and so you shall hear all what you are wishing to know about his expedition. At Salisbury he went through all the forms of institution with the bishop. Saturday, with difficulty, he found his way by cross-roads to

Alton-Barnes, put his hand upon the church key, rang the bell three times, and on Sunday went through the morning service with all the Articles and other necessary declarations—the evening service, prayers, and sermon; which latter, not being prepared, he was obliged to borrow a sermon, and says it was the worst he ever read. This all done, he was duly inducted rector of Alton-Barnes. And now for the house. It has steps up to the door, a wide passage, good staircase, dining-room on one side, study on the other; upstairs drawing-room, three bedrooms and dressing-closet, five good attics, fit for single gentlemen. The rooms low, small, confined. The first thing to be done to cut away a clump of trees just before the windows, excluding all air from the lower rooms. Church a couple of hundred yards off; and a second church close by, belonging to Alton-Priors, a parish of which we shall have the principal charge probably, as the clergyman lives four miles off, and there is only service once in three weeks. Augustus looks for comfort to the high downs on each side of us. I think my eagerness to get to our own house and the readiness to leave Woodhay has much abated since I have anticipated the exchange from this large room, large windows opening on so fine a lawn, to the little confined limits of a low room, small windows, a chalk road, and a barrier of trees, and I look at our fine expanse here with infinitely more admiration in thinking how short will be our enjoyment of such luxury. Then Woodhay now, with the return of fine weather, of Augustus, &c., has returned to its first charm, and we shall have a second honeymoon in comfort."

"*August* 2.—Augustus is so shocked at the ignorance of the people here who have come to him about confirmation, that he is set down to write a sermon for them this evening. I therefore will sit down to instruct you, not about confirmation, but about Alton-Barnes.

"To be sure, Woodhay does seem a paradise on returning, and the fine space and breathing-room is so enjoyable! But comparisons are odious, and we will forget Woodhay, whilst I tell you of our home that is to be. A delightful day we had on Friday. The drive through Marlborough Chase—Lord Ailesbury's—was exquisite. We stopped at Marlborough about three-quarters of an hour looking at household furniture to be sold, and we found little enough to wish for. About two o'clock, after a beautiful drive through the vale of Pewsey, we arrived at Alton. Could we have stopped three miles on this side, we should have been in the prettiest, most delightful country I ever saw; but we are just a little too far, getting too much upon the barren chalk downs. Alton itself is quite an oasis in the desert—a *hamlet*, with much wood and green meadows, all shut in to a small compass, backed on every side by the green hills, which are more broken and better formed than those here, and in a drawing I dare say would give the effect of being in a fine mountainous country! It was much prettier than I expected, and the approach to the Rectory agreeably surprised me. It is red brick, it is true, and the door is in the middle, with little windows on each side, but then it has the tint of old age; the front is nearly covered with clematis and jessamine, and the little green sloping terrace and shrubs and trees round it, though rather confined, give a look of quiet and retirement. The inside was much what I expected, very comfortable as to the *number* of rooms, but the size being fourteen and fifteen feet square, and low, seemed very confined after our spacious quarters here; and then, as we dined eleven, we saw them to the greatest disadvantage. The study, which has shelves all round and cupboards below, looked the best; the others scantily furnished and wretched; yet I could not help thinking how much we should have to do to make them even as full as they are now. . . . . Miss Crowe took me all over the house and offices. She was, I suppose, a little shy, and I felt exceedingly the awkwardness of the situation, coming to turn out these people who had lived there eighteen years, and were much attached to the place; so that, further than *seeing* went, I made little progress, and I felt quite in despair how to set about anything further. After dinner we went out to the church, which is the smallest place you ever saw, with about half a dozen pews. A farmhouse close to it, with the prettiest possible flower-garden, excited my envy. I was introduced to the lady of it and her daughters, who are of quite a higher order than our farmers in the north. Alton-Priors is quite close, and the church, which I wish was ours, has a fine old tower and magnificent yew-tree. I settled my first sketch at once. Altogether it is certainly very pretty. The worst part is the roads, being chalky, and in winter they say it is like walking through so much mortar, no stirring without pattens—old Stoke lanes must have been excellent in comparison. Next morning we got on much better. Miss Crowe began to find out my ignorance, and to offer her advice; and with much kindness set to work helping me to take dimensions for curtains, carpets, &c. She was, I am sure, much amused by my ignorance, and Augustus's perfect helplessness, and I believe she pitied me greatly in having no assistance from him, but 'settle it just as you please.'

"I feel no doubt we shall get very fond of the place, and that Augustus will be heartily sorry to exchange it for Hurstmonceaux. The barrenness of the downs gives our little hamlet quite the appearance of an oasis in a desert, and there is something especially appropriate to the character of a pastor and his flock in the having them all so immediately under his own eye. I am very happy in seeing, by the experience here, how much Augustus makes himself beloved by the poor people, and how much they like his plain and homely style of teaching them.

"*August* 6.—Augustus says, 'Now you will write to K.,' all the people being gone, and as it is a pity not to fulfil his expectation, I will so *enjoy* myself. Of course Mrs. Hare-Naylor's dreaded visit has not been so alarming as my expectation. She came just before dinner on Monday, with our two half-brothers, Gustavus and Reginald, and our half-sister Georgiana. . . . . . David could not have waited upon us all, so Mary came in to assist him, which she did with the same good sense and good humour with which she does everything. Everything seemed to go on with so little trouble, I wondered how people with tolerable servants can contrive so much fuss. One day, to be sure, Augustus said there was not dinner enough, and another day too much; but I told Mrs. H. N. she must in her mind unite the whole, and it would amount to a right proportion of feeding during the three days; and she laughed heartily, and I dare say forgave the inequality.

"Did I tell you of the good sermon Augustus got up to preach on Sunday evening, written in three hours. In such sort of *talking* sermons he will never have any difficulty. He had a hard day's work—the men and women in the morning to be questioned, and in the evening, after dinner, the farmers' sons. One man of fifty wished to be confirmed. 'Do you know who Jesus Christ is?' 'Why, please your Honour, I canna' rightly say.' But of the seventy people in the parish, twenty-seven are to be confirmed. Yesterday was a charming day. Uncle Hugh Leycester came just as we were going to breakfast. He was very much affected on seeing me, and some time before he could recover himself, and I thought he looked ill. He was much interested in seeing the place, and he looked so pleased to see me so happy, and cried a good deal when he went away.

"As Mr. Sloper's hay was spoiling for want of hands, Augustus set us all to work yesterday to turn it, setting the example himself.

"*August* 26.—Having shut out these stormy winds, beating with the fury of December against the windows, made up my fire, and got candles, I will employ my solitary evening in writing to you. Augustus is gone with Mr. Sloper to dine at Lord Carnarvon's at Highclere; for yesterday, as Augustus and I had been riding in the park there, just as we were going out of it, we met Lord Porchester, who expressed much surprise at seeing him, and much regret at not having known before of his being in the neighbourhood, as well as of his being about to leave Highclere himself. So this morning there came a servant over with a note, begging Augustus would excuse the short notice and dine there to-day. As nothing was said about me, I did not suppose myself invited, but advised him to accept so kind an invitation. Highclere is a most beautiful place. The woods there, though on a larger scale and wilder, reminded me of the Alderley beech-wood, and were not less admired on that account. The day before we rode to Lord Craven's, Hampstead, which is on a smaller scale, but extremely wild and pretty. You may think how I enjoy these rides, and seeing something of this country. My steed is the pleasantest I ever mounted, having all the free-going and spirit of a hunter, and the steadiness which gives perfect confidence As for Augustus, he trots along upon Molly, and keeps me in a fright, when she is in one of her fidgets, with the additional anxiety, that when he gets annoyed with her, he does not choose to be conquered, and so sets off, leaving me to my fate, while he finishes the battle in a ploughed field. I think at our neighbour Mr. Butler's they must be much amused by him—finding a volume of Clarendon or of Parliamentary Statutes the minute he gets into the room, and without another word sitting down in a corner, and not speaking till dinner. I am sure I am invaluable to him in saying all the proper things and laughing at his ways. We dined there on Saturday, and he got up at five on Sunday to write his sermon. He has now got through four of the confirmation series, and will end next Sunday. The last was on the Atonement, and taken partly from Erskine's Internal Evidences. He talks to the people about the star that shines so brightly over Woodhay Hill, about what the house at Highclere is built of, about the crown in the Tower of London, with various other illustrations, amusing enough I dare say to them. He finds greater facility both in writing his sermons and in catechising than at first, and will certainly take a great interest in it.

"*The Cedars, East Sheen, September* 2.—Here I am once again, and very strange and odd I feel being here in a new capacity. We arrived yesterday about four P.M., and found them all standing at the door to receive us. We have parted from West Woodhay quite as our home, and have now done with it as *our* house, and shall never be there again in the same way. It is the close, too, of a happy era —the first three months—which we both regret; and, coming away to other people, it seems becoming like them, and getting accustomed to separation.

"*September* 12.—We have been several days in New Street for our shopping, and I certainly did feel in its full extent the comfort of such an associate as Augustus in such a business—the perfect temper, readiness to assist, and the perfect liberty which it gave one. I believe we were far more independent having no horses to consider, walking where we pleased, and then stepping into a cab or chaise; and so we set out about ten, and never returned to New Street till five or six, stopping to eat when we felt disposed. In a shop in Wardour Street Augustus bought a study chair, of old carved oak, with a crimson cushion, and he flatters himself that his reverence seated in that will be much respected ; and I ordered a book table according to my own fancy, having two shelves above, a bureau part, and shelves below, with a cupboard at each end. These have been our only extravagances.

"*West Woodhay, September* 21.—We took Worting on our way back here, getting there by two o'clock. It is an ugly country of enclosed downs, but of course was full of interest. We stopped at the inn at Worting to order some dinner, drove up to the house, about two hundred yards up a lane—a pretty wooded village, with three or four good houses in it. It was a less formal and much prettier place than I expected, even as it looked on such a wet day. Mrs. Butcher, Lady Jones's faithful maid, was there to receive us, having been ordered there to attend to the valuation of everything, and very sad she looked. Augustus took me all over the old places, and—'Here she used to sit—this was her arm-chair—this her sofa—and so I used to move it for her,' &c.—with many little details. Down-stairs is a dining-room, little study, and breakfast-room ; up-stairs a drawing-room, with three windows and books all round, very like the room at Penrhos, and just fitted up in that sort of style, very comfortable without being fine. A fine gleam came luckily to enable us to go out, and I went all over the gravel walks with Augustus, and very pretty they are—nice beech avenues making a round of about three-quarters of a mile. We saw old Lewis the bailiff, and Susan our future dairy-maid. Augustus picked out all books belonging to himself, a few pamphlets out of one drawer and a few out of another, put aside out of the china what belonged to them as children, &c., for Mrs. Butcher to keep apart. She, poor thing, seemed sadly distressed at what to do, nobody to say what should be done or not—so troubled that Augustus would not dine there. There was the sketch hung up of Augustus and his wet-nurse. I should like to have that. I longed to have stayed longer looking over all the old places. It looked as if Lady Jones had just left it, and I am very glad to have seen it in the old original state. The books would make a very nice addition to our library, a great many modern and some good standard books. After dining at the inn, we set out in pouring rain, going three miles out of our way to Overton to see old Sally Penton. The poor old woman wept bitterly on seeing us; said she could not get over her loss as she ought; so delighted to see me; and sate all the time with both my hands in hers, kissing me, and saying, whenever Augustus went to talk to the granddaughter, what a dear good man Augustus was, and how everybody loved him, and wished he could have had Worting, and of all he used to say and do, and talked about how lucky we were married first, just as you would do. She is just such a little withered acute old woman as Lady Jones was herself, eighty-four, but would hobble down to the door to see us go away, and never did visit I believe give more pleasure. We took her two bottles of wine and a chicken, and Augustus gave the granddaughter £10 towards the payment of the pension, which unluckily Lady Jones had forgotten to pay before leaving Worting. All this was delightful. We had then about eighteen miles on here. Before we reached Highclere, the daylight was gone; one of our lamps was broken, so we could only light one. The post-boy could not find his way in these most intricate cross-roads; and, after driving into a farmyard or two, having to ask our way, &c., we at last took a guide, who, perched on the boot, directed the turns, and sometimes helped to turn the wheels when the horses refused to draw up some of the steep hills, as they did two or three times, being completely knocked up. Anything so bad or so dark, or so doubtful if we should ever get home, I never felt. We began to debate about sending for Mr. Sloper's cart-horses to drag us on. However, at last, by stopping every hundred yards to rest, we got here at ten o'clock, having been five hours coming from Worting.

"Woodhay looked its old self in yesterday's sunshine, and I enjoyed it exceedingly, and love it so for our first days of happiness. It seems strange not being master and mistress, and *we* think it was regulated better in our reign. To-morrow forty people or more come to a bow-meeting, and Mr. Sloper having given no positive orders about the dinner or anything, makes a confusion which nothing but good temper can regulate. Of these forty I know two, and shall have to do the honours to all!"

"*Sept.* 16.—Mr. Sloper went out hunting on Monday, and gave no definite orders to the last. Augustus and I laid our heads together to arrange the dinner, measure the table, and set in some sort of order the profusion of game which filled the larder, and some of the party actually arrived on Tuesday whilst I was writing out the bill of fare. It was awkward enough for me, having to receive people I never saw in my life; however, Mr. Sloper returned, and about one o'clock thirty-six people were assembled. The day was fair and fine. The lawn, mown as smooth as that at Sheen, with the meadows and hill beyond, was just made for such a purpose, and certainly wanted nothing but a little sunshine to make it a beautiful scene. Luncheon was laid at two o'clock, and the shooters came in by turns. Six ladies and about fourteen gentlemen shot. Of the former, a sulky-looking girl, who had the good wishes of none of the party, carried everything before her, and succeeded in winning the prize, a very pretty butterfly brooch. I had little to do but look on, and every now and then Augustus and I escaped to rest ourselves and moralise on the wearisomeness of pleasure. I got dressed early, and then, by showing the people to their different rooms, getting their respective things carried up, and assisting at the toilettes of two or three, made amends for any inattention in the morning, for my conscience rather reproached me for skulking away. It was half-past seven before we got to dinner in the hall; really, considering all things, it was wonderfully well arranged, and very little confusion. I begged off sitting at the top of the table, and sat by Mr. Sloper. After dinner were speeches and toasts and the presenting of the prize; then I bowed to the lady nearest me and we came out. Whilst they had their tea and coffee I stole out to superintend the lighting of the ball-room. The saloon up-stairs was capital for this purpose, and altogether the number and size of the rooms just suited such a party. About ten we began dancing, and I really found myself dancing away with all the gaiety, I was going to say, of fifteen; but no—at fifteen I never danced with half the spirit. You cannot think what request I was in as a partner. Mr. Tom Smith, the keeper of the foxhounds in this county, begged Augustus would present him to me, it must be such a treat to dance with anybody who enjoyed it so much. Accordingly, I found him as much up to it, and we flourished away just as you and R. L. used to do. He was quite a better sort of foxhunter, said he liked everything he did only too well, and evidently could find resource in everything he undertakes. You may guess how thoroughly Augustus was bored. If was nearly three o'clock before we went to supper, and four before the house was cleared and we went to bed, and I never was more dead tired. However, everybody seemed pleased. The supper was very pretty, and there was much marvel how Mr. Sloper could have managed it so well. I have no doubt I got infinitely more credit than I had any right to, for I really don't know how it was all done. It was rather amusing likening the different people to those one knows; they are exactly the sort of class described in 'Emma.'

"Francis Hare is just arrived. What an odd man he is. He walked in just as if he had been in the house two months, talked in the same tone, and has a sort of nonchalance which is very curious. Yet when he rouses himself up, he comes out with something odd and humorous, and has sense enough about common things.

"*Sept.* 30.—Yesterday Augustus had a cold, and, besides, thought that a thirty-mile ride would be further than either he or his pony would approve of, so Mr. Sloper drove me to Alton in his gig, and I was charged with full powers of decision about everything to be settled. We set off about eight, taking David on the pony as our pioneer through the bad roads. It was a lovely day, and I certainly seemed doomed to see the most favourable side of Alton. We got there soon after eleven, and found a pretty state of confusion—a waggon at the door carrying off chairs and tables, and the entrance blocked up by our goods coming in. There, at the door, lay the great case from Clementi, the least necessary part of the furniture being the first to arrive. Mr. and Miss Crowe soon made their appearance from their packing operations, and certainly dressed to suit their work. I was amused by Miss C. instantly setting to business, and with scarcely the preamble of 'How do you do' showing me the various tin-pans, &c., she had bought. The house was entirely cleared of furniture, men were whitewashing, and women scouring, so that you may fancy the state it was in, showing off all deficiencies in the walls and papers to the utmost. The rooms looked of course larger, and they were beautifully clean. The red American creeper and clematis covering the front of the house, and the old stone over the doorway and windows, made it look sufficiently picturesque, and anything of hills for the varieties of light to fall upon is always an advantage to a place. I engaged a man to work in the garden for eight shillings a-week, milk our cows, clean the pony, and feed the pigs! Mr. Sloper sends his waggon with our goods the end of next week, with cow and pig, and on Tuesday the 13th I suppose we shall transport ourselves and our household. All the new things looked nice, and there certainly is a pleasure in beginning from the very beginning, knowing exactly every individual thing in the house.

"Francis was in better spirits on Sunday. He *went off* upon statues, and antiquities, and Italian traditions, and was very entertaining all the evening, and had some good stories about the Speaker and the etiquettes of Parliament, &c. He met Sydney Smith in the coach, who said if he was to appoint he would make Augustus warden of Winchester. I am glad he has *not* the power."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Dec.* 19.—Certainly your present condition is full of *wholesome* interest and occupation, and, except loving Augustus too much, I don't see any wrong paths before you, and I cannot but admire how entirely you have laid aside all thought and trouble about the will and its decision.

"Nothing can be more wholesome, more comfortable, more satisfying, than the account you give of your studies and life. I perfectly agree with you in wishing to have no interruption from the trash of book-clubs. It would be well if we had all of us a literary Jephson to put us on a restricted diet of solid food. How I should like to assist—no, not assist, but listen invisible to your colloquies; but I expect, by the time we meet again, you will be so drawn out, that I shall be the comparatively silent one.

"On Wednesday, when we were at Lathom, came an express from Knowsley, saying there was to be a railroad exhibition that day near Prescot, and the Liverpool tunnel lighted up for Lords Harrowby and Sandon next day. So we got off as soon as we could, and drove straight to the railroad at Prescot, and there found Charlotte and Penrhyn, and the wonderful locomotive engine flying past. To *us*, who have no turn for these things, and therefore cannot or do not realise any description, the seeing them comes with such novelty and force, and brings such a train of new thoughts—this thing, which is to convey carriages, people, goods, everything, from Liverpool to Manchester, thirty miles *in an hour*, ruining half the warehouses at Liverpool by making Manchester into a *seaport* town, the goods landed at the docks at Liverpool being henceforth transported at once into the warehouses at Manchester in as short a time as they now take in being carried from the lower to the upper part of the town. The effect of the velocity is that when you stand on the railroad and watch the machine coming, it seems not to *approach*, but to expand into size and distinctness like the image in a phantasmagoria. They would not take any car for passengers that day as it was a newly constructed engine, and they were only trying; but it gave one a *sensation* seeing it whiz past. The next day, at ten o'clock, Penrhyn, Edward, Mr. Stanley, and I, set off in the Derby coach and four for the tunnel, which is at the end of the aforesaid railroad—an excavated vault of a mile and a quarter under the town of Liverpool, coming out at the docks. Lord Harrowby and Lord Sandon were just arrived, with Adam Hodgson, one of the directors of the said tunnel, Scoresby of the Arctic Regions, James Hornby—altogether about twenty of us. We went first to see the carriages in preparation for the railroad. I had no idea it was all in such a state of forwardness. They are like the omnibus, a coach with a chariot at each end, some fit for twenty, some for thirty passengers; also cradles for pigs, cattle, and goods; and *platforms* with railroad wheels, upon which you may drive your carriage and horses as into a steamboat, stand still, and be transplanted as upon the fairy carpet for thirty miles *while* your horses are baiting, ready to drive off and take you on, and making a ferry of it! They are now thinking of continuing the tunnel under the Mersey, so as to supersede the real ferry altogether to Seacumbe. This seen, we got into a kind of German post-waggon—all twenty—a horse cantered with us up the little tunnel as they call it, and then was taken off, and we were launched into the great tunnel, a vaulted passage lighted with lamps suspended from the centre; a slight push sent us off, and away we started at the rate of thirty miles an hour, our speed increasing as we went on, perceptible only from the strong current of air, and the passing the lamps so rapidly. I never felt so strange, so much in a state of magic, of enchantment, as if surrounded by new powers and capabilities. In less than three minutes from having entered the tunnel in the country, we came out on the other side of Liverpool at the docks. The first effect of daylight was beautiful, and of finding ourselves we did not know where, after the rapid motion, bewildering. We got into our coach again grumbling at Macadam roads, and the Derby pace of ten miles an hour—Edward lamenting his hard fate at being fifty years old at the beginning of such things, Mr. Stanley amusing in his speculations as to the effect of these things in various directions. I tell you all this because you in the South must be in a state of comparative behindness and darkness, and you will hardly believe, as I did not, what is doing till I had seen it. I dare say Augustus will like to know it all. Alas! at this moment you have not him to turn to—not that I pity you one bit. I do enjoy complete solitude and freedom so much myself, that, though you have a great privation to set against it, I am sure you have a sister feeling about it."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Oct.* 1829.—You must have one more letter from Woodhay. At this moment the waggon is loaded with our twenty-seven boxes, and is to start early to-morrow, and Mary goes off by coach to get to Alton a day before us. She has taken all the trouble, thought of everything, and is quite what E. S. would call a *brave femme*—her spirits rise with the occasion.

"I shall feel as if we were married again, or rather that we really belong to each other, when we are in our own house. Good-bye, dearest K., I wish you could see how very happy I am. That 2nd of June was a blessed day!"

VII.

HOME PORTRAITURE.

"Nature has perfections, in order to show that she is the image of God; and defects, in order to show that she is only His image."—PASCAL.

THE New College living of Alton-Barnes which Augustus Hare had accepted was perhaps the most primitive village in Wiltshire. Completely isolated in the great treeless plain of corn which occupies the Vale of Pewsey, its few whitewashed mud cottages, their roofs thatched with straw and sheltered by large elm-trees, are grouped around an oasis of two or three green meadows, in one of which stands the tiny towerless church of Alton-Barnes, or more properly Alton-Berners, from St. Bernard; and in the field adjoining the more imposing but still very small church of Alton-Priors, which derives its name from a small monastic institution, of which no relics exist, except the brass of a nun in its pavement, and the name of "The Priory" by which a rather better class of cottage close by is dignified.

An antiquarian might find much to interest him in the peculiarities of the surrounding country. The extreme openness of the Wiltshire down district causes the ancient

Saxon landmarks to be more visible than in any other county in England. For instance, in the parish of Stanton, which adjoins Alton, *all* the boundaries mentioned in Domesday Book are still visible; such as, an immense thorn-tree of absolutely immemorial age, on the exact spot where "Anna's Thorn" is mentioned; Anna's Crumble, a crumble being a small round pool for beasts to drink out of; and Anna's Well — all these names referring to the saint under whose protection the village was placed. It is interesting, in reference to these ancient boundaries, to read the charter which mentions them to any old shepherd, and tell him to stop you if he hears any name he knows; and this is the best means of verifying them.

The name Alton is Saxon—Ea-wal-ton, "the place of beautiful springs," corrupted to Awltoun, hence to Alton. The place is spelt Awltoun in Domesday Book. There are still five springs in Alton-Priors; one of them is still called Bradwell, by which name it is mentioned in Domesday Book. The exceeding antiquity of the little church of Alton-Barnes is attested by its flat buttresses, refuting the village tradition that the church was removed to its present site from Shaw, a farm high up on the side of the downs. That which was removed from Shaw, where a chapel certainly existed, was probably the windows of the church, which are of much later date than the rest of the building.

The absolute isolation of the place, without any gentleman's house except the rectory, without any public-house, with scarcely even anything which can be dignified by the name of a village-shop, has preserved in the character of the villagers a simplicity which is most unusual; and though rough and very ignorant, their straightforward, free-spoken, grateful dispositions made them peculiarly susceptible to the kindness they received from their new rector and his wife, and to the interest which they knew that he felt in them.

My dear mother has herself left notes referring to her husband's ministerial life, which I will now give in her own words.

"An artist in painting a portrait finds he has done little towards effecting his purpose when the features are drawn, and the outline completed. These may be true to the life, and yet the whole character of the face—the man himself—may be wanting. It is a rare thing for a painter to give a likeness that is satisfying to those who have long been familiar with a face, and have been accustomed to see the changes and variations that pass over it as circumstances draw out the inward feeling, to those who have almost lost sight of the outward form in the light that shines forth through it. Now is it less difficult to portray in words the peculiarities and beauties of a living character? Here and there may be a line of resemblance, here and there a trait recalling him who is departed; but the whole, the living whole, the source and spring of all the separate acts and words, how can this be manifested? How can those who knew the original furnish those who did not know him with anything like an adequate conception, or meet the wishes and feelings of those who having known, and loved, and valued the living, desire to have the never-fading recollection in their own minds conveyed to others?

"The beginning of Augustus's ministerial services was at West Woodhay. The three months subsequent to his marriage were spent there, and, in the absence of its usual minister, he performed the service of the church. Hitherto an occasional sermon in a friend's church had been the extent of his experience in preaching, and of the people he addressed he had been wholly ignorant. But while at Woodhay, the examination of some candidates for confirmation brought to his knowledge a degree of ignorance on the part both of young and old that both astonished and shocked him. It was clear that, when the ground was so little prepared, the seed of the Word read and preached in church, and the services of the Liturgy, could profit little. He threw aside at once the more regular form of sermon to which he had been accustomed, and wrote down as if he had been speaking, and in the plainest words, such simple instruction as seemed adapted to the wants of people untaught in the first rudiments of Christian faith. This is mentioned here because it was the beginning of that attempt to teach the poor in a way they could understand which he had so earnestly at heart during his stay at Alton, and which, both in his intercourse with his clerical brethren and in his own family, he often loved to dwell upon, ever noting down from the experience of others whatever seemed likely to effect this great object. Having lived but little in the country, and his attention having been engrossed by other subjects, he was, from education and habits of life, unacquainted with the character and wants of the poor. The poverty of their minds, their inability to follow a train of reasoning, their prejudices and superstitions, were quite unknown to him. All the usual hindrances to dealing with them, that are commonly ascribed to a college life, were his in full force. But there were some points arising out of his peculiar character and tastes that lessened the difficulty. One of these was his love of plain and simple Saxon English, his dislike of everything like what is called 'fine writing,' and his study of a rhetorical and forcible manner of expression. To those who look upon learning and scholarship as identical with long words and abstruse thoughts, it seemed a marvel how one whose knowledge lay so much more in books than in men, whose mind was both by nature and culture raised above the common standard, could 'condescend to men of low estate,' and clothe his thoughts in language suited to their capacity. But this mystery found its key in the simplicity which belongs to the substance not the shadow of learning, and in the delight he had ever taken in pure mother-English freed from all the foreign innovations that modern affectation has introduced. The chief means, however, by which the want of experience and knowledge touching the minds and habits of the poor was overcome, was the love he felt towards all his fellow-creatures, and his sympathy in all their concerns. In earlier days this Christ-like mind had manifested itself towards his friends, towards servants, towards all with whom he was brought into contact. It now taught him to talk to his poor parishioners and enter into their interests with the feeling of a father and a friend. This is the feature in his character on which the people of Alton now love most to dwell in recollecting their former minister.

"From the circumstances of the place, it necessarily happened that Augustus could not leave his own house to go abroad without passing by the cottages of the greater part of his people; while they, too, were constantly reminded of him and made familiar with his ordinary habits of life by their close neighbourhood. Many, doubtless, have watched his pacings to and fro on the little garden terrace near the house, and felt a grateful love spring up in their hearts as they thought how often the meditations there indulged were directed to their profit.

"Nor did those simple-minded people fail to look on him with reverence when, seated in his study in the midst of his books, they beheld the sources whence he drew so much of knowledge and wisdom as passed their understanding. He had the power of throwing himself out of himself into the feelings and interests of others; nor did he less draw out their sympathies into his own, and make them sharers in his pleasures and his concerns. It was not only the condescension of a superior to those over whom he was placed, it was far more the mutual interchange of feeling of one who loved to forget the difference of station to which each was called, and to bring forward the brotherly union as members of one family in Christ, children of the same Heavenly Father, in which blessed equality all distinctions are done away. Often would he ask their counsel in matters of which he was ignorant, and call upon their sympathy in his thankful rejoicing. His garden, his hay-field, his house, were as it were thrown open to them, as he made them partakers of his enjoyment, or sought for their assistance in his need. And when any cause of alarm to his property occurred, they showed how fully they had unconsciously imbibed the feeling that it was theirs too. In him they found a friend ready to listen to all their little grievances, and prompt to remedy them when it was possible to do so.

"His exceeding love of justice and hatred of oppression made him energetic in restoring the rights of all who had been in any way injured; while his respect for 'the powers that be'—his child-like submission to authority—prevented his sanctioning for a moment any insubordination of feeling, or undue exaltation of the lower above the higher classes. The attempt to soften the hearts of the farmers to their servants, which he continually laboured to effect, was specially needed in the winter of 1830, when so much of hostility was manifested between the two orders in the riots that took place. He then showed himself foremost in defending the property of his chief farmer in the formidable attack made upon it, and at the risk of his personal safety addressed the rioters to try to avert the destruction they were bent on. Two of the most furious amongst them held their weapons over his head, enraged at his interference with their purpose, and they were withheld from offering him violence only by the timely interposition of a neighbouring farmer, who came up at the moment. In consequence of his thus taking part with the farmers, the rectory was threatened with an attack. Before, however, the threat could be executed, the heads of the mob were taken and the rest dispersed. But though he spared no pains to defend his neighbour and to detect afterwards the unhappy men who had wantonly ravaged his house and maimed his person, when the prisoners were tried at Salisbury and evidence was wanting to convict the chief offender of the full crime he was supposed to be guilty of, he returned home rejoicing in the beauty of his country's laws, which administered justice so strictly and impartially, and inclined to the side of mercy rather than of punishment.

"One instance of the interest he took in the welfare of the lowest of his parishioners occurred in a dispute between a young lad and his master, ending in a slight misdemeanour on the part of the boy, for which he was committed to gaol. Having in vain tried to save him from this punishment, which he thought too severe a one, he sought by every means in his power to turn it to his good, and, both by writing him letters while in prison and visiting him there, to soften his heart, and bring him to a right sense of his duty to God and man. A great change has since taken place in the character of this young man, and he is now as steady and seriously disposed as his anxious friend desired him to become.

"It was a favourite saying of his, 'We must get at the souls of the poor through their bodies;' and, in accordance with this principle, his delight in ministering to their temporal comfort was extreme. The arrival of a stock of clothing for the poor was an event of such rejoicing that all who were in the house could not help sharing in his joy. The half-starved peasant, in receiving his warm jacket, was less glad at heart in his new possession than he who was thus enabled by God to share his abundance with those who needed it. Often would his heart seem full to overflowing when, at a feast prepared for the old men and women among his flock, he waited on them himself, and, by by his gentle and loving words, gave a savour to their food which it would otherwise have wanted. It was clearly he who felt the debt of gratitude to be the greatest in being permitted to give to the least of his brethren in his Master's name. But the lively interest he took in all their worldly concerns was shown most fully when visiting the allotments which he had portioned out to each cottager from off the glebe. His delight, as he collected these his tenants round him by his kitchen fire, and consulted their respective inclinations and powers of cultivating their little plots of ground, according to the size of their families, was very great. Nor did he fail to encourage the industrious and reprove the negligent husbandman, in such a manner as testified how truly their gain and their loss was his also. On many a summer's evening, when the labourer after his day's work repaired to his allotted garden, would his kind friend come and stand by and watch his progress in preparing the ground, or weeding it, or sowing his seed, and talk over the various crops of potatoes and beans or barley that he hoped to see spring up in it, and this in so friendly and playful a tone as could not fail to win all hearts.*

"It may be mentioned, as a proof rather of the prevailing lack of Christian feeling which may truly 'set one mourning,' than of any remarkable instance of consideration on his part, that a labourer who had been allowed to leave his work and was sent home to attend his mother's dying-bed, without deducting the wages due to him had he continued at work, was so touched by this little attention to his feelings that he still speaks of it with tears in his eyes.

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* Another method by which Augustus Hare materially assisted his people was keeping a shop, in which he sold at two-thirds of the cost price all kinds of clothing and materials of clothing. The shop was held in the rectory-barn once every week, when Mrs. Hare attended and measured out the flannels, fustian, &c. No amelioration of their condition was ever more valued by the people of Alton than this.

"But though the temporal good and comfort of his people was near Augustus's heart, far nearer was their spiritual welfare. On his first coming to Alton the greater part of his hearers were so unaccustomed to listen to instruction or to follow any arguments, that his earnestness in the cause of God was the chief lesson which taught them. It seemed to be the prominent impression on all, whether they understood his teaching or no, whether they were disposed to profit by it or no, 'Mr. Hare does *long* to save our souls.' The great importance he attached to their serving God, and the high standard of Christian life he set before them, were the points that chiefly impressed their minds in the beginning of his ministry among them, and it seemed to awaken in many a sense of their own shortcomings in godliness. As he became more intimate with the capacities and wants of his people, and still more in proportion as his own spiritual feelings became fresher and purer from increased experience of the truths he had to declare, his teaching became more adapted to the congregation before him. Human reasonings gave way to simpler and more spiritual appeals to the hearts of his hearers, and the people were themselves alive to the change, and observed, 'how our minister does *grow*,' and that 'he went more and more on in the Scriptures.'

"It was in the winter of 1830, that, finding how ignorant they were of the meaning of what they heard in church, he began assembling the men of both parishes once a week in a barn adjoining the rectory. One of the Gospels, or the Acts, was then gone through, and explained in a familiar way, illustrated so as to bring it home to their comprehension, beginning and ending with a short prayer. Many expressed the benefit they derived from this mode of teaching, and the additional interest it gave in all they heard in church, and the attendance there was much increased from that time. He took great delight in thus drawing them around him, and in the opportunity it afforded of speaking to them more familiarly and directly than the usual services admitted of. Any little events that had occurred in the parish, any misbehaviour or misunderstanding, might then be commented on or set right. It was one of his constant practices to seize on any passing circumstance, and turn it to profitable account. A few words thus spoken in season, how good are they! More especially while standing over the grave of one newly committed to the dust, would he address the mourners around with suitable words of warning and consolation, and, while he bid them not sorrow as those without hope, exhort them to lose no time in seeking Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, that when they too must lie down in the grave they might lose their life only to find it. On hearing of the death of a man whose sick-bed he had seldom quitted for some days, he hastened to the cottage without loss of time—'Perhaps in the first moments of their affliction I may be able to say something to the mother and her children that may touch their hearts;' and so, collecting them around him, he sought to impress on them the warning which the father's sudden illness and death had spoken to all.

"The misconduct of any one that he thought well of was a real grief to him, and he would spare no pains to bring the offender back to the right path; and his joy in the slightest sign of amendment was proportionally great. A poor woman once mourning over the ungodly disposition and behaviour of her only son, he cheered her by the story of Monica's prayers for Augustine, and encouraged her to pray and not faint, in the hope that God would hear her prayers and be pleased to turn his heart. Any surly or ungracious behaviour towards himself was at all times a stimulus to show a more than usual degree of loving-kindness, and to endeavour by continuance in courteous words and deeds to subdue the unkindly and harsh feeling. In a road along which he frequently passed there was a workman employed in its repair, who met his gentle questions and observations with gruff answers and sour looks. But as day after day the persevering mildness of his words and manner still continued, the rugged features of the man gave way, and his tone assumed a far softer character.

"The one pattern ever before his eyes was his Lord and Master Jesus Christ; the first question he asked himself, 'What would Jesus Christ have me to do? What would He have done in my place?' Receiving once an almost insulting letter from a person to whom he had shown great kindness, he sat down immediately to answer it; and when the extreme mildness of the reply was objected to, as addressed to one undeserving of such forbearance and meriting rather a rebuke, his answer was, 'I am not aware that I deserve better treatment than my master Jesus Christ, and He was dealt with more roughly than I am,' or words to this effect.

"On all Saints-Days, and on Wednesdays and Fridays in

Lent, service was performed in church at such an hour as might best suit the habits of the labouring poor; and by shortening the number of prayers, it was brought within the limits of time they could devote to such a purpose—between their return home for dinner, at eleven o'clock, and the going back to their work. Those who could not attend, he exhorted at the sound of the church-bell to follow George Herbert's rule, and, while in the field, to worship their God in heart and mind. On these occasions he was wont to explain the epistle or gospel, and in a few words to give such instruction as the time admitted of; and his people often said they learnt much at such seasons. In the last year of his stay at Alton, he also adopted the plan on a Sunday of commenting on the Old Testament lesson in the morning service, as there was then commonly no sermon except in the afternoon; and this exposition he used to call 'Postilling.'

"From his first coming to Alton-Barnes, it was an earnest wish of his heart to do something for the neglected people of Alton-Priors, who were as sheep having no shepherd. Once in three weeks only did a clergyman from a distance come to perform service in the church, and in the intermediate time no notice whatever was taken of any of the parishioners. His desire was to have had the church of Alton-Priors, which was very much out of repair, and the larger of the two, fitted up so as to hold the joint congregations of the two villages, and to have had the two parishes united in one. But this could not be effected without the concurrence of the proprietor, and the passing of an Act of Parliament for the purpose. He therefore performed the duty alternately, morning and evening, in the two churches, the same congregation attending in both; and finding the church in Alton-Barnes too small to contain the additional number who attended from Alton-Priors, he had the arch communicating with the chancel considerably widened, so as to give space for additional pews, and admit those who sate in the chancel to hear and see, from which they were before shut out. For the equality shown to the inhabitants of both parishes, in this and other respects, they ever expressed the most grateful feeling.

" In the vale of Pewsey the parishes are nearly all small and closely adjoining each other, and as every church has its own minister, the number of clergy is proportionally great. It seemed desirable that these clerical brethren should form some closer bond of union than the common mode of visiting presented, and meet together more expressly for purposes connected with their calling. He therefore united with his brother clergy in forming a clerical society, one object which he felt to be specially needed being the removal of prejudices and lessening of party feeling in the minds of all towards each other, and the enabling those who were young in their profession to benefit by the experience of their elders. Many difficulties arose from the difference of opinion that prevailed among the members as to the propriety of beginning their meetings with prayer, and as to the nature of that preparatory prayer. The High Churchmen were strongly prejudiced against any use of prayer on such occasions, from a notion of its likeness to dissenting societies; the zealous Evangelicals urged the advantages of extempore prayer as fitted for the peculiar circumstances of the time or place, and they resolutely refused to agree in the formation of any society for clerical purposes that did not adopt *some* form of worship at its beginning. The middle course that Augustus took was to propose the selection of suitable prayers out of the Liturgy, alleging that they might in this way approach as nearly as the spirit of the times would admit of to the habits of the olden times, when divine service used daily to be performed in the church. After much discussion, and the lapse of a year, in which all parties drew nearer together, the society was formed, chiefly through his instrumentality, upon the plan he had suggested, and it has since continued in brotherly harmony. On this and other occasions Augustus would often say his was 'Halfway House.' There were few things which made him more angry than to hear people use the expression of '*going too far*' when applied to religion. '*Too far!* when shall we go too far in serving and loving God, in being made like Christ?' Disliking all illiberality of feeling, he was more particularly annoyed by it when expressed towards those who, acting from religious motives or scruples, differed in opinion or manner of life from others. In such cases above all others he thought the motive hallowed the act so far as to entitle it to be regarded with respect and permitted in charity, even if not altogether consistent with the strictest judgment and most enlightened wisdom.

"In earlier years he had been ever forward to assert the cause of truth, and fight manfully under its banner whenever he thought it was opposed; nor was he slow to wield his sword for liberty or justice. In truth, he seemed to be the champion of righteousness under every form, and in society was consequently often engaged in discussion and argument. From the active spring of his own mind he was usually foremost in stirring up conversation in others, and drawing out their thoughts by the vigour of his own. But latterly he became much more reserved and silent in society. This arose partly from an increasing dislike to anything like controversy, and from the consciousness of how much his own opinions differed from others. On subjects both of religion and politics, there was in the prevailing mind of the age, so much in the one of party feeling and sectarian spirit, and in the other so little of enlarged and sound wisdom looking beyond the expediency of the present moment and temporal good, that he found it difficult to sympathise in the views of many whom he respected.

"While, however, he censured the error of others, he was sure to spare and excuse the holder of it. In points of personal conduct, too, he had the rare faculty of hating the sin and loving the sinner. His charity and liberality of mind was not the kind-hearted easiness of a naturally sweet disposition, reluctant to find fault and tolerant of evil. In him a severe love of truth and uprightness, a hatred of all iniquity, was blended closely with his feeling of kindness and fear of giving pain. An instance of cruelty, of oppression, or of falsehood, would make a change pass over his countenance; his whole soul seemed to revolt at the mention of any unkindness or ungodliness; and if in any case an opportunity occurred where he could hope to convince any one of the evil of his way, no false delicacy to the person concerned, nor indulgence to his own feelings, hindered him from speaking the whole truth. He was ready to administer the stern rebuke no less than the gentle encouragement at his Master's call. But, in speaking about others, the smallest spark of good was observed and dwelt upon, while every contrary principle that was manifested would be passed over in silence. Even in speaking of those with whom he was most nearly connected, not a word of blame would ever pass his lips. Any extenuation of misconduct that could be urged, any allowances that could be made, were brought forward, and it was often only by the joy he expressed at the slightest sign of improvement, that it could be known how much he had felt its need, and how earnestly he had desired it.

> 'Not more than others I deserve,
> Yet God hath given me more,'

were words that expressed not only his feelings on one particular occasion, but the prevailing disposition of his mind. Continual expressions of thankfulness would burst from his lips, not as mere words denoting, as they often do, only a feeling of satisfaction in the blessings he was enjoying, but they were the outpourings of a heart full of thankful love to Him who bestowed the blessings, to the Giver not only of the great gifts, but of every little daily comfort of life; and this, his gratitude, sprang up from the deepest sense of his own unworthiness of such mercies.

" Perfect contentedness with what was appointed for him, and deep thankfulness for all the good things given him, marked his whole being. In deciding what should be done, or where he should go, or how he should act, the question of how far it might suit his own convenience, or be agreeable to his own feelings, was kept entirely in the background till all other claims were satisfied. It was not apparently at the dictate of duty and reason that these thoughts were suppressed and made secondary; it seemed to be the first, the natural feeling in him, to seek first the things of others and to do the will of God, and to look at his own interest in the matter as having comparatively nothing to do with it. And so great a dread had he of being led to any selfish or interested views, that he would find consolation in having no family to include in the consideration—'Had I had children I might have fancied it an excuse for worldly-mindedness and covetousness.' His children truly were his fellow-men, those who were partakers of the same flesh and blood, redeemed by the same Saviour, heirs of the same heavenly inheritance. For them he was willing to spend and be spent, for them he was *covetous* of all the good that might be obtained. A friend, on looking over his account-book, and seeing how comparatively large an amount of his expenditure had been directed to the benefit of others, suggested that one head of his yearly summary should be entitled 'Public Spirit.' He was never weary in well-doing, never thought he had done enough, never feared doing too much. Those small things, which by so many are esteemed as unnecessary, as *not worth while*, these were the very things he took care not to leave undone. It was not rendering a service when it came *in* his way, when it occurred in the natural course of things that he should do it; it was going *out* of the way to help others, taking every degree of trouble and incurring personal inconvenience for the sake of doing good, of giving pleasure even in slight things, that distinguished his benevolent activity from the common forms of it. The love that dwelt in him was ready to be poured forth on whomsoever needed it, and, being a free-will offering, it looked for no return, and felt no obligation conferred.

"In society he did not choose out the persons most congenial to his own tastes to converse with. If there was any one more dull and uninviting than others, he would direct his attention to that one, and while he raised the tone of conversation by leading such persons to subjects of interest, it was done in so gentle, so unobtrusive a manner, that it seemed as if the good came from them, and instead of being repelled and disheartened by his superior knowledge, they would feel encouraged at finding they were less ignorant than they had supposed themselves to be. How often has the stiffness, the restraint of a small party been dispelled by the loving manner and words with which he would seem to draw all together, and endeavour to elicit the good in all; and though by nature excitable, and therefore dependent on outward circumstances more than many, there was ever an inward spring of active thought which made his conversation quite as lively and energetic, when alone with his family, as when called into play by the exertion of entertaining guests. Yet, although he enjoyed society, he liked to be often alone—he liked to walk alone, to be in his study alone. There seemed to be greater freedom for his mind when thus without companions, and he would utter aloud what was passing in his mind, or the words he was composing for his sermons."

The portrait which the loving wife began to paint breaks off here, is left unfinished, and as it was left by her hands, so must it remain; no one could venture to retouch it.

Only a mile from Alton, separated from it by the vast undulation of treeless corn-fields, another little village called Stanton clusters around its church and a few elm-fringed meadows. Hither, soon after the Hares were settled at Alton, George Majendie came as rector, and the two clergymen were soon united in the closest and most affectionate intimacy. Scarcely a day passed without their meeting.

"When I came to reside in Wiltshire," wrote Mr. Majendie several years after, "I found that Mr. Hare was my nearest clerical neighbour. I was not at that time personally acquainted with him, but I had known his character at Oxford as a man of talent and of considerable literary acquirements. I soon became intimate with him, and then found that he was not only an accomplished scholar, but that his heart was in his work as a minister of Christ, and that he had truly devoted his life to the care of 'those few sheep in the wilderness' to whom he had been sent as a shepherd. Like George Herbert, he 'knew the ways of learning, but declined them for the service of his master Jesus.' He was not only ready to do good to the poor around him on Christian principle, but he seemed to identify himself with them, to study their characters, to enter into their feelings—literally, 'to weep with those that wept, and rejoice with those that rejoiced.' I have often heard him express his admiration of the strength and fulness of their homely phrases, some of which he loved to introduce into his sermons.

"I shall never forget his appearance at the lectures he used to give to poor men on Wednesday evenings. The place was a small barn on his own premises, and the many holes in the boarding, but ill covered with sackcloth, admitted the cold air freely. There was a long table reaching from one end of the room to the other, and on each side of the table sat the smock-frocked audience, most of them old men, each of those that could read with his Bible before him. Mr. Hare himself stood at the head of the table, to distribute to them the bread of life. His great coat was closely buttoned up to the chin, and a large woollen wrapper covered him up to the lower lip. His tall figure was erect, his expressive countenance full of animation—his face and figure were not unlike those of Mr. Pitt. A drawing-room lamp, strangely in contrast with the scene, shed a strong light upon the wrinkled and weather-beaten faces of the villagers.

"When Augustus Hare heard of any kind or noble action performed by another person, I have seen him suddenly start up from his chair, with a strong exclamation of delight uttered in his shrill tone, and hurriedly pace the room, rubbing his hands with glee. He really felt 'a luxury in doing good.' I remember being present at a supper which he gave to some old men in the barn already mentioned, where he assisted in waiting on the poor people, evidently enjoying the repast more than those who partook of it; and when the entertainment was over, and he returned to his own fireside, his first act was to run up to Mrs. Hare and kiss her, with an ecstasy of benevolence too big to be repressed.

"He seemed always to think all others better than him self. One day I heard him speaking of one of the poor men of his parish, and I asked whether he was a good man. 'Oh yes, he *is* a good man, a much better man than I am.' On another occasion I remember his saying, 'What we can do for God is little or nothing; but we must do *our little nothings* for his glory.'

"His whole religion was full of affection. He was not a mere orthodox divine, defining with the closest precision the doctrines which he taught, but every doctrine was mixed up in his soul with *love*—with love to God and man. It may be said of his creed—

> 'Of hope, and virtue, and affection full.'

I well remember one day his laying his hand upon his Bible, and saying, with an indescribable look of reverence and delight, 'Oh, this *dear* book!' On another occasion he spoke of it as, 'God's great Medicine Book, full of recipes for every spiritual malady.'"

After Augustus Hare was taken from among his people, one of the residents in Alton-Priors wrote: "I can truly say that the glimpse of his figure approaching our home made my heart leap with joy, and never did he leave it without impressing some valuable truth on my mind. Living too, as I did, in a parish not his own, but one to which he voluntarily and gratuitously gave a pastor's care and superintendence, I felt doubly grateful both in my own behalf and that of my fellow-parishioners; and well do I remember on one occasion, when sitting alone with him in his study, the striking answer he made to my expression of thanks for his kindness in coming daily into our parish to spend an hour by the sick-bed of Charles Gale, a poor man, who I believe, through his instrumentality, to have died in peace with God through Christ: 'God has given me an abundance,' he said, 'of which I *deserve* nothing, and doubtless for wise reasons has withheld from me the blessing of children; and if I never crossed that little brook which separates what you call *your* parish from *my* parish, I think it very likely that Jesus Christ would say to me in the Last Day, *you do not belong to my parish.*'

"Amongst others, I believe that he was the first instrument under God in awakening serious thoughts for her soul in Jane Jennings. She told me that that which first made her feel a sorrow for sin was a sermon which he preached in Alton-Priors Church. She said, 'I was standing by the door, and as he was earnestly asking us what we came to church for—whether we prayed with our *hearts*, whether we prayed at home and with our families—I felt as I had never done before, and when I went home, where I never prayed at all, I told our folks I was sure we were living in a very different way to what we ought to live and that it cut me to the heart to see our minister labouring so much to teach us, and that we paid no attention to his words.' And then she added, 'You cannot think how anxiously I looked through the sermon-books afterwards, to see if that sermon was amongst them, and when I found it I was so very glad.' She also told me that soon after this Mr. Hare made a rule that before the baptism of any child its parents should go to him for advice and instruction, and it so happened that Jane and her husband were the first summoned for this purpose. She said she had never before dreaded anything so much in her life, having been told by her neighbours she would be puzzled with hard questions. Her minister saw by her trembling how frightened she was, and, as he kindly put a chair for her in the study, said, 'Don't be frightened, or think I keep a large dog to bark and jump out at you.' But his words afterwards made too deep an impression ever to be forgotten, for, turning to the parents, he said with much solemnity, 'Do you wish your child to become an angel in heaven, or a *devil in hell?*' 'If I were going to give your child a large present in money, say twenty pounds perhaps, you would be ready and willing to thank me; how much more then should you thank God for allowing you to bring your child to the font at baptism, where He promises to give him his Holy Spirit, and make him happy for ever, if you will only heartily and earnestly pray for his blessing?' After these words (which first awakened in the mother's heart that feeling of responsibility she now so largely possesses for her children) he knelt down with them, earnestly praying both for them and their child, and Jane said to me, 'God knows, and at the Last Day I shall know too, but I always think that prayer was answered, for none of my other six children ever asked me the questions which this little boy does—for always, when I have him alone with me, he begins talking of Jesus, and asking what he must do to please Him, and when he can go to see Him.'

"When Prudence Tasker, who had been one of the first received into his newly-formed Sunday-school, was seized with violent illness, how tenderly did Mr. Hare daily visit her dying-bed, obtaining for her the advice of an eminent physician in addition to that of the village doctor, often himself administering her medicines, applying her leeches himself, and trying to overcome the repugnance she felt to bleeding by telling her it was her 'pastor' who desired it; and how often since have her parents dwelt upon the prayers which he offered up in that little chamber of death!

"I remember David King telling me once that nothing ever '*cut*' him so much as the words which Mr. Hare preached after his recovery from illness, and that once while working in his garden, his minister, whilst talking to him, in order to illustrate the wonderful love of Christ in taking man's fallen nature upon him, asked David how he should like to become a toad, convincing him thereby that however loathsome such a change would be to him, yet it was nothing compared to that which the Son of God underwent when He laid aside his glory."

Augustus Hare was perhaps the first village preacher (there have been many since) who did not scruple in his sermons to *speak* to his people in the familiar language of ordinary life, and who made use of apt illustrations drawn from the simple surroundings in which his people lived. It is probably from this connection with outward and tangible things that so many of his words still live in the memories of his congregation as vividly as when they were spoken. The following are instances of this practical teaching:—

"The road of life is not a turnpike road. It is a path which every one must find out for himself, by the help of such directions as God has given us; and there are so many other paths crossing the true one in all quarters, and the wrong paths are so well beaten, and the true path in places is so faintly marked, so many persons too are always going the wrong way, and so few are walking straight along the right, that between the number of paths to puzzle him, and the number of wrong examples to lead him astray, a man, if he does not take continual heed, is in great danger of turning into a wrong path, almost without perceiving it. You know how hard it is for a stranger to find his way over the downs, especially if the evening is dark and foggy. Yet there the man is at liberty to make out the path as well as he can. No one tries to mislead him. But in the paths of life there are always plenty of companions at work to mislead the Christian, to say nothing of his own evil passions and appetites, which all pull him out of the way. One neighbour says to him, 'Take this road; it is almost as straight as the other, and much pleasanter.' Another says, 'Take this road; it is a short cut, and will save you a world of trouble.' A third says, 'Walk part of the way with us for company's sake; you cannot be far wrong if you keep with us; at worst, it is only crossing back into your narrow lonely path if you don't like our way after trying it.' A fourth cries to him, 'What makes you so particular? Do you fancy you know the road to heaven better than anybody else? We are all going there, we hope, as well as you, though we no not make such a fuss about it.' Is it a wonder that, with so many bad advisers and bad examples to turn him astray, with so many wrong paths to puzzle him, with so many evil passions as man has naturally pulling him out of the straight and narrow path—is it a wonder, I say, that, with all these things to lead them wrong, men should so often go wrong? It is no wonder; nay, were it not that God's Word is a lantern to our feet and a light to our path—were it not for the Spirit of God crying to us, 'This is the right way,' when we turn aside to the right hand or to the left—we should all of us go wrong always."

"If a man had to receive a legacy by going to Bristol, what good would it do him to set out on his way thither unless he went all the way? Would he get anything by going as far as Melksham, or even as far as Bath, unless he went still further? The legacy is to be paid at Bristol and nowhere else; and if the man is lazy or fickle enough to stop before he gets to Bristol, not a sixpence of it will he receive. Therefore we must persevere unto the journey's end if we would have a share in Christ's great legacy."

"Has the increase of godliness amongst us kept pace with the increase of our Bibles? Are we as much better as we ought to be with our more abundant means? Has the fresh seed scattered over the land produced a proportionate increase in the harvest? These are very important questions. For if the Lord of the farm, if the great Sower does not see the promise of a crop in some measure answering to the good seed He has bestowed on the land, He will be sure to ask, 'Why is this? Did I not sow good seed in the fields of England? Then how come they to be so full of tares, so full of thistles, so full of poppies? How is it that in some parts of the farm I even see the foxglove and the deadly nightshade? Useless weeds, gaudy weeds, weeds that overrun the ground, even poisonous weeds, I see in it. But I see not the plenty of good wheat which I ought to find, and which alone can be stored in my barn. Why has the crop failed so shamefully?'"

"How often do we see the sinner, perched on the dunghill of his vices, clapping his wings in self-applause, and fancying himself a much grander creature than the poor Christian, who all the while is soaring on high like a lark, and mounting on his way to heaven?"

"The great plenty of Bibles and Testaments which God has given us in this land makes us, I fear, more neglectful than we ought to be of our Prayer-books, especially of that part of the Prayer-book which contains the Epistles and Gospels. Now this is just the same kind of mistake as if a man, because he had turnips and potatoes in his fields, were to neglect sowing any in his garden. The turnips and potatoes raised in gardens are generally of a choicer kind. So it is with the little portions of the Epistles and Gospels which are selected to be read in the Communion Service. They are like so many choice plants culled out of the New Testament for some useful lesson of doctrine or practice."

"Do not think it enough if you learn to spell, and to read, and to say the words of Scripture, but seek to learn the truths of Scripture. Do as the bees do. A bee, when it sees a flower, does not fly round and round it, and sip it, and then off again, like the foolish, idle butterflies; it settles on the flower and sucks the honey out of it. So should you when you come to one of the beautiful parables which Jesus spake, or to one of the miracles which Jesus did; you should do as the bees do—you should settle your thoughts on what you read, and try to suck the honey out of it. But why do I speak of the parables and miracles? Almost every verse of the New Testament has its honey. Almost every verse contains a spiritual truth fit to nourish some soul or other."

"You can no more see a Christian grow than you can see the corn grow. But you can all see whether it has grown by comparing it with what it was two months back. So may you discover whether you have advanced in grace."

"Everything which God has set apart in any way for his own and put his mark on, everything which in any way belongs more particularly to Him—His word, His ordinances, His house, His people—are things which God has cleansed, therefore we must not call them common. He has set them apart for his own service; He has fenced them off, as it were, from the waste of the world, and has enclosed them for His own use. Hence there is the same sort of difference between them and all merely worldly and common things as there is between a garden and Salisbury Plain. No one who knows how to behave himself would bring a horse into a garden, or walk over the strawberry beds, or trample down the flowers. But in riding from here to Salisbury everybody would feel himself at liberty, while crossing the downs, to gallop over the turf at pleasure. Well, the same difference which there is between common down and a cultivated garden, the same is there also between worldly days, worldly books, worldly names, worldly people, and God's day, God's book, God's name, and God's people. The former are common, and may be treated as such; the latter are not common, because God has taken them to Himself, and brought them within the limits of his sanctuary, and thrown the safeguard of His holiness around them."

* * *

"Many of you can lift a sack of wheat, and can carry it some little way. But think of being condemned to walk from here to Devizes, or rather from here to Bath, with a sack of wheat on your shoulders every day for a month together. How soon would the stoutest man among you break down under such a load! He might contrive to stagger on a little way, but his strength before long would fail him, and if he did not drop his load it would crush him. Now sin—when a man is in his right senses, when he knows whither he ought to be going—is a weight on the soul, and presses it down, just as a weight on the back presses down the body."

"The religion of Jesus Christ is altogether a practical thing. Just consider how we are taught anything else that is practical. It is not by hearing or reading about making shoes that a man becomes a shoemaker, but by trying to make them."

"The means, the exercises appointed by our Saviour whereby we are to become holy and godly, are His sacraments, prayers—public and private—and the reading and teaching of His holy word. Still the means are not the end; the road which leads to London is not London."

Nothing seems a more suitable close to this chapter of general reminiscences of Augustus Hare's life at his beloved Alton than the following note, written Feb. 19, 1832, by one who was afterwards his sister-in-law, L. A. H. :—

"I am just come up to bed, dearest Mia, and it comes into my mind to copy for you first a passage I met with in a sermon of Jeremy Taylor's. Every Sunday evening I settle myself in a corner, with a book, trying to shut my eyes to all without. Often comes a short digression, during which I am fancying all you and the Aug. are doing. I hear you sing the evening hymn, kneel with you to prayers, end with praying God to bless you both, and then return my attention to the book. This evening I met with the following passage, and send it you privately, thinking that you may perhaps find as good a likeness for it in somebody *living* as in the worthy knight, Sir G. Dalstone :—

" 'For God was pleased to invest him with a marvellous sweet nature, which is certainly to be reckoned as one half of the grace of God, because a good nature, being the relics and remains of that shipwreck which Adam made, is the proper and immediate disposition to holiness, as the corruption of Adam was to disobedience and peevish counsels. A good nature will not upbraid the more imperfect person, will not deride the ignorant, will not reproach the erring man, will not smite sinners on the face, will not despise the penitent. A good nature is apt to forgive injuries, to pity the miserable, to rescue the oppressed, to *make every one's condition as tolerable as he can*, and so would he; for as when good-nature is heightened by the grace of God, that which was natural becomes now spiritual, so these actions which were pleasing and useful to men, when they derive from a new principle of grace, they become pleasant in the eyes of God—then obedience to the laws is Duty to God, Justice is Righteousness, Bounty becomes Graciousness, and Alms is Charity.' "

VIII.

TAKING ROOT AT ALTON.

> "The happiest periods of history are not those of which we hear the most: in the same manner as in the little world of man's soul, the most saintly spirits are often existing in those who have never distinguished themselves as authors, or left any memorial of themselves to be the theme of the world's talk, but who have led an interior angelic life, having borne their sweet blossoms unseen, like the young lily in a sequestered vale, on the banks of a limpid stream."—*Broad-stone of Honour.*

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*ALTON-BARNES*, *Oct.* 15, 1829.—Are you not impatient to hear of our first beginning? We dined at Woodhay at one o'clock, and left it immediately afterwards, not without some regret after the many happy days we have spent there. At half-past five we landed at our own door, where Mary's smiling face was ready to greet us. You have already, I dare say, anticipated what I am about to say—that we found ourselves less uncomfortable than we expected. The carpets were laid down, the beds put up, though, to be sure, there were neither bolsters nor pillows, and there was a strong smell of paint; but we took refuge in the drawing-room, where it does not penetrate, and with the one table and couple of chairs Miss Crowe left us, we managed very well. These, with the piano, were our sole stock of furniture till to-day, when the arrival of fourteen packages has given us a day's hard work in the barn, the result of which is, that I am sitting in as comfortable a drawing-room as I could wish to see or sit in.

"To-day has been beautiful, and before we began our morning's work we took an exploring walk, and after wading through a bed of mortar we did get to a dry walk up the downs. Our great object is always where to find a place tolerably dry for our walks, and our first errand to Devizes has been to beg the shoemaker to come and measure us for waterproof shoes. In spite, however, of its wet, Alton looks very pretty—the tints of the trees so rich, with the background of the hills—and the creepers in front of the house cluster in at the windows quite after my heart's desire. There are many little reforms wanted in the way of making bells ring and windows shut; but we shall not do anything beyond these needful things at present. Our gardener's name is Gideon, and his dress a brown fur cap, a short drab jacket, and blue plush breeches reaching half-way down his legs. He and all the people here talk such a dialect I can hardly understand them. I do so much enjoy the uninterrupted quiet, and it seems as if, in fact, we were now for the first time really married. How little difference much or little money makes except in the *scale* of things in a small house; we are so much more amply supplied with common *comforts* than many people are in large ones."

"*Oct.* 20.—A week has done wonders. The bellhangers have put in order all the bells and locks, chimney-sweepers have done their work, and a carpenter has filled up the holes and crevices in floors and wainscoting which let in so much air. You are quite right in not wasting any compassion upon me; in short, could you see me in the evening reading Coleridge's 'Friend' with Augustus, or playing to amuse him, or watch us reading over some of his old letters, you would not think we were much harassed by business.

We have made some acquaintance in the parish; but the cottages are so low that I fully expect every time that Augustus will break his head against the beams. A school is a matter of great difficulty. Not a person can we find either here or in Great Alton, as they call Alton-Priors, who seems fit to teach a school, and the way in which the great girls last Sunday attempted merely a spelling-book lesson was lamentable. However, they are all eager to belong to 'Mrs. Hare's school,' and, I dare say, we shall contrive something for them. On Sunday, as there is only one church-service, it leaves a long time for them; but the boys even on that day are out 'shepherding.'

"We never think or speak of the will, or anything concerning it. We have such delightful days; we go up 'Old Adam' daily, the view is so beautiful, the air so bracing. We shall have ten times more pleasure in seeing things grow before our eyes into comfort, than if we had found them so. We are going to visit the Miss Hares at Millard's Hill, and I already hear my own laments over leaving Alton."

"*Millard's Hill, Nov.* 5.—My school on Sunday mounted up from three to twenty-three, and some very nice girls, and all seeming very happy to be taught; so I had them in the afternoon in the usual church hours, and made the bigger girls teach the little ones their letters. One of them is called Charity Begood. I do not remember any other events before I left our dear little home. I left Mary to superintend carpet-making and cleaning, &c., and also not to shock the aunts with a notion of my being a fine lady. It is a very pretty drive all the way here, about thirty miles, a delightful house, capitally furnished and thoroughly comfortable. They were delighted to see us, and withal are so kind-hearted and easy to talk to, that I do not dislike it as I expected. Then they are charmed with me, because I always like what gives least trouble. On Tuesday Aunt

Marianne took me on horseback to Longleat, a magnificent house and beautiful park. Yesterday we went in their carriage to Frome, where, being a manufactory of cloth, I wished to buy a winter coat; they directly insisted on giving me one of the best cloth. In the evening they had a party, and in order to induce two of the guests who sang well to join, I sate down to the instrument, and was so nervous I made shocking work; however, they were quite satisfied with my readiness.

"*Alton*, *Nov.* 12.—You may guess how glad we were to find ourselves back in our own little home, which looked very comfortable. Every day something new arises wanting repair or reform, and if we can weather the storm of all the bills to be paid, we shall do wonders. I suppose we shall manage it; but it is a near calculation of comings-in and goings-out. How rich we shall seem to be when we have nothing but regular housekeeping going on. . . . . The days seem to fly so quick. The retirement of Stoke was nothing to this, and the roads are worse than ever. I suppose we shall not be fit company for anybody when we emerge into the world; having no new book, no paper but a country one, no link with the outer world but the *Athenæum*, which, they say, will soon be given up, we shall become quite rusticated.

"*November* 21.—It is always easier to talk to a person when fresh from reading their letter, and so I will begin my letter just when I have enjoyed yours. Many little things which I meant to say escape me when there is an accumulation of things to tell, and you will have full as much interest in what I have to say in the sameness of our present life, as when there were events to record. I suppose many would find it dull; to me it certainly seems less so than any part of my life ever has been, the difference being that instead of looking on and *enduring* the present in expectation of what is to come, I regret every day as it goes by; but then of course all depends upon the nature of one's companion. Now the activity of mind which Augustus has prevents the stagnation which in *us* for instance constant living together produces, so that there seems rather an increasing stock for conversation than a lesser one, and he is just as much excited and alive when there is nothing exterior to furnish food for remark as in society. I believe there is a book-club at Devizes, but we do not at all want to have recourse to it, and I certainly prefer the having no such temptation to idle reading at present. The reading a little only of what is good, and that with great attention, is particularly wholesome for me, whose habit has hitherto been so much the contrary, and who from indolence have got into so *slovenly* a way of understanding things. Our evening's reading, you will be amused to hear, is sometimes Cicero's Orations, in which I look over as he translates, and shall get some idea of Latin. Coleridge's 'Friend' is our general book, however, which is hard to understand occasionally, but I like it very much indeed. Then, if we are not in a mood for such serious reading, Landor's Dialogues come in, of which I have not heard half yet. Then I make my objections, and he explains. There is some affectation in Landor's style—he leaves a good deal to the imagination to supply—and it requires some attention to find out the extreme nicety with which, in all the little circumstances, he keeps to the character of the age and speaker. But his words and sentences are beautiful sometimes. When he tells a thing, he keeps so much to what he says of Demosthenes, that he never dwells upon that which must occur to the reader in consequence of what has already been said; and this gives great strength to his language, which, with the delicacy of his touches of feeling, I can admire greatly. In the morning one chapter in the New Testament with the

Greek translated literally, and compared, one Gospel with another, with references to commentaries, takes up some time, which, with a walk, reading and talking over letters lasts us generally till luncheon, and then there are always orders to be given and workmen to be looked after. I have many schemes of improvement in the flower-garden; and into the kitchen-garden I go with my head full of Mawe —'Ought not the sea-kale to be covered up?'—and I feel much ashamed to be obliged to ask the names of spinach, and endive, and celery, and to be told this is not the time when such things can be had. We persevere in going up the hill, a work really not of slight difficulty in these frosty days when the ground is so very slippery, and every step covers one's shoes with a galosh of mortar. Many new air-holes for cold wind have been found out in the last few days, and I think, like all small and old houses, we shall find our rectory very cold.

"We have had several new visitors, and the consequential manners of some of them prepared us doubly to appreciate Colonel Montagu Wroughton and his brother Captain Montagu, who I only hope were as much pleased with us as we were with them.

"*December* 5.—At this moment Augustus is writing about God's works having a *middle*—a point of perfection; about Jesus Christ being the *middle* of the world, the tree of life in the *midst* of the garden. He always puts off his sermon till Saturday, that it may not take up more than its day; whereas, if he began on Monday, it would go on all the week. He began his visiting of the sick a few evenings ago, when he went out after dinner to read prayers by a sick woman. He durst not tell me till he came back, knowing I should scold, as he had only just recovered from his cold; but he pleaded that this would have been no reason against going out on the devil's work, and that he could not eat his dinner from hearing of her illness, and thinking that he had not been to her."

In December Augustus Hare left his wife and parish for a short time to visit his brother Julius at Cambridge, the great object of his journey being that he might fulfil his aunt's dying wish in persuading his brother to break off his engagement to his cousin, Anna Maria Dashwood, which she had strong reasons for disapproving. These reasons Augustus affectionately and firmly urged to Julius, and though he received his arguments with great indignation at first, he was eventually convinced of their justice, and the engagement was ultimately broken off, though Julius always continued to be the most faithful and trusted friend of his cousin. How bitter a sacrifice his renunciation of this marriage was to him, is told by his letters written at this time. On that very day he was preaching upon "The Law of Self-Sacrifice," before the University. Here is the grand concluding passage of the sermon :—

"We have seen that through every order of beings, in things inanimate and things animate, in the natural and in the spiritual world, in earth and in heaven, the law of self-sacrifice prevails. Everywhere the birth of the spiritual requires the death of the carnal. Everywhere the husk must drop away, in order that the germ may spring out of it. Everywhere, according to our Lord's declaration, that which would save its life loses it, and that which loses its life preserves it. And the highest glory of the highest life is to be offered up a living sacrifice to God for the sake of our brethren. This is the principle of life, which circulates through the universe, and whereby all things minister to each other, the lowest to the highest, the highest to the lowest. This is the golden chain of love, whereby the whole creation is bound to the throne of the Creator."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton*, *Dec.* 14.—Having just seen my Augustus into a farmer's gig which is to take him to meet the coach (a distance of four and a half miles, which they say will take an hour and a half, so you may judge of the kind of roads), I must find consolation in writing to you. He is to be away ten days, going on from London to Cambridge to see Julius, and to hear him preach his Commemoration Sermon. My heart is full at parting with him, but I shall find plenty to do, and be very comfortable whilst he is away, and am very glad he should go. It is such a beautiful morning for his drive, and will enable me to chase away every uncomfortable feeling at letting my tender bird out of its cage by the clear air on Old Adam.

"I have had a good deal of talk with Augustus about his ideas on Inspiration. His notion is that in all the mere detail of facts, narrative of events, &c., there is *not* a *verbal* inspiration; for instance, that it required no help of the Spirit to give the names of David's thirty captains, nor does it in the least signify whether one was left out or miscalled; that in everything that was of the slightest importance to the conveying the knowledge of God—his scheme respecting men, precepts, doctrines—there the Spirit dictated, and as such we must receive it; but the mere historical detail he thinks cannot, with all its variations and inconsistencies, be dwelt upon as every *word* inspired by God without incurring the difficulties which this over-demand on people's belief so often creates. In the Gospels, St. Matthew mentions *two* blind men, St. Mark *one;* this proves they were not copied one from the other; but if *verbal* accuracy is required, as it must be if inspired *verbally*, here would be a difficulty. In the Christian revelation more especially, which is in this peculiarity distinguished from the Jewish, he thinks the *spirit* and not the *letter* should be attended to throughout. By prayer, by singleness of heart, he thinks that he who does the Will will never fail to know of the Doctrine, and to distinguish between what may be rested on with faith and what may be deemed unimportant, but which being made too prominent may become a stumbling-block. I have not time to enter further into this argument, or into another we had yesterday about the heathen philosophers—how far the truth was revealed to them indirectly through communication with the Jews, and how far the expression 'God has not left Himself without a witness' may in a spiritual sense refer to them—how their theories, without a better foundation, fell to atheism amongst the Romans, till religion rose again with a reviving power in Christianity.

"In his sermon yesterday Augustus told a story about fourteen children who were poisoned from eating herbs at Luneville, in consequence of a great famine, and whose funerals he himself saw in passing through—and so on to the Bread of Life. He brought in too my old woman at Stoke, who learnt the prayers from hearing them at church. The interest excited is great, and probably all the more from the novelty."

M. H. *to* A. W. H.

"*Alton, Dec.* 14, 1829.—One might suppose that nine or ten hours at Alton would not afford much food for a letter, yet I begin to feel already as if I had a great deal to talk about. First, there were the letters. . . . . Then, I set forth on my walk. I had such a delightful ramble over the Downs; the sun shone so bright, and the air was clear and reviving, and I pushed on till I turned a point of the hill, and there sprawling beneath me lay the great White Horse in all its chalky glory. I would not go back ignominiously when so far, so I went on, and soon planted my stick in the White Horse's tail! Far beneath in the hollow the sheep were collected together, and the shepherd boy was seated on his knoll of grass. What a time for meditation! no wonder the great poet of Israel was a shepherd, or rather, to give the cause before the effect, *vice versa.* I dare say, however, no very sublime thoughts are conceived on the Wiltshire Downs, and I should fear the mind was as inactive as the body in the boy I saw stationed on the hill with that wide view all below him. For myself, I do enjoy greatly the rambling about on those green hills, and, forgetting that the sun was not always so bright, I began to wonder that we had taken so little advantage of such good turf and free air. About three o'clock Mary came in to announce the arrival of the live stock from Woodhay. . . . . When I tell you that I have had a talk with Becky King about the Sacrament, I believe I shall have completed the history of this, my first day's solitude, in which I have not had one moment to spare, and been as happy as I can be without my own dearest husband. I feel so much difference from the time when I was left at Woodhay. Here the change from having you to having only my own thoughts and books is far less striking, and I am never *dull*, though, dearest, the arm-chair looks very empty, and the silence is not so pleasant as the sound of the voice one loves."

"*Dec.* 16. — Is it two whole days, dearest, since I have talked with you, and nearly three since you went away? It has not seemed very long, and your Mia has been very happy in her solitude, and does not feel half as desolate here as she used to do in that great house at Woodhay; but then a good honest Christmas fire is a much better companion than a make-believe summer one, with winds and rain driving against the windows. . . . . .

"I have just had my second talk with Becky King, who told me she used to think the latter part of the Catechism was '*the biggest of nonsense*,' but that now she knew better what it meant. It seems your reading the latter part of the Communion Address encouraged her to come and ask questions, and it seems to have been thought by some, as Mr. Crowe never read that part, that it was your putting in. Poor woman! she is beset with fears and doubts, and had she fallen into the hands of Methodists would soon have been in a state of despondency. She said nothing had ever given her the comfort that reading her Bible had; and yet people ask, What good can teaching to read do?

"By this time, I suppose, the object of your mission is come to a point. Would I could see you for one minute through a telescope as you are talking with Julius, and guess at the result. The best I can hope for is, that if you fail, as I fear you must do, he may succeed in convincing you that his judgment is not so far wrong as you have been disposed to think it is. At all events, I trust to the sincere affection which prompts the one to censure and the other to grieve over that censure, keeping your hearts open to the kindly feeling which between such brothers should prevail in the midst of disagreement. It is singular how it has hitherto struggled through all the harshness of opposition, and always succeeded in keeping uppermost. Let it still do so, and all will be well. God be with you, and bless you, my own dearest. Good night!"

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*Cambridge*, *Dec.* 16.—Julius has delivered his Commemoration Sermon manfully. It was on Self-sacrifice, showing that throughout the universe, animate and inanimate, from God to the lowest living created thing, every good thing that is done is done by self-sacrifice of some kind or other. So instead of commemorating the departed, he showed how alone things worthy of commemoration could be accomplished; and Bacon by his maxims, and Newton by his life (both members of Trinity), furnished him with examples most appropriate to the subject and to the day. The great feature of the beginning was an attack upon the Paley doctrines, which debase virtue into a refined selfishness. But as the sermon lasted an hour and a quarter, you may conceive how impossible it is to give the darling Mia even the slightest sketch of it. After service, we came back to Julius's rooms, to be present at his distribution of the college prizes for the year; and almost more than in the sermon did I delight in the readiness with which he said something kind and gratifying and appropriate to almost every man as he came to him in succession."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Dec.* 20.—I think I told you about Becky King, who begged to talk to me about the Sacrament. She said she had often wished but never dared to come. She certainly affords an instance of God's Spirit working in her. She seems to have met with no one likely to put such thoughts into her head—has no cant or display, but does seem *really* to feel that she is sinful, and that she is unworthy to come before God. Sometimes she says she feels as if she must be cast away, and then the words of the Bible comfort her—'And if I do but say God help me, it seems to do me good, ma'am.' She told so simply how much she was taken up with cares about this world, and how to struggle on with their poverty and pay their debts, and that she could not help fretting about it, though she knew it was so wrong, that I really felt quite ashamed that she should see me sitting at my ease, with every luxury around me. I hope to be some comfort to her, but it does strike one as something like mockery to talk to such poor creatures about being thankful for what is given them, and certainly they do need the hopes of something hereafter to look on to.

"I am very busy writing a sermon to be ready for Augustus's return. I don't know whether it will be of any use to him, but it is partly done in his style, which is rather that of plain talking than preaching. We have got a large cargo of flannel and blankets from Frome to cut up, and we shall give them the day after Christmas, which will be a good way of knowing all the people.

"*Dec.* 22.—Your account of seeing the railway takes away my breath, and puts my head into a perfect whirl. What will this all come to? Some great change must take place. I want, as you say, my companion to talk it all over to. However, you are quite right that even great as my privation is of not having him, there are independent charms of being alone which *we* enjoy more than most. It is such a pleasure having things done that I know will please him or make him more comfortable. For instance, I have moved the chairs and tables, till I have made more space for my poor man to walk about. He is so patient, that he never says a word about it, but I know he must long to expel half the furniture that is in the way of his long legs and walks. It is very good for him, however, to be a little curtailed. He will lose the habit of jumping up and twirling round, from the impossibility here of doing it without knocking something over. I have always forgotten to copy for your amusement some lines addressed to him, I forget who by, but describing a Debating Society at Oxford, of which he was a member. Here are those relating to him:—

. . . . .

"And first thyself that planned the vast design,
And bade such powers of eloquence combine—
Yes! sure 'tis he! 'tis Hare whose *gamut* voice
Bids treason flourish, Jacobins rejoice;
Who tells in *alt* what ills our State disgrace,
And mumbles out corruption's fall in *base.*
'Tis he, whose restless hand, now out, now in,
Threats all around, or strokes his beardless chin;
Each adverse speech he vows on conquest bent—
'To declamation without argument;'
Next well composed antitheses ensue—
'Naught true is novel, and naught novel true;'
Till, as vast metaphors distend his breast,
He winds his period up, and chokes the rest."

I have been reading a little of Schleiermacher. Thirlwall's preface, with the history of all the different theories, is quite bewildering, and enough, I think, to turn any one disbeliever in the inspiration. Schleiermacher, I think, clearly has a right feeling *himself*, and only wishes to account for the discrepancies in the best way he can, believing in the main points as divinely taught. But I suspect the effect on most would be rather of creating doubt than of satisfying it. Still there are many singular theories about how this story must have originated in the telling of the Virgin Mary, and that in the telling of the shepherds, &c., which do not at all take away from the high origin; and the supposition that it was originally written down in detached portions, occasioned by the questions of the early converts, and afterwards collected together, does not seem to me at all to take away from its truth or spiritual inspiration, and accounts for the want of connection.

"Yesterday evening I was actually obliged to go to bed from the cold, having tried alternately whether the draught from the door or window was the most bearable. One is obliged to move one's position sometimes, so that an undue partiality of warmth may not be shown to one side. You cannot think how beautiful Alton looks in the snow. Yesterday the sunset on the snow-hills was quite Alpine. But, my poor Augustus—I wonder how he will ever get home today through the deep drifts, and shall be most glad to have him safe here.

"*Dec.* 30.—You will not be very glad of Augustus's return, as it stops my pen so much. I do not know how it happens, but when he is at home there seems no time for anything. He brought his aunt's dog Brute home with him. Can you fancy me with a little beast? However, I shall learn to talk to one soon I think.

"We had a great day on Saturday for giving away to all the people, and so got all their names and histories, and Augustus scolded the mothers whose daughters had '*misfortunes*,' and told them how, in the parish he came from, such a thing was unheard of. On Christmas Day we had only *two* communicants, besides *my* woman and ourselves. On Sunday the Great Alton clergyman did not come on account of the snow, and Augustus had to do the whole morning service there, as well as the evening here.

"*Jan.* 6, 1830.—Julius came on Monday, bringing our young half-brother Gustavus with him, that he might read with Augustus. A new person coming upon one's solitude seems to let in so much new light. Then Julius is much more communicative than Augustus, and more generally conversable. But with all that mildness of demeanour and character, I am surprised to hear him so vehement on politics, &c. I think he will be obliged to end by living in Germany, he is so much annoyed by the present system of things in this country—by the overpowering commercial spirit which fills everything. He must have surprised a fellow-traveller in the coach, who was rejoicing in the present books for children, by saying that there was not one fit for them to read; and had he gone on to express his regret that the poor had no longer popular romances to read, his companion would have wondered still more. He does not conceal his dislike of people when he feels it, and is not near as cautious as Augustus is. I hope he will preach on Sunday. By-the-bye, Augustus preached my sermon last Sunday, with a few alterations of his own, which did very well. He says he never saw the people so attentive. It was something like my copies of your drawings—having a good foundation, but imperfectly worked up, and wanting the spirit and force of an original.

"*Jan.* 29.—Pray tell Charlie that when his uncle was five or six years old his great play at school was taking Bergen-op-Zoom, the scene of action being Twyford churchyard, and his fortifications composed of string from one tombstone to another. Without any knowledge of geography, he picked out the names he could hear of, so that Malta and Copenhagen were side by side sometimes, and all his leisure hours were spent in arranging plans for assaults, and thinking over, as he grew older, what he read in Thucydides, &c. . . . . His trouble in teaching Gustavus is really repaid by the delight Demosthenes gives him. His language and style is as plain and homely as that of Cobbett, and his eloquence produced entirely by the force of argument. Of course my studies have lain in this line lately, one thing brings up another so; and then I feel so ignorant of all the *general principles*, as if there was so much to be known and thought about that a poor weak mind cannot embrace anything, and I wonder at the bigotry of those who think their own opinions infallible.

"I begin almost to *dread* seeing you again, the happiness will be so great. Julius has left us, having been much shocked the day before by hearing of Niebuhr's death. He laments him no less for the excellence of his private character than for his literary attainments—says the world has a great loss in the latter, for his researches were so very deep. Having a very nervous mind, it had preyed on the troubles of the times, and worn him out quite in his prime."

M. H. *to* A. W. H. (absent at Oxford).

"*Feb.* 9.—The warm sun and mild air yesterday seemed to be purposely made for your release from prison, and left me no excuse for grumbling over your going away. . . . . As I went my way along the lane to-day, thinking how I could do any good in the parish, I met one of Gideon's children. 'Where have you been to, Mary?' 'To school at Mrs. Patrick's, ma'am.' So in I stepped to Mrs. Patrick, and found she had begun to take in a scholar or two. This was just what I had before thought of, as you may remember, so I sat down and we had a good talk, the burden of which on her part was that she wanted to get a few shillings, and that she was able to teach reading, sewing, and writing; and on mine that I should be very glad to have somebody in the parish who would teach the children, and that I would talk to you about it when you came home; in the meantime she must try to get what scholars she could. She certainly seems fully able to undertake the office; the house is large enough for as many as she is likely to get at present, and till something else turns up we cannot do better than support her. I think when I have announced the birth of your one hundred and first parishioner in the cottages, you will know all the parish news I have heard in the last twenty-four hours."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Feb.* 11.—There are two things in your last letter I thought of commenting on. One was what you say about our imperfect powers of mind. Certainly they do prove the corruption and weakness of our *intellectual* nature, but this I conceive to be a distinct thing from the *moral* corruption of which St. Paul speaks, except so far as they act and react upon each other. With regard to religious truth (I mean not unessential points, but a Christian faith), I believe Augustus would say that it is the corruption of the *will* that perverts the intellect—some hidden undiscovered cause perhaps; but he holds that there is no person *perfectly* sincere and honest in his search after truth, who will not sooner or later be allowed to find it, and be helped in his inquiry. But then to be unprejudiced and *open* to conviction is just the point on which we all fail. Our limited capacities, I think, would alone convince us of there being a something far higher to which we shall one day attain, and where all will be made clear which now seems often so obscure. The striving of our nature after something better, and its reluctance to stand still, might be a proof that the image of God in our souls has not wholly been done away; if it was, there could be no chord to be struck, nothing to answer the call, to lay hold of the means held out—in darkness we must remain. I suspect that in many the extreme to which the contrary doctrine is pushed proceeds from a degree of *jealousy* lest sufficient stress should not be laid upon Christ's doing *all* and not part of our salvation; and so (as I think Whately somewhere observes) are doctrines, not *necessarily* dependent on each other to their *extreme* point, made to hang together for fear lest in loosening one both should give way.

"People ought to marry, that by communion with another mind they may look at themselves with other eyes. Now the thing which I see more clearly than I used to do is, how *much* the system of indulgence gives a false view of life, and tends to raise an expectation and wish of self-gratification in everything, as well as making those occasions when that is not possible appear in the light of great trials and sacrifices. I am much struck with the effect which a different system has had upon Augustus, and how much more wholesome to his character the severity of early discipline was, and the constant giving up of self. Some bad consequences result from the *fear* produced—reserve, and in a less upright mind perhaps deceit; but I begin to think that in the days when subjection to elders was enforced, and when less was done to promote the amusement and gratification of children, more was done to form their minds to a right view of themselves and others. It is well that something of humiliation at finding my own notions of duty lower than they should be arises out of marriage, or what would become of me with such excessive spoiling?

"To-day I have been on the Downs as far as the Beacon, and am quite stiff with the hard work it was getting up the hill through the deep *mortar*."

M. H. *to* Miss Clinton.

"*Feb.* 27, 1830.—Nothing can be more convenient than a parish, no house of which is beyond a ten minutes' walk. Then the power of knowing every individual in it, and of ministering even with our small means to the comfort of all, is a very great advantage. But there is scarcely a grown-up person who can read, and I was not aware before how much the want of this simple knowledge leads to a general dulness of intellect, and how greatly it adds to the difficulty of giving anything of religious instruction. How is the mother of a family, who can never or rarely get to church, and has no means of learning anything at home, to know or care anything about any world but this? I hope we may in time be able to do something towards enlightening their minds a little, but it is a work of great difficulty, and I long for a *missionary* spirit to be able to speak the truth and the whole truth to them with plainness and openness. The first thing has been of course to begin with the children. Those who are not advanced beyond A B and B A of course get on very slowly, but we have now begun a little village school. The people seem a good deal struck by Augustus's sermons, which, being extremely plain, and at the same time out of the common way, with illustrations from their own sphere of life, have a greater effect than many finer discourses. But how very hard it is to give them the least notion of religion, except as one of forms and outward acts. I am now visiting a sick woman, one of the most respectable in the parish, who has attended church better than her neighbours and brought up her family well She is pleased to have me read to her, but beyond the *Jewish* creed of a God that will reward and punish, and to whom we must pray for help and protection, she seems to have as little sense of her needing a mediator, or of all that she owes to Him, as any heathen might have; and to convince her that the faults, for which she takes God's pardon as a matter of course, are such as the Bible teaches us proceed from the heart and must be repented of, I feel some trouble in making her understand. Till I came here I was scarcely aware, having only seen parishes which had long been civilised and attended to, how much devolves upon the exertion and attention of the *Rectory* in teaching the poor people; and the state of simplicity which one might expect, as you say, from the distance from a high-road, having no town near, and no public-house in the village, is far less than might be hoped. The system of all the women and girls acting as field-labourers—*ploughing* and shepherding, &c.—in itself produces a rough and savage state of society."

M. H. *to* C. S. (after a happy visit from the Stanleys
at Alton and an absence in London).

"*Alton, June* 1, 1830.—Here we are again at our own quiet home, which, in the depth of shade and exceeding freshness of foliage, looks more retired and more *rural* even than when you saw it. You may fancy the pleasure it has been to me to receive from Mrs. Reginald Heber a parcel of the 'Life.' She seems to me to have done it so judiciously in making him his own biographer by his letters and journals, and they bring him most vividly before one. Wherever his mind comes forth, the sterling sense united with the candour and liberality is very remarkable. I feel one's loss of him renewed by having him thus brought home to one's recollection. To be sure, how unlike he was to any one else. I cannot read the book without tears.

"Augustus has been working hard at his own hay, going out every half-hour to see what they were about, watching the clouds with an anxiety worthy of any farmer, and scolding because the cocks were not judiciously made, to say nothing of moving half the grass when mown into the next field to dry sooner, which answered completely. Mary has worked in the hay all day, dressed me, brought in dinner, milked the cow, and at seven o'clock there she was in the hay again. When I saw her in the croft, I laughed and said, 'You have had enough variety to-day.' 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'I feel as if I was at home.' Certainly, whether a country gentleman's daughter is *the thing* for a wife or not, a respectable farmer's daughter is *the thing* for a servant."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*June* 2, 1830.—I dare say you have followed us to-day in our walks and rides, and guessed how many recollections have come across us of the beginning of our life together, of which this is the first anniversary. How blessed this year has been to us both! Who knows what another may be. But we are, thank God, in better hands than our own, and our care for the future as for the present must all be cast on Him. We were so glad to be able to spend this day alone together, and at our own dear little quiet home, which is so very green and fresh; the roses cluster in at the windows, and it looks so very retired and comfortable, that I long for you to see it in its summer dress.

"Augustus has established a second service on a Sunday, which was never before known; and it has been received thankfully, as also his attempts to teach these poor ignorant people something about the Sacrament, which has been entirely neglected. He had quite a little congregation last week on those evenings in which, after a prayer he made for the occasion, he talked and explained to them for above an hour, and they seemed greatly pleased. If we can do something how thankful we shall be, but it must take a long time before any great change can be made; and when the novelty of having a pastor who cares about their *souls* is a little gone by, we must expect to have many discouragements . . . .

"How it unites the interests of rich and poor when the one is enabled to contribute so essentially to the welfare of the other, and when they can join together in one great feeling. I am sure they are wonderfully sensible of, and grateful for, one's taking an interest about their spiritual concerns as much as for their temporal, and it quite saddens one to think that such a weight of responsibility as attaches to the clergy should be so often misused and slighted. Pray for us that we may be enabled to persevere, that God may bless our weak attempts to lead others into that service of perfect freedom, and that He may strengthen our own faith, that whilst teaching others we also may be advancing in his love and knowledge of the truth, and that we may give all the praise to Him. This last especially I would say must never be out of our minds, for our poor weak nature is so ready to take all the glory to itself.

". . . . I am often tempted to wish there was not another religious book in the world except the Bible, and then there would I believe be far less difference of opinion and more simplicity of feeling. Were Christ himself the model of life and his precepts the standard of opinion, many who are by the errors and ill judgment of even his faithful followers led astray, would be filled more with that spirit of love and peace which marks his character."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, July* 8.—The aunts are just gone—and oh! on Monday next down go the partition walls of the drawing-room, and lo! our beautiful new room twenty-three feet in length! No sooner was the suggestion made of such an improvement being practicable, and the probable execution talked of for a future time, than each sister looked at the other—'I see what you are thinking of, Marianne, and the same thing struck me.' And then came that it was a great pity to delay such an increase of comfort, and that they should have real pleasure in giving it to us. Nothing could be done more kindly and handsomely. It was a beautiful day for their arrival, and all looked to advantage. They expressed satisfaction in everything, found no faults, and I did not ask opinions on things I did not intend to follow, and did upon points where I could. The village was well astonished by the great ladies and their four horses.

"We are going to Stoke in a fortnight. . . . I am sure it is necessary and wholesome to mix in the world sometimes to prevent one's notions becoming narrow and bigoted, as they will do if one never associates except with those who think with one's self. But certainly the truest enjoyment must always be in one's own dear home, striving to help those around us, regretting only how weak and inefficient are the *human* means of benefiting them. . . . . I do not know if I have ever told you what my study is now—Greek. I read a few verses each day in my Testament, and get on pretty well, my master tells me, and it is such a delight to me.

"*Stoke Rectory, July* 24, 1830.—I can hardly believe that I am not Maria Leycester again; in other respects Stoke is Stoke—its own green, beautiful, summer dress on. The flowers are even better than usual, the Hawkestone and Kenstone range looks strangely wooded and rich, and the bookroom is certainly grown half as big again at least. You would have laughed to see Augustus immediately measuring length and breadth, looking directly at the *cornices*, and yesterday our first walk after breakfast was to dairy, larder, pig-styes, &c.; in short, I find myself observing on various things I passed over so entirely when I lived here,—considering whether the pasture was good in the field, seeing all the weeds in the garden, &c.

"We had a delightful journey, and no adventures. Seeing the little schoolgirls in the lane first upset me. But I behaved very well on getting here—only felt my heart jump into my mouth. My father was at the door. Augustus was as happy and proud in bringing me back as I was to get here. Of course we had a great peal of bells on our arrival, and next day, which is quite a new and grand sound to us.

"*Stoke, Sept.* 26.—The terrible news of the railway accident and Mr. Huskisson's death quite occupies us. Augustus and I have been making out from the newspapers how many variations there are in the accounts of the story, as told professedly by those who were on the spot; and had he to preach in the neighbourhood at this time, he says he should certainly make use of them as an instance how absurd it would be some years hence to doubt the truth of the way in which Mr. Huskisson was killed because one eye-witness calls it the right, and another the left leg that was injured—because one says he fell on his face, knocked down by the door, and another that his foot slipped, &c.; and how similar are the doubts raised of the truth of the Gospels by the variations of the evangelist story."

A. W. H. *to a* CLERICAL FRIEND.

"*Sept.*, 1830.— . . . . You may remember you said to me, as I was getting into the carriage to leave your house, that you hoped I did not think the worse of you for the discussions we had had together. Now I will not pay your penetration so bad a compliment as to suppose it possible you should not have perceived how greatly I admire many things about you—your care of the parish, your love of natural science, your activity, your unremitting endeavours to improve the condition of the poor around you. Heartily do I wish that I resembled and equalled you in these respects. All I deplore is, that with so much energy of character, and such a love of truth, you should be content to remain, on many points, halting between two opinions; and that you should suffer your peace to be disturbed and your days embittered by questions which, if you would only grapple with them steadily, would many of them, I am convinced, turn out to be little more than phantoms. I do not deny that there may be many difficulties in the narratives we have so often discussed together, but, in the eyes of a Christian, they kick the beam when weighed against the positive evidence afforded us in the life and character of Jesus. . . . I am disposed to say to any Christian who vexes himself about such questions as that of Jonah and his fish, for instance, 'What matters it, whether the story be literal or allegorical, so long as we believe in Jesus and his tomb, and know that He rose from it triumphantly?' The darkest passages in the Old Testament are illuminated by that event with a reflected light, which shows them to be either true or unimportant.

"Apropos of light, a fancy occurred to me the other day, which, if you would mature and execute it, would show, I think, more clearly than any words can do, how small a part the difficulties are compared with the whole scheme; and, at any rate, how small is the shade they cast on the great surrounding objects. That they are nuisances in themselves I can readily conceive, but then it is simply as being negations; they are but minus quantities, and can no more affect or obscure the glorious truth, with which they are found in juxtaposition, than a thousand thistles in a park can conceal or out-top the oak in it. Over those thistles, be they as high and prickly as they may, the oak will still be seen conspicuously; and it will still afford its giant shelter to all who can force their way through the briars and nettles up to it. And, after all, the Bible abounds in oaks, and has not half so many thistles in it as I have cut down at Hurstmonceaux. My fancy, however, is this, to draw a sort of map of the whole. The Old and New Testaments might be the two worlds, the different books would be so many provinces, the chief events would be like great cities, the difficulties would be deserts, marshes, &c. In short, not to allegorise too much, it would be easy, I think, to colour this plan or map with various colours, from white to black, marking the different shades and gradations of belief as you feel them to exist in your own mind, from the highest intensity of persuasion and conviction to the shadows, clouds, and darkness—if it ever amount to darkness—of any degree of doubt you may be conscious of. Might not such a synopsis as this have the advantage of making you *feel* more strongly than you at present seem to do how small a proportion your serious difficulties bear to the many great points on which your mind is quite at rest. It is painful to see an anxiety about small matters hanging like a clog about your mind, ever flapping against it and distracting its exertions, and retarding its progress towards perfection. He who is ever laying the foundation afresh will never finish the building. He who has not the foundation laid sufficiently by the beginning of autumn has little time to lose, if he means to have his house comfortable by Christmas. Your house is not comfortable. Would you could bring yourself to devote your energies to the making it comfortable, with a determination of persevering till the work is done. A few months, nay, a year or two, would be well employed in an occupation the certain issue and reward of which are peace.

"I need hardly say that this applies with equal force to your misgivings about some of the Calvinistic tenets. In my opinion, the Arminian who relies on Divine grace, the moderate Calvinist who insists on holiness and refrains from preaching retribution, and the man who dismisses the controversy from his thoughts as too high for his learning and abilities, when brought within these wholesome limits, as being partially unimportant—all these men, I conceive, may meet together in one Church, as in a common field, in which each has an equal right to till. . . . "

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton*, *Oct.* 26, 1830.—You may guess the joy with which we found ourselves at home again, and we have had such greetings from all the people. . . . . Yesterday I mounted Jack again for the first time, Augustus walked by my side, and we enjoyed much going along that beautiful terrace you remember on the Downs, and coming back through the pretty lanes where the bluebells were. Nothing can be more perfect than our present life. The third Sunday we were away, Mr. Bleeck had service at Great Alton church in the morning. In the evening Mr. Peck, as usual, had service in our church. When he came out, the clerk stepped up to him—'That was a very good sermon, sir, you gave us; to be sure, we heard every word of it this morning from Mr. Bleeck; but we shall remember it all the better.' Was it not singular?

"*Oct.* 27.—We have had nothing but doctoring in the parish. The fever reached the house at the end of our lane, and on Sunday night a little girl, one of my best scholars, died of it. Her father lay dangerously ill and another child also. Having just heard of how malignant a nature it was from the doctor, you may guess whether it did not require a little *faith* to see Augustus go into the infected house to read prayers to the sick man without much anxiety. However, here was a case of duty, and after making him take every precaution, I was quite calm in his doing it, and all the things he ordered were very necessary to prevent worse consequences. The man is now, I hope, getting better; but they have it in another house next to Gideon's, and yesterday, as Augustus was passing in the afternoon, he happened to speak to the woman, saw she was crying, and, on inquiry, found that the girl who was so much better in the morning, was, they thought, dying. He came home for some brandy, and ran back with it in spite of the rain, and waited till the child had taken some, and by means of that and rubbing mustard on the throat begun to revive; and to-day she is alive and certainly better. But it seems like a sort of miniature plague, attacking people so suddenly with swelling in the limbs, &c. Two more in the same house now have it. There is such a making of broth and gruel. The barn does very well with the laundry stove in it, and makes an excellent room for school, and Augustus means to lecture there one evening in the week."

IX.

JOURNALS—"THE GREEN BOOK."

"Love, lift me upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy heaven's hight,
Where I may see those admirable things,
Which there thou workest by thy soveraine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof a heavenly hymne may sing
Unto the God of love, high heaven's King."

E. SPENSER, 1553—98.

M. H.'s JOURNAL.

"*ALTON-BARNES, Nov.* 22, 1829, *Sunday.*—My thirty-first birthday! my first married one! God be praised for the happiness that attends it. Others have been accompanied by hopes, and plans, and expectations for the future; this presents the realisation of all, and more than all I have ever dared to hope. I no longer look on to what is in store; rather I dwell upon the present enjoyment, and tremble lest another year should bring with it any change. My heart is often full to overflowing when I think of the many fond dreams I cherished of the days to come, and feel now how they have all so fully come to pass. It was in our own little church I this day knelt and prayed, and it was my husband's voice to which I listened, and with him have I this evening read the Psalms and Lessons to our little household, and so joined together in the sacred services of the day. How long has this been an object of my wishes, to unite with the partner of my heart and life in such duties. In his tender affection, and in the perfect confidence which exists between us, there is a charm thrown over our daily life which certainly equals, and I think exceeds, what I had fancied would be the case; and such is the fear and trembling with which its duration is thought of, that I am anxious to record something of these happy days as they pass, which may hereafter recall them to the recollection more vividly than memory unassisted could do. I can breathe no prayer for the present, but that a sense of our utter dependence on God may never leave me, and that He will in his mercy strengthen my faith and resign me to His will; that whatsoever that will may require from me, be it in suffering or be it in joy, my comfort as well as my thankfulness may rest solely on Him.

"I begin a new life, with new duties, new responsibilities, and I heartily pray that I may fulfil them in that Christian spirit which may in some measure atone for the imperfection in their performance; and that he whom I so dearly love may together with me grow daily in the knowledge of the truth and in the love of God, may He of his goodness grant by the assistance of his Spirit. I feel myself sadly wanting in submission, often failing in thankfulness, wayward in the midst of blessings, ruffled by the merest trifles; the pride and self-will in my heart are continually struggling against my better feelings, but they will, I trust, not always gain the victory, and when no higher motives have influence, the strength of earthly affection will do much. Why do not we fear to grieve Him, from whom we receive all, as much as we do to cause one painful feeling to our nearest earthly friend? My own Augustus! I must not love you too much, or God in his wisdom will recall my wandering affections to Heaven, by taking from me that which makes Earth—Heaven.

"*Nov.* 29.—Augustus read in the morning service to-day Doddridge's paraphrase on the 1st of St. John, which wants only simplifying in the words to make it intelligible to the ignorant. Sunday is always a day of rejoicing with me, and I love my dear Augustus more than usual when he has been exerting himself for the good of his people.

"*Dec.* 1.—A letter with the account of Mrs. A——'s death affected me a good deal. So young a person taken away in the bloom of happiness is always an awful thing; but here her having so long desired the very event which has closed her earthly course is a striking lesson, and I feel that I ought to benefit by it. How wrong it shows it to be longing after that, the consequence of which we can so little foresee. To God we must commit ourselves entirely, and not dare wish for that which he withholds.

"*Dec.* 2.—With what a characteristic dispute about greatness does the 18th of Matthew open. This is the constant struggle now as then, and the simplicity and humbleness of a child are as little to be met with in these days of knowledge and learning as in those of ignorance and poverty. 'By their angels in Heaven,' sounds to me very strongly as if there were appropriate spirits to minister to each faithful Christian. Augustus has been reading Coleridge this evening. Nothing can be more delightful than his style when not involved in obscurity; I certainly prefer it to Landor.

"Augustus told me a curious story of Mr. Pitt being waked out of a sound sleep by Mr. Windham and others, and told that the mutineers had seized Admiral Colpoice. He rose up in bed, asked for pen and paper, and having written 'If Admiral C. is not released, fire upon the ship from the batteries till she is destroyed,' gave it to Mr. Windham, lay down, and was snoring before they got out of the room. Lord Spencer was one of the party, and told Lady Jones.

"*Dec.* 13.—We have had a long talk about the heathen philosophers. Augustus thinks it is to the crumbs of truth they picked up that the verse 'God has not left himself without a witness' may be spiritually applied—that they might from the Hebrew poetry and prophecies gain some light. Coleridge's opinion is that they had themselves a providential, though not a *miraculous*, dispensation to raise their intellect above the sensible world—to spiritualise their ideas. How inefficient this was, is proved by the fall of their theories into epicurism amongst the Romans. The Stoics were austere moralists, the falseness of whose system was soon detected, and consequently rejected by those who liked to live for pleasure; and, just when the religion of the Jews had become corrupt, and the philosophy of the heathens sunk into Atheism, Christianity rose with reviving force. At no other time could it have been spread so rapidly or extensively as when all countries in the civilised world were subject to one power, and connected with one another through this medium. The Reformation was a resurrection of Christianity, which was repeated in England after the French Revolution by the Methodists.

"*Christmas Day*, 1829.—This blessed day is the first since we have been so blessed by the gift of each other. How my heart swelled within me on receiving the cup of blessing from my husband's hands at the altar of our own little church, where he read with so much feeling and earnestness those beautiful words of comfort, encouragement, and prayer. I never felt them come so much home to my feelings; and imperfect and cold as my best attempts are to realise to myself the presence of Christ, I trust that these will be accepted, and that God will grant to me a daily increasing knowledge of, and love for, my blessed

Saviour. That we may assist and help each other in the love of spiritual things, is my earnest desire and prayer; and never do I feel more thankful for my present happy life than when we unite in these feelings and wishes. It was a thorough Christmas Day. The sun shone bright upon a Lapland snow, and there was a wholesome clearness in the air, invigorating to mind and body.

"*Dec.* 31.—We have reached the end of this happy, blessed year, 1829. It has given to each of us, I believe, that which is more precious than any other gift of God, and not one anticipation of the happiness attending our union has been in vain. Seven months have we now been one, and not one cloud has come between us; each day seems only to draw us more closely together, and to unite our thoughts and feelings more intimately. Let this conviction produce in our hearts true thankfulness to Our Father who has given such earthly happiness, and make us watchful lest it grow into a too engrossing feeling, excluding that higher love to which it should be subject.

"*Jan.* 1, 1830.—The new year begins most brightly and happily, but I scarcely like to look on to its events; for when the present is so blest, one cannot but fear the changes which may be wrought. But my trust must not fail, for God can give us strength to bear. May He lead us daily and yearly nearer and nearer to himself, that our cold hearts may glow with more love of heavenly things, and be weaned from dependence on anything earthly. May I perform the new duties which are opened to me with the humility of a little child, conscious of my own unworthiness, and seeking earnestly for help in all my struggles after holiness.

"*Jan.* 10.—Julius is here, and reads to us in the evenings. He enjoys a story with all the simplicity of a child. In church, his reading of the lessons and prayers was most solemn and devotional, but in the sermon his tone rather wants variety and energy. Nothing could be better and plainer than the *words* of his sermon, and the thoughts were beautiful. I particularly liked his allusion to our love of tracing things from their beginnings, &c., and the showing how knowledge is not the one thing needful—how much we need a Redeemer, &c. I think, however, for the audience he spoke to, that little would be understood of the natural longing after good; and the classical allusions rather proceeded from the scholar than the parish-priest. I long for him to be thrown more into the world, that, by mixing with different classes of society, his theories may become less visionary.

"*Jan.* 18.—It grieves me to have to part with Julius just as we were becoming more intimate, but the moment of parting calls forth the real feeling, and his farewell speech of how happy it made him to have a real sister was a great delight.

"*Jan.* 28.—When I come to study any subject it always appears to branch off into so many channels, and there arise before me so many points on which I am ignorant, that, instead of keeping steadily to one, my mind is apt to glance off to all the various means before me—gleaning, perhaps, a little from each, but not making any completely my own. To be sure, the more one knows the more one must sink before one's self in consciousness of utter ignorance, and before the overwhelming force of all the materials for human knowledge, spread out in all ages, and so little made use of as they should be.

"I am interested in reading connectedly the Mosaic history—how constantly and *immediately* God presided over the Israelites—how entirely their laws were adapted to every particular occasion, not general in principle—how strongly the necessity of atoning for sin is shown forth in the sacrificial ordinances.

"*Feb.* 11.—If *substance* means literally what is beneath, to *under-stand* a thing must be to find out that substance—to penetrate below the surface to what lies under. If nobody professed to *understand* a thing who had not thus stood under it, and seen its deeper and hidden parts, how much error and confusion would be saved! How equally does God proportion things, that where outer trials are wanting, inner ones are created by the perversity of our own hearts. The system of indulgence under which I have always lived makes anything less of ease and comfort seem a hardship which requires compassion; and I find that while *great* sacrifices, by calling out a degree of admiration, are a means of fostering our self-love, *little* ones which often do not *cost* us less are more salutary, because they pass unnoticed. I grievously need a more humble and submissive faith—a more perfect trust in the Divine will. If this were, indeed, attained, all would be peace, and it is the weakness of our faith which leads us to murmur, to grieve, or to be anxious. I have much, very much to learn. God grant me grace to learn of Christ to gain more of the spirit of child-like meekness and more resignation to his will.

"*June* 2, 1830.—This happy day has come again, telling how a long year of happiness has been granted to us. We have lived over again in memory every hour as it passed of that eventful day, and rejoiced in feeling how much nearer and closer is the tie that binds us than it was even then; and I more especially enjoy the remembrance of that which first secured to us our present comfort whilst it is undisturbed by all the painful and agitating feelings of the last 2nd of June. How can we be grateful enough for so much of earthly blessing; and yet how often am I half disposed to murmur, or at least grieve, that others are not added, of which I know not if they would contribute to my happiness. God knows what is best, and in His hands I can *mostly* rest my hopes, though the flesh is weak, and will sometimes presume to wish for itself. . . .

Oct. 23, 1830.—I have been many weeks away with my own family. How dearly I love them, and yet I cannot help feeling now how little they are in comparison with this *one*, and how much happier my life is now in my own home, with its duties and interests, than the less active one I formerly led. When I was at Stoke, I felt how little I had ever done there, and how much more I should now like to do. The last year has brought with it so much more of *apparent* responsibility that I am aware of a much stronger feeling of the necessity of exertion than I formerly had. Yet even now how far does it fall short of all which I ought or even wish to do. Some idle excuse, some vain scruple, some foolish pretence rises up at every turn to divert one from the right path of making the consideration of others always supersede that of self. God be praised that we are returned safe to our dear home, and may He assist our weak efforts and fill our wavering hearts with good desires, that so we may go on increasing in knowledge of His Truth, showing it forth in our own lives, and making it known to all around us.*

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* The Journal called "The Green Book" was continued through my mother's whole life. Extracts from it will from this time be occasionally inserted at the dates where they occur.

X.

WILTSHIRE RIOTS AND VILLAGE DUTIES.

> "What an union for two believers is a Christian marriage—to have one hope, one desire, one course of life, one service of God in common the one with the other! Both, like brother and sister, undivided in heart and flesh, or rather really two in one flesh, fall down together on their knees, they pray and fast together, they teach, they exhort, they bear one another nutually; they are together in the church of God, and in the Supper of the Lord; they share with one another their grievances, their persecutions, and their joys; neither hides anything from the other, neither avoids the other; the sick are visited by them with pleasure, and the needy supported; psalms and hymns resound between them, and they mutually strive who shall best praise their God. Christ is delighted to see and hear things like these; He sends His peace on such as these; where two are, there is He, and where He is, evil comes not."—TERTULLIAN.

A. W. H. *to* C. S.

"*NOV.* 24, 1830.—For fear you should be alarmed by cross-country accounts in the newspapers, I write a few lines to say we are all safe, after one of the most painful days I ever went through.

"About two o'clock we were summoned by two half-drunken men who professed to be *sent on.* They came to the door, and asked for money, 'any trifle,' announcing that two hundred were coming at their heels. After failing of their errand, they went down to Pile's house, opposite us, whither I followed them. He was gone to Marlborough, and there were none but women in the house. As the only chance, I had the church-bell rung, but none of the labourers came; perhaps they were too far off, and did not hear. About ten minutes after the troop arrived. The machine had been taken to pieces, but *that* did not satisfy them; they must break it. And breaking it they were, when Pile on horseback dashed in among them, and fired. They would have dispersed, perhaps, in a fright, but in a place where they could close with him, his gun went off a second time. They dragged him down, and have nearly killed him. They then burst into the house, and broke everything to pieces, and for some time I expected they would serve us in the same way; so irritated were they, and so mad with drink. Indeed, they talked of coming back to-night, and burning down all his ricks and barns. But the news had reached Devizes even before I could send a messenger. The Yeomanry were here by six, and I have just heard that they have surprised several of the rioters in the public-house at Woodborough. On the Marlborough side ten men were taken to-day; and a regiment of Lancers were to be there by eight o'clock to-night. So we feel safe again. Maria behaved perfectly, as she always does, thinking of everything that was wanted, and taking every kind and proper step towards her poor afflicted neighbours. I had no idea the English peasantry were such cowards as the men to-day on both sides proved themselves. We hear Woodhay has been ransacked. The fires on Saturday and Sunday were dreadful."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, Nov.* 25.—We have had no further alarm beyond the many reports, of which, if we believed one half, one could not have much rest. However, at Pewsey there has been a meeting. Col. Wroughton says the people are satisfied, and there will be one at Devizes to-day. Troops are at Marlborough and Devizes. We have our own special constables, patrols. and fire-engine, and I trust are in a better state of preparation than we were. Poor Mr. Pile is not out of danger, I fear, though I hope he will do well. A large fire-ball was found in his field the morning after the attack. We hear of five great fires over the hills towards Calne, and at Salisbury dreadful work is going on. Our ringleaders are chiefly taken, and we had the pleasure of seeing some of them go past with the cavalry yesterday morning. All the villages round us seem to have contributed their share of men; and I fear there are some very bad ones amongst them. Our village had not one, and only two were from Great Alton, but of course they all rejoice secretly at what is to bring them greater wages. At the same time they are frightened to death, and the wives come crying about their husbands,—they are sure they will get their heads broken, &c. At all hours people are coming,—farmers to consult about what should be done, and with fresh stories. In short, we live in a strange, nervous state; and if we do not make an example, and that speedily, of some of the worst, there will be no end to these outrages.

"On Tuesday evening, when all was over, and our fears for the night were quieted by the arrival of the cavalry, Augustus and I sat each in our arm-chair, so completely worn out by the anxiety and fatigue of the day, that we neither of us uttered a word for a couple of hours. From my station at the drawing-room window, I saw the whole combat, and you may guess my horror when, hearing the confusion of Mr. Pile's fall, I saw Augustus rush towards the place, surrounded by the 'bull-dogs,'—and my subsequent joy when I saw him get away and walk home. They threatened vengeance so loudly that he kept out of sight from that time, and I talked to the people who came to the door. As soon as they had filed off across the field to Mr. Miller's, I went down to Mr. Pile's, and such a state of distraction as the house presented I never saw. I went again to hear the doctor's report. The sisters were all activity, and busied about their brother, whilst the poor old mother, not allowed to go into the room, went moaning about, lamenting first over her son, and then over her china; she herself got a great blow from one of the iron crows. The greater part of our rioters are men who earn from twelve to twenty shillings a week at the Wharf, and spend it all at the beer-shops.

"*Nov.* 26.—The activity of the magistrates and yeomanry have struck a panic, which will, I trust, spare us any further alarm. Yesterday a Bow Street officer came to get information. He came out of Kent, and says his own impression is certainly that the fires proceed from the people of the country. He hoped to have got a good clue to one of our incendiaries. The chiefs of our ringleaders are in custody, and Augustus went this morning with Mr. Miller to identify some of the prisoners. He was doubtful about one, till the man put an end to his hesitation by saying, 'You, sir, can witness I was not breaking the machine, for I was talking to you.'

"The worst of such alarms to one's self individually is the want of security they create; every unexpected noise, or delay, or interruption, makes one nervous. How anybody accustomed to wars would laugh at one's petty fears; but certainly a body of undisciplined savages with nothing to lose are not pleasant neighbours. Our own parish is untouched by suspicion, even; but it is very uncomfortable talking to the people. It has, and naturally, too, raised their own discontent, and one hears nothing but murmurs, and very rarely an expression of proper feeling at the outrages, though they are all as much terrified as if *they* were likely to be attacked. I hope a general agreement will soon be entered into, which will settle things. Our tithes of course must fall as the price of labour rises, and we can get little this winter. Had a few people acted at first in a spirited manner, and resisted the giving of money, it would not have reached such a height; and Sir Edward Poore, as a magistrate, is very much blamed for having given them such encouragement. All agree in condemning the beer-shops as one great incentive to evil.

"I have written so confusedly before that I think you will have no clear idea of my share of the day, so I will tell what I saw. On the approach of the troop, as they came over the bridge, Augustus said to me, 'Go home, and keep in the house;' and so amid the cook's entreaties that 'Master would come too,' which I knew was vain, we betook ourselves to the house, locked and bolted doors and windows, and had just retreated up-stairs, when a thundering knock came at the front door. Finding my plan of concealment would not do, I presented myself at the drawing-room window, and held a parley with them. 'They wanted to do no harm.' 'What have you got those clubs and hammers for, then?' I refused money and went away, but the continued knocking, and threats of breaking doors and windows, soon made me pull out some shillings and throw to them, with which they went away content. Meanwhile I saw in the churchyard all the women and children collected: leaning over the wall of Mr. Pile's yard I could distinguish Augustus and one or two others; and in the farmyard and all round it were the mob, with shouts, hammering the machines to pieces. I suppose this had gone on for twenty minutes or half an hour, when we (the cook and myself, for the other servants were all gone nearer the scene of action) heard a tremendous gallop, and in an instant saw Mr. Pile ride furiously amongst the mob, who gave way directly, and had he kept his ground there, all had been well. There was a confusion, and all I could distinguish was that the farmyard was cleared; a report of a gun came from the ricks behind the barns, there was a great scream set up, loud shouts, and to my horror I saw Augustus and those with him rush into the field amongst them. However, the alarm for him was not long; after a few minutes I distinguished him leaving the crowd, and making his way to the house, and never did my legs carry me more willingly than as I flew down-stairs to open him the door. When I again got to my station, the mob were all come round and advancing upon the Piles' house, and the noise was terrible of breaking their windows and doors. As they had vowed vengeance against Augustus for having brought the gun out of the house, he kept out of sight, whilst I sent away the few who came for money, and who were easily contented. After they had completed their destruction at Mr. Pile's, which was not till the poor mangled victim was brought down-stairs again, and had given them £10, we had the satisfaction of seeing them file away across the fields to Great Alton. In about half an hour they returned to break the Crowe's machine which we had put in the field, and then we saw no more of them; but as they went off to Stanton, declaring their intention of returning at night, it was an amazing relief when Mr. G. and some other men arrived, who said they had just left Devizes, and heard the troops ordered 'on Alton.' And so ended our siege, which it must be owned was as little resisted as ever enemy was; but the best labourers were all at a distance, and those near, far too much frightened to give any help."

Nov. 30.—I must copy for you part of Julius's letter about the riots:—'The gentry, the farmers, the clergy, the citizens, the tradesmen of the towns must assemble and form constitutional associations for preserving peace and order. By active energy we may still avoid the danger, which if we are supine will crush us. Most now are weak and yield to intimidations, for it requires an inordinate degree of courage to resist a mob with such fearful weapons, and so unscrupulous in having recourse to the most fiendish measures. Surely, too, if people are but active, many a poor harmless peasant may be saved from joining the wicked hordes, many may be saved from the snares they have already fallen into. Surely the clergy still have an influence over their flocks: they should preach from the pulpit, they should speak in every cottage of the blessings of peace and order, of the intolerable, inevitable calamities that must fall on every class from a system like the present. Surely our nobility and gentry, in spite of the pestilential watering-places and other temples of vanity and frivolity that draw them away from their estates, may still marshal faithful tenants and peasants, if they will but appear among them and at the head of them. Surely the charity which the ladies of England have bestowed so liberally and almost prodigally, has not altogether fallen on stony ground, but will produce some good fruit even for themselves here. The heart of England I am convinced is still sound, in spite of all that has been done to poison it. But it must be appealed to strongly and honestly. We are trying at Cambridge to organize a kind of body for the protection of the country round, in the hope that our example may be followed, though there are many who say there is no need of it yet. Good God, not yet! When will the time come to shake off our sleep? When that sleep is cast off by the pangs of death! I was rejoiced by your ringing the church bell; but, alas! the Dark Ages are past when that sound would have acted as a summons to every living being for miles around.'"

M. H. *to* MISS CLINTON.

. . . "Owing to our predecessor farming his own glebe, we have large farm buildings, and those so connected with the house by thatch, that had the rioters chosen to fire the farthest stack, it would have run like wild fire through our old timbers. I was so stunned by the events of the day, that for some time afterwards I could scarcely *feel*, and rather *thought* than could utter a prayer of thanksgiving. What should we do in such moments without the consciousness that whilst man is against us, we have God with us, and the privilege of going to Him, in the earnestness of real want, to implore His protection. Did we but ask for spiritual gifts with half the energy with which in time of need we beseech Him for temporal aid, how surely should we find within us the growth of Christian graces, which we so sluggishly ask for in general."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton*, *Dec.* 10.—The odd thing about the riots is, that this is not a year of scarcity. There has been no hard winter and no uncommon pressure of any sort to raise this outcry. And when one sees that half of the discontented are men who spend their money at the beer-shops, and who might get ample if they chose, it rather hardens one against sympathy with their distress, and inclines one to think the lenity and indulgence granted in return for their proceedings, not the best-judged.

"Our carpenter alleged as a reason for the riots here—

'Oh, they are so ignorant in this county,—there's a many who boast that they do not know a *great A from a turnip*,' and certainly in this vale the march of intellect does not appear to have been great; but it is disheartening to see how small fruit is produced by exertion, and attempts at improvement. Some of the worst characters come from Mr. Methuen's parish, and he has been working for years both week-days and Sundays."

M. H.'s JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"*Dec.* 11.—We are returned to a calm after a period of much anxiety and alarm, in which we have been mercifully preserved from evil. In the hour of need how necessary and supporting it is to lift oneself above earth, and implore protection from above. I know not how else great trials can be borne, and even in smaller ones, it is through prayer alone that the spirit can be refreshed and comforted, and strengthened to bear the evils around. Yet I felt the weakness of my faith, and how hard it was to cast *all* one's care on that merciful Father who invites us to do it; some would still cling to earth and raise unworthy doubts and fears, and selfish feelings are ever pulling strongly against those heavenly ones of trust and confidence, which should possess one's soul. I feel myself so unworthy of the mercies granted to me, so unable to feel for them that gratitude they should inspire, that when I look on myself I can find no comfort. When the moment of danger arrives, then I feel the wavering of my faith and how much my happiness is set on things below. Whilst I cannot but long for other blessings, I feel how difficult it is to bear those I have with a spirit of resignation to the Giver. May He who knows my weakness have mercy on it,—shew me to myself in every secret fault,—and lead me by gentle steps to that fountain which alone cleanseth from sin."

"*Jan.* 4, 1831.—How fearfully does the year open to this country. With trials and condemnations, and, though with less of disturbance than a month ago, with the continual apprehension of such. A bad spirit seems to be everywhere at work, and the ties and bonds of society to be loosening amongst all classes. An impatience of restraint and disregard of authorities and government is growing up, and the ignorant alike with the informed cast from them the wholesome ties which formerly restrained them. Whence all this originates—how it is to be conquered—no one seems philosopher enough to discover; and it is not easy to trace back to their causes the effects which the change of times and circumstances have produced: in short, when I begin to think on it, all seems confusion and difficulty. That wiser heads may through God's grace be led to the best mode of remedying the evil, is all one can pray for. When one thinks of the advantages and blessings hitherto granted to this country, and sees around one so few really feeling and acting upon Christian principles, so few to whom the Gospel seems to have been really made known in more than its form, can one wonder if God should withhold His protection, or permit our neglect of Him and setting up of ourselves to meet with their fit reward?

"Excess of luxury and refinement have brought other nations low before us, and if our only superiority, the possession of Christianity, is made of non-effect, how can we expect to stand more than they did? Let each look at home. What do I see there? Perfect thankfulness for all the mercies I receive? entire submission to, and hearty trust in Him who gives them? an immovable faith and love in God my Saviour, an increasing effort to do Him service, to live to His glory, to promote the knowledge of Him? Alas, no—I find none of these things. And yet because others think of me better than I deserve, because they love and cherish me, I would fain deceive myself with flattering delusions. Oh, may I pray for a true knowledge of myself, that I may find out every secret spring of action, let it be ever so mortifying to my own proud spirit; and whilst I learn to judge of others with more mildness, and find excuses for every deviation they may make, may I probe deeper into every fault of my own, and listen not to the tempting voice of praise, remembering ever for how much I have to account, how many advantages, few temptations, and great mercies. And oh, Father of all mercy, do Thou assist me by Thy Spirit, and grant to me and my beloved such a measure of it as may lead us day by day and year by year nearer and nearer unto thee, that our pilgrimage may be continually one from earth to heaven, and our life here prepare and fit us for the eternal home when Thou wilt be to us All in All."

M. H. *to* Miss Clinton.

"*Alton*, *Dec.* 17, 1830.—I hope by this time you are as free from apprehension as we are. I was told only two days ago that Mr. Hunt was coming with some unknown multitudes to invade us, but, as they have not yet appeared, we may conclude, I think, that we were thought unworthy of so illustrious a company. But I suspect we are not yet peaceable at heart, nor can be so till all discussion is at an end, as to the price of labour, &c. The farmers in their first alarm promised more than they can now perform—then the labourers rebel. Some of those in the neighbouring villages threaten to punish those in ours for submitting to a lower rate, and our yeoman-farmer declares he will not be bullied into paying more until all is settled and the country quiet again. What a struggle of interests it is! . . . .

There certainly is a general spirit of insubordination showing itself in all classes. How much less is the authority of parents over children upheld than it used to be, and the attachment between master and servant. Of this latter bond, our wounded neighbour, Mr. Pile, was saying that in his father's time the single labourers all lived in the house, took their meals with the family, and went quietly to bed at nine o'clock. Now they will not do it, but prefer being independent and having their time to themselves. Consequently the hours after labour are commonly spent by the young men in drinking or rambling about, and all that social tie is broken through which used to connect them with their master's interest. . . . . Then in dress, how it has lessened in respectability, through the cheap and flimsy nature of the materials introduced by modern improvements. We were riding one day lately and passed a woman dressed so perfectly according to the old style, with her kerchief pinned tightly over a dark blue gown which looked quite new, that Augustus inquired where she got so good a dress. 'Ah, sir, you cannot get such nowadays —it was part of the moreen bed-curtains that old Lady Wroughton gave me above twenty years since, and it has been washed many a time, and always keeps new.' . . . I have moralised enough, and, to turn to our proceedings, must tell you that we had a dinner party of eight yesterday —an event so rarely happening in our little rectory, that it was not at all a thing of course, that the dinner should come and go, and the company take their chance of being pleased or not. I assure you due consideration had to be given as to the best mode of enabling one boy to wait on eight people,—and also where the six strange horses were to go. Augustus brought out his choice Trinity ale, and I regaled them with my Portugal plums and Alderley gingerbread and all kinds of clerical dainties. There were no contretemps, they seemed well-pleased, and all went off much to the satisfaction of my anxious maid Mary, who thought, doubtless, that our credit would have been ruined for ever had there been any disaster. The party was entirely clerical, but not one word of theology was talked, which was quite as well. Had it been, one knows at what a low ebb it would have been, and how truly the Evangelicals might have said how much more attention was engrossed by the temporal than the spiritual wants of the people, and how little of real interest or concern the latter excited. To be sure, if the early Christians could return to earth and be present at some of the Christmas parties of the present day, they would be puzzled to recognise their brothers in name, and would not easily believe that they both professed to serve the same Master.

"I suppose you have seen in the paper the decision of Sir J. Nicholl in favour of Lady Jones' intestacy. It is, all things considered, the only fair decision, and though we are losers, Augustus rejoices in it as more conformable to his aunt's wishes than the re-establishment of the first will would have been.

"We dined at Devizes the other day to meet the Napiers and T. Moore. I liked the poet much better than I expected. . . . . Our drive home was enlivened by the post-boy being attacked by a man with a pistol, threatening to shoot out his brains if he did not stop,—and with difficulty he contrived to flog his tired horses out of reach."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, Jan.* 4, 1831.—Julius is here. He preached on Sunday on, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing.' It was a beautiful New Year's sermon—the latter part referring strongly to the present state of things—the want of security; how an Englishman's house was no longer his castle; warning them against evil advisers—agents of Satan, going about in sheep's clothing—in reality their bitterest enemies; that every newspaper is now telling to what end their counsels lead in this world, and they must know what it would be in the next, &c. He ended by a prayer, beginning, 'Heavenly Shepherd.' He was more animated, and I think the sermon was more of an address than last year. Still it had his usual faults of being too much drawn out without a point to rest upon, if you know what I mean—not leaving any very distinct impression as to the tenour of the whole argument; and further, the scriptural part seemed rather as if *added* to, than moulded together with, the philosophical deductions. I suppose he never thinks it dull here. Several evenings he read out pieces in Milton's Reformation, which is, to be sure, a different English from the present, and strong enough. He and Augustus had a long argument on Sunday evening as to how far Milton was responsible for the savage expressions he uses towards the bishops of his own day; Augustus maintaining that in men of genius, *that* was the mode of temptation to evil passions; Julius asserting that he did not really feel it, and that it was merely *imaginative* violence and manner of expressing the principle of hatred towards what was bad. . . . . I have been obliged with Julius, &c., to put in a word for Evangelicals, feeling as I do, that, however bigoted on many points, and however inconsistent occasionally, and however presumptuous and absurd, there is amongst them more of real influential piety and spirituality of mind than amidst most of the accusers; and that taking out a few such exceptions as Arnold, Arthur Perceval, &c., they are more likely to do good as clergy than the opposite party."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Sunday after Christmas*, 1830.—It should have been the blessed Christmas night itself that I wrote to my own L., but I was otherwise engaged last night, and this evening will serve as well to share with you the joy of this season, and say how I have felt that we were one in the services and rejoicings of the past two days. A bright sunshine and clear frost seem to belong to Christmas, and give outwardly the cheerful brightness which one's inner man is led to feel in dwelling on the glad tidings this day brought. It is the custom here for the carols to be sung in the night, and it is so delightful to be waked out of sleep by the many voices below our window, proclaiming Christ to be born in Bethlehem. There is something in the stillness being so broken, without any *visible* change, which thrills through one's very heart. What joy and happiness those lose who care nothing for that Saviour so freely offered, and who would cling to the cold formalities of *natural* religion, putting aside so entirely the merciful link connecting us with heaven. It does seem to me also a wonderful perversion of human understanding to find in Scripture any ground for lowering the nature of that Saviour, and making Him less than God. I have been the more struck with the inconsistency lately, having compared the different passages on the subject, and both directly and indirectly the evidence does appear so unanswerable. Was it not Erasmus who said he understood the Bible till he began to look at commentators? I think I almost agree with him. . . . .

"You cannot think, in my visitings away from home, how fearful I often feel lest I should be seeming to agree too much with one side or the other; but the fact is that, when I hear fresh instances of party spirit, of presumption, and of that ugly thing called *Cant*, I cannot help agreeing in the condemnation of such unchristian conduct, though generally giving most of the accounts the credit of exaggeration; and then, on the other side, when I see how much more of real spiritual feeling there is amongst those who are called evangelical, I cannot help preferring their society and conversation, although I dislike exceedingly the notion of belonging to a sect, or of thinking all Christianity void that is out of it. In short, it always ends in my going to the Book, where there is not one following of Paul or another of Apollos, but Christ is all in all, and where the simplicity is so strikingly contrasted with the colour given by all human authorities, and where humility and charity are the graces most earnestly inculcated. My chief feeling, in hearing anecdotes unfavourable, is the longing that those to whom they relate could know how much discredit they bring on the doctrine they wish to adorn, by a too formal adherence to the letter without regarding its spirit; and though it would be worse than mean to compromise what is really essential, I do think much harm is done, or at least many a stumbling-block is laid, by attaching so much importance as some do to trifles, and by the jealous fear of being too liberal. Excellent as are many of the religious books of the present day, I believe that were religious teaching to be confined more exclusively to the Bible, it would be more wholesome, and that fewer errors would be taken up; and in the same way I think that, delightful as the communication is with those who agree with you on religious points, the kind of religious conversations held between people of the same opinion has a great tendency to breed party-spirit and nourish a degree of self-conceit."

"*March* 20.—I fully understand your feeling of preferring a life which has its *crook*. I do believe that following only one's own pleasure and having no call for exertion is not only the least wholesome, but, taking it all in all, the least *happy* way of passing life. I am sure I always find it so; and that to have sacrificed one's own inclination in ever so trifling a way, is always repaid doubly. I cannot tell you with what joy I look forward to this spring, in the hope of getting you here; but I would earnestly guard you, in coming here, against expecting too much, either from our people, who have as yet perhaps made but little progress, or from us who are at present but beginners in the art of teaching others, and perhaps in teaching ourselves. O. thought this the dullest and the ugliest place he was ever in, so you must not fancy that you will find a Paradise out of doors of beauty—such there certainly is within of love. But I have no fears of your not being happy here."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*East Sheen*, *May* 27, 1831.—We came up here on Monday. . . . On Wednesday evening I went up with Mrs. O. L. to the Ancient Music concert: we had good seats just before the director's box, and were in time to see the Queen enter the royal box, and hear the 'God save King William' struck up. With all the discussions and feelings excited lately, one could not hear this without looking forward and feeling the unsettled state of things just now; nor could one look at the Queen and help thinking on how frail a tenure her elevation might perhaps rest some time hence. There was something very thrilling—almost overpowering—to me, in the 'God save the King,' sung in chorus, all standing up; and I am now so unaccustomed to public places, that even the number of people, all well dressed, had the effect upon me, as on a child, of novelty. I was sorry not to be nearer the Queen; one has a curiosity about such people—to see how they talk (you know what I mean), whether they really are amused and interested by what goes on. The selection was a particularly good one, and Pasta sang gloriously ‘ Ombra Adorata ’ and a song of Paisiello, and one heard her so perfectly. The harmony and melody of the Knyvetts was delicious in its way, and I have seldom heard at a concert less of the *tiresome* music one generally has.”

“ *Alton, May* 30, 1831.—Did you think of us on Saturday, returning with Lucy (Stanley) to our quiet home? It was a very cool travelling day, and cleared up to a beautiful evening ; so that our drive in our own carriage from Marlborough was delightful, and Lucy was enchanted with all the woody lanes we came through. Augustus was preparing her all the way for the change she must expect when she got here. However, our little peaceful green home was all she could wish, and I believe fully answered her expectations. The three weeks we have been away seem to have made such a change in the growth of summer, and the extreme quiet strikes one much on coming back. I believe Lucy was in one of her most delicious moments, feeling the completion of her long-raised hopes.”

“ *Alton, June* 2, 1831.– There could not have been a more delightful day for the celebration of our second anniversary. The sun shines without a cloud, and everything looks as joyous and happy as our hearts feel. It is indeed a blessed thing to have had two years of such happiness, and this is quite a fit day to represent it. You may suppose how Lucy has enjoyed it. We had the long table and benches brought out of the barn, and put on the grass-plot under the cherry-tree, by the quince, and twenty-five children came at twelve o’clock to a dinner of bacon and potatoes, and gooseberry pies. The Piles, Miss Miller, &c., came to look on, and had chairs put out to sit under the trees. What is so common with you, being quite a new thing here, was much thought of. Augustus said a grace before and after, and the children sang their hymn, and each had gingerbread given, and then away they went. It was really no expense, very little trouble, and gave much pleasure. The boys, being out at plough this afternoon, are to have their supper at seven o'clock; and we, having dined at three o'clock, are now going—Augustus and I—to take a delicious ride together, and Lucy to enjoy her solitary ramble on the Downs, with her camp-stool and Brute.

"—We are all come in now, well tired, but I must finish my letter to you. It has been the most exquisite summer's evening, and you may guess how we have enjoyed our ride. How I rejoiced in our being in the country again in this fine weather, for though Sheen is very pretty, it is not above half country.

"We have a curious case in the village just now, of a poor woman, named Mary Browne, who was seized while she was peeling potatoes with what she calls the *Dreads*, fancying an evil spirit came over her, and she has now taken to her bed for three weeks, constantly tormented by this spirit, which, she says, tells her she shall never be forgiven, tries to hinder her praying, and puts all sorts of bad thoughts into her head whenever she tries to think of God or heaven. She seems perfectly *sane*, but so very miserable, it is quite sad to see her. Then she has taken a fancy that she is thus tormented in consequence of having taken the sacrament, which I had persuaded her to do on Good Friday, and thought I had satisfied her scruples. There is the oddest mixture about her of self-justification and self-condemnation. I used to think her so insensible when I talked to her, and now she seems to feel only too sensitively."

M. H. (JOURNAL).

"*June* 2, 1831.—Our third wedding-day! Two years of uninterrupted happiness have been granted to us—such years as perhaps may never again be permitted us to enjoy.

We have grown in love to each other, and in comfort with all around us. Have we grown as much as we ought in love and devotion of heart to our Heavenly Master? This is a question I hardly like to ask, for I fear the true answer would be a mortifying, self-condemning one. *Something* of earnestness in the great work appointed to us, has, I would hope, been added to us; a few seeds scattered amongst our people, have, I trust, been the *beginning* of some good, which, by God's blessing, may spring up even from the weakest instruments. But when I look into myself I find nothing there but food for sorrow and mourning, that, with such advantages of situation and circumstances, I have made so little progress in attaining a true Christian spirit; that I am so little humbled before God; that my faith is so weak, my trust so wavering. Oh, my God and Saviour, do thou listen to my earnest prayer! Take from me the coldness and deadness of heart I so often feel in spiritual things. Enlighten me by Thy Word of Truth to see and know Thy will, and by the Holy Spirit assisting me, enable me to struggle without ceasing in bringing my thoughts and affections into obedience to the Cross of Christ. Help me to subdue every selfish and wayward feeling, every desire lifting itself up against Thy will, and make me to feel what immense causes I have for thankfulness to Thee. This day united us for ever upon earth. Oh, may it be the forerunner only of that more perfect union we may hereafter enjoy in heaven! Do Thou, gracious Lord, be with my husband, softening his heart more and more into perfect love for Thy service, strengthening his faith, and filling him with that joyful communion and heavenly peace which Thou dost bestow on Thy true believers. We must look forward to times when all may not go on as smoothly as it now does. Troubles and sorrows must come; and I feel at times a painful dread lest there should be found wanting a chastening hand to wean me from a too great love for the things of this life, and from placing my affections too entirely on earthly objects. I have been, with one exception, perhaps too prosperous, and my life has too little call for self-sacrifice to be altogether as wholesome as it might be. I must endeavour to supply the need of outward teaching by a more watchful self-examination, a more diligent study of God's Word, and more earnest and unremitting prayer for help and support. May God in His mercy quicken my feeble wishes, and bring them into reality and fulfilment."

A. W. H. (NOTE-BOOK).

" *Whitsunday.*—Who has not seen the sun on a fine spring morning pouring his rays through a transparent white cloud, filling all places with the purity of his presence, and kindling the birds into joy and song? Such, I conceive, would be the constant effects of the Holy Spirit on the soul, were there no evil in the world. As it is, the moral sun, like the natural, though 'it always makes a day,' is often clouded over. It is only under a combination of peculiarly happy circumstances, that the heart suffers this sweet violence perceptibly, and feels and enjoys the ecstasy of being borne along by overpowering, unresisted influxes of good. To most, I fear, this only happens during the spring of life: but some hearts keep young, even at eighty."

L. A. S. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, June* 3, 1831.—I have only been letting a few days pass over the heads of my ideas here, before I began to write. Everything is exactly like my expectation, except that I had imagined too large a scale, and that I had no idea *how* great a difference there was between Augustus known, and Augustus unknown,—for I never knew him before in the least. The second day after I came I thought a little child would look very dear on the little lawn, but I hardly think it is *necessary* to their perfect happiness,—it is so entire. For myself, I can only say the guest without a husband is as happy as the hostess with; and, when I was walking over the White Horse's *Tail* yesterday evening, I felt the very feeling of Wordsworth's Solitary in the 'Excursion,' when—'No prayer he breathed—he proffered no request.' The only alteration I wish, is to cut down half the trees, but Augustus does not at all agree. It is so amusing to see the interest the grave scholar takes in his cow, and horse, and meadow. He came in yesterday and said he meant to water the grass in the orchard, and was very angry one day because Maria and I had walked all through the long grass, which was to be cut at five this morning. He takes his daily round through the village, and returns with a minute account to his *Mia*. You would have enjoyed seeing Maria yesterday, busy preparing for her school-children, filling the jars with flowers, placing the table under the cherry-tree, all the children meanwhile peeping through the gate; and then, when all was ready, Augustus exclaiming, 'Throw open the doors,'—and putting each happy little thing in its place. The feast concluded with the children singing the Morning Hymn, led by Maria. I did enjoy the day thoroughly. It is no difficult task to rejoice with those who rejoice,—and rejoice was written in every look and action of the *two* throughout the day. Then we dined at three, and I and my camp-stool went to explore the Downs. The carpet of cistus, and milkwort and thyme there, is quite beautiful. I delight in the Downs, but they are very fatiguing. The only thing I long for is a running brook, with forget-me-not. The source of the Avon is like the outpourings of a soap-tub. Likewise there is a great scarcity of flowers—except *downy* ones.

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, June* 8, 1831.—I do not think our political horizon is at all more cheering than yours. On Saturday night, a great fire consumed four wheat ricks, and four barns full of thrashed corn, about seven miles off, near Abury, because the farmer had used a machine. On Monday we called on Mrs. Goodman, and found the old lady in great alarm; one of her sons, who is a farmer, having sent word that morning that one of his servants had been told by a horseman riding by—'If your master does not pull down his machine, all his ricks will be burnt by to-morrow night.' This sounds just like November again, and Augustus and I rode home with something of the same feeling returned. This, with the expectation and threat of burning all the corn as soon as it is ripe, makes one look forward with some dread to the next few months. There is no doubt that a most fearful spirit of insubordination and dissatisfaction is abroad, and if ministers do not speedily find some remedy, I fear the Reform Bill will have little effect in quieting the disaffected. . . . . We read Burke, and find him really a prophet, and lament there is no such wisdom now.

"One day Lucy attacked Milton's 'Paradise Regained' as lowering Christ; so Augustus brought it out to see, and, I think, allowed it to have that tendency. You would laugh to hear her say she has only one objection to Alton,—that she could not be alone enough,—meeting people in every field; and even on the Downs on Sunday evening she met some men who entered into conversation, and told her a long history about the parish, and 'if *Lady* Hare thought she would ever do any good she was mistaken,' &c.

Augustus is getting very fond of her, and says it is something quite *new* to him,—the books she mentions, and the people, and some of her remarks. She certainly lives more in another world than this;—but nothing can be more charitable and lenient than her way of speaking of people. She is much delighted with our hay being all about, and the whole family turning out to work. One day a swarm of bees settled in our kitchen chimney. The next day two claimants came to own them,—that great division existing as to whether they had flown here from the north or south. Augustus referred the matter to certain judges, who decided against our parishioners; and I believe it ended in Augustus paying *both* parties for them, and the bees are established in our garden.

"The little carriage has arrived at Marlborough; but now is a great difficulty as to who can be trusted to drive it over here? As our new horse has not been tried, and William has never driven him, we are afraid of sending him for it. Gideon offered his services, but not being used to coachmanship he has been rejected, and in short, I do not at present see how it is ever to get over the nine miles between Marlborough and here, unless we call a parish meeting to ascertain if any of our flock can drive. Then when got here, where is it to be housed, the barn being otherwise used? So you see we are put to great inconvenience by our new gift."

M. H. (from her Parish Journal).

"*June* 11, 1831.—There had lately come into the parish a Baptist named Richard Douse. I had not held any communication with him till this evening, when in coming from my usual visit to Mary Browne, I went into his cottage. After some little talk about poor Mary's unhappy state of mind, he said, 'Ah, I was once in as bad a way as she is.

It is now many years since I was turned to the Lord.' I asked him what caused him to think seriously. 'Why it was one day when I was working for Mr. Pile's father; there were a many of us, and we were talking of dying. I said I was not afraid of death, why should I? I had not been cursing nor swearing, nor doing as many did. I always went to church, and did nobody any harm. The next day it came over me all at once. I was not able to go out to work for eight weeks. I thought I was so vile a sinner, God would not have mercy on me. I could get no rest, and they were for sending me to a mad-house, thinking I must be mad. One day I was out in the field. I had beat away my wife and mother that I might go and pray, when all of a sudden it did seem to I as if I heard a voice say in my ears, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." and in that minute it seemed just as if two great hefts of wheat were lifted off my back.' From that time Richard Douse seems to have been comforted, and said what a blessed thing it was; that he had seen others in a like way. A young woman at Allington had sent for him when she was ill. He had talked with her, she was bad a long time. Some time after she died; he was not with her, but he heard she was triumphant. Another case he told of a relation of his own. When she was dying, she sent for him, and, hearing he could stay all night, said, 'Oh, let us bless the Lord for it, then you'll be with me and hear the last word!' He answered, he hoped it would be a comfortable one. She replied, 'I can only give as it is given.' When her parents asked, why she liked so much to have her uncle with her, 'Oh, because we talk about Jesus Christ;' and she would not talk of anything else.

"A woman coming in at this time, we took our leave, when he followed us out of the door, putting out his rough hand to shake mine, the tears standing in his eyes."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, June* 15, 1831.—You will be glad to hear we *have* got our little carriage from Marlborough. We borrowed one of Mr. Miller's servants to ride Goodman Dull to fetch it, and on Saturday it arrived. The pony looks twice as well in harness, and goes admirably. On Monday we were, as you may imagine, all impatient to try it, and set out about five, Augustus driving. The very first turn, we came suddenly on two immense timber loads, and narrow indeed was the alternative of going into the ditch, or being fastened on a wheel. However, we did escape both evils and went merrily on, and nothing can do better. The carriage runs so easily and quietly, and *Dull* scarcely merits so unflattering a name now, he goes so perfectly, never starting or stumbling, and just fit for his driver.

"My poor woman continues much the same, though we have doctored her body with physic, and her head with vinegar and water, and endeavoured to exercise her mind by reading and talking. It is a very singular case certainly. She is a woman that a year ago, in an illness, I found it impossible to make any impression on. She was 'not worse than her neighbours, went to church,' &c. Now she has these *tempts* come over her, that God will not forgive her, and that the Evil One will carry her away. It makes her in a *sweat* all over. Then she prays and it goes away; but her dread is, lest it should get the better. She is comforted and very grateful for our reading to her, and says, if she can get over this, she thinks she shall be happier than she ever was."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Highlake, June* 23, 1831.—A beautiful day on Monday tempted me to choose the open-carriage on the railroad.

We got there an hour before the time; but not having seen the establishment, I was anxious to investigate the whole apparatus of engine and carriages. At ten we started. Three open cars have cushions and divisions, and look very inviting *empty*, but when filled you are brought into inevitable contact with much that is disagreeable. I was especially so, for I had an intolerable fat neighbour, who was up and down every minute, till at last some one told a story of a man who was killed last Friday by standing up contrary to advice, in that very carriage, and tumbling backwards over the side; after which he was a little quieter. The carriage held four-and-twenty. Two men who sat opposite amused me by their conversation. Respectable tradesmen they looked; one—indeed both—sensible moderate men. Of Reform, one said he had been a Reformer all his life and was so now; but should be more hearty in the cause if he could be sure it would stop; but when he heard the triumph of the demagogues in the success of their perseverance, he could not but agree with them that they had but to persevere again to get what they wanted more; that he knew many Reformers who were beginning to look the other side the question. He was the sort of man that looked as if he spoke the opinion of a certain class. Nothing can be less enjoyable, I think, than the mode of travelling. You see nothing before nor behind but the carriages before and behind. The noise is deafening, the motion jarring, and besides the Manchester atmosphere you carry with you, which there is no sea-breeze, as in a steamboat, to counteract, particles of cinders or iron dust get into your eyes and blind you for the time, and make your eyes weak for a day or two afterwards; however, in the shut carriages these evils are avoided. Our train consisted of a hundred and fifty. It is as well managed apparently as it can be; but to me, who detest all bustle of the kind, the luggage and the omnibus, and the quantity of trunks that even three little people take to convey their goods when everything must have its place, make the convenience of one's own carriage rise sensibly before one. I feel it, however, almost wrong and ungrateful to speak disrespectfully of such a wonderful invention and arrangement as it is. The rapidly improving state of the country through which it passes is curious, Chat Moss getting into cultivation—houses building, &c."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Millards Hill, July* 2, 1831.—We left Lucy to her solitude on Tuesday, and set off hither at eleven o'clock in the little carriage—only Augustus and I. We trotted merrily on to Trowbridge, it being a cool day, and thought we had maligned Dull. Then we waited an hour, had dinner, read the newspaper, and set off again at half-past five. The road was so hilly all the way to Frome, that we got on very slowly. Our chief amusement was that, in going up one of the long hills, we were overtaken by a newsman from Bath, who began talking to Augustus, saying how many more papers had been in request—at the rate of eight or nine a week more than before the Reform Bill. Then he talked of how many miles he walked a day, &c.; 'but I shall not have to do it much longer.' 'Why? how so? Have you got some other place?' 'No, sir; a relation has died in the East Indies, and I and my brother are his heirs, and we never saw till lately the advertisement, which had been for three years in the papers. We were offered yesterday £4,000 for our shares.' 'But you won't take it?' 'No, sir; we know what the amount is—ninety-three thousand odd hundred pounds.' He entered into all the details of how the Will was in Doctors' Commons, and about the interest and legacy duty, &c. 'Not that *we* should have been up to this if the lawyers had not set us up to it.' He was the commonest pedlar-looking man. Augustus was very near giving him a shilling, for the sake of saying that he had done it to a man worth the half of ninety-three thousand pounds."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Alderley*, *July* 7, 1831.—We came back from Highlake by the train, but in the shut carriages. There was a man killed in our train, but we knew nothing of it at the time, but that there was an unexplained stop of a minute; in fact you know just as much of what goes on in any other part of the train as if you were at Alton. There were only three places vacant when we went three hours before the time to take our places. It is more like taking places at a theatre than anything else. You book yourselves for the seats you choose, and, having a number on your ticket, find your place accordingly in the train. Another remark I made was, how little idea you have of the distance you pass over, when the objects are not previously known to you. No road having ever been upon the line of railroad, of course there are no landmarks, and for anything one sees, the distance might be only twelve miles. It did seem marvellous, indeed, to find one's self at Huyton Church, eight miles, in eight minutes, from Liverpool."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Stoke*, *Sept.* 30. — I felt very sad in parting with you, dearest Lucy, and in thinking that I should return without you to our peaceful home. Our pilgrimages are at present, it is true, through widely different paths, and yours is often rugged, whilst mine is permitted for a time to be strewn with flowers; but the final home is the same to both, and perhaps the very thorns and briers which seem a hindrance at the time, may be the best and surest means of arriving at the end in safety, and further the poor weary pilgrim on his journey far more effectually, than the more pleasant attendants on the road in flowers and smoothness. However this may be, it is happily for us arranged for our good by One who seeth not as man seeth, and whose infinite wisdom and mercy knows how best to suit our needs. May we only use the means placed in our power, whether of joys or sorrows, so as to advance nearer and nearer to His eternal kingdom, and then it will matter little whether these few years be spent in one way or another. What a blessing it is, dearest, that our re-union has proved indeed so true a one, and that we feel ourselves in the same course, running the same race; we indeed are far behind, yet I would fain hope striving after the same prize; and especially do I rejoice that it is no longer I alone who share your thoughts and love and prayers, but my own dearest Augustus also who is united with me in your heart. This is no trifling result of our three months' happiness, and will endure long after the impression of it becomes less strong than it is at present."

"*Stoke, October* 10.—.....When I think how I used to complain of the want of interest and the dreariness here, which now seems to me by comparison so extended and beautiful, and think how it never has occurred to me, at our little miniature of a garden and house and grounds, to feel a deficiency, I am fearfully sensible what a great weight of happiness rests upon one person, and how dependent I am —upon what? Upon a Father who loveth His children better than any earthly parent, and will never leave nor forsake them. We have had a delicious evening service. Julius, who is staying here, read prayers, and Augustus preached, I having just before had the pleasure of hearing one of my favourite cottagers say of the last Sunday's sermon, 'I have never had it out of my head since. I never heard a minister that satisfied me so well. I hope I shall never forget it, he went so desperate deep ; and told such truth, one could not but understand it. I take it he must be a rare good *liver* to preach like that.' "

XI.

SUNSHINE.

"Every one ought to read in a triple book,—
— in the book of Creatures, that he may find God;
— in the book of Conscience, that he may know himself;
— in the book of Scripture, that he may love his neighbour."
Alanus de Insulis.

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*HECKFIELD PLACE*, *Oct.* 15, 1831.—Who do you think we have here?—Lady Elizabeth Whitbread. She is mother to Mrs. Shaw-Lefevre, wife of the member for Hants (which I never knew till I came here, so uncommunicative is Augustus about his relations), and sister, as you probably know, to Lord Grey. I must speak of her first, for I can only think of her. She is a *magnificent* woman,—has been very handsome, and is so dignified, with such simplicity and strong sense; one could see in a moment it was no ordinary character. When Augustus was reading a letter of Lord Grey's in the paper to-night, her eyes filled with tears; and when he said anything in praise, her face glowed with delight. Just now, one does look with great interest at any person connected with political life, and she has all the *old* experience of it, and delights Augustus by bringing up what she has heard from Charles Fox. Mrs. Lefevre is very much pleased at our coming, wants us to stay longer, and is all kindness. There is nobody but her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Shaw-Lefevre, and her children, who live here. Mr. S. Lefevre is absent at Winchester sessions, but returns to-morrow. It is an ugly-looking red brick house, but very excellent inside, rooms on a large scale, and everything very handsome and well appointed, though a little formal. There is a charming large common close by, with copsewood, and wild brambles and furze, looking both cheerful and picturesque; and the distant views, like Woodhay, are soft and rich. Mr. Blackstone is the vicar, and comes in and out here whenever he likes. He has been here both evenings, and this evening we have had some amusing discussions, in which Lady Elizabeth bore her share, and that a very delightful one. There is a genuineness and truth about all she says that does one good to hear; and then she does *listen* in such a way! and raises herself up at times in her plain black dress with such dignity, when any opposition to her opinion is raised. Augustus had attacked some expression of Mrs. Shaw-Lefevre's at dinner, and she said immediately, 'Oh, you and mamma would agree about language, she is as fastidious as you are;' and accordingly, as soon as we went into the drawing-room where Lady Elizabeth was (for she has been very ill, and only comes down in an evening), they began a discussion upon language, in which she quoted Fox's opinion that you should always talk with the *people*, and she found as much fault with modern corruptions as Augustus himself—said she could not understand half of what was said nowadays, there was so much phraseology in certain sets. Then they got upon public speaking, and she criticised some of the speeches, and spoke with delight of her brother's; then to preachers, when we had a very amusing discussion between her and her daughter about Mr. Howels. . . . But I must not go on in this way; you may imagine how entertaining it is. I quite delight in this country, it is so cheerful and airy, and yet so well wooded; just the sort of country to live in for enjoyment."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*The dear Alton*, *Oct.* 22, 1831.—A threatening shower passed away before we got into the Vale, and the sun shone brightly as we came over the brow; and said Augustus, 'Well, it is not so *beautiless*.' There stood Miss Miller and her cousin busy at work in their garden; there were the little school-girls at the usual corner; and some little way farther, there came out of his cottage-door, at the sound of the wheels, John Brown himself, in his blue cap, which he took off, stroking down his hair as you may *see* him doing, with his honest welcome. The dear little peaceful home! You know what my feeling is when I come back to it, and that I have scarcely a word ready to give the servants who greet us, so full is my heart at this moment."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Corinne Bay*, *Penrhos*, *Sept.* 28, 1831.—This has been a happy Sunday. I could not go to church, and have spent most of the morning and afternoon in my rocky chamber, with the seagulls and kittewakes for a congregation. Nowhere, I think, can one enter more into the beauty of Christ's discourses than by the sea, where most of His words were spoken. The waves, in their stillness or motion, must be the same everywhere, and the sound, on our ear as we read, was in His when he spoke.

"At this moment, a huge brown seagull is flapping over my head, two white-sailed sloops are lying in the bay, and the air is as soft as June. The wind does not touch my paper, but there is enough to give the sea motion, and make the small waves break over the limpet-covered rocks."

"*Oct.* 16.—I intend this to find you when you arrive at the dear home. I have fancied you saying every now and then to Augustus, '*next* Sunday we shall be in the little church;' and much as you have enjoyed seeing all the dear Stoke and Alderley people, I *know* the full heart of grateful joy, and the thrilling sensation, with which you will see Gideon run to open the gate, and feel, as you drive in, that you are once more all in all to each other."

"*Nov.* 7.—Now for two happy hours. They all went to Beaumaris this morning, since which I have fulfilled all necessary duties, and now have established myself in the breakfast-room. The three Greek books are ready open; my task for to-night, the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of Matt. vi. When I was eating my solitary dinner just now, I thought of the last I ate at Alton, with Brute by my side. It is blowing a heavy gale, and there are such strange noises abroad; the dogs are snuffing and listening as if they heard people—growling low. Your letter came just as I was thinking of you both in prayer, and spoke less of earth than heaven. You place me completely by your side. How little I did what I ought to have done; how much I did which I ought not to have done at dear Alton, and yet it is very sweet to me to think that we are perhaps sometimes helped on our way and fresh grace given, in answer to the humble prayer of some of Christ's little ones, who remember the little word of advice or comfort we offered, long after our own fleeting thought of it passed away. I have been refreshing myself with some of St. Augustine's and St. Anselm's meditations, and I always find *myself* most honestly described in the writings of these old Fathers,—there is such a deep knowledge of the human heart, with such simplicity and heavenly-mindedness. They spoil one for modern authors. I find Julius very often in these old men's quaint sentences."

Only a week after their return to Alton, Augustus left for London, to hear the legal argument of the Winchester Appeal, which he had been long occupied in drawing up on the Founder's Kin question.

M. H. *to* A. W. H.

"*Alton*, *Oct.* 29, 1831.—When the dearest Augustus gets this, his ordeal will be over, and the argument whether good or bad will have come, I trust, to a conclusion. Either you will be railing at the inefficient manner in which Jenner served your cause, or at the long-winded prosiness of your opponents ; you will have longed to get up and defend your own position, or you will scarcely feel a triumph from the weakness of your adversary. I hardly dare venture to hope that this will find you satisfied with the able way in which the question has been argued, and content to rest its decision on the impression that argument has left. You know how much your own darling Mia will think of you and wish for your success on Monday ; and if you are disheartened and wanting comfort, you will like to have a few lines telling you so, though they can do you no further good. I rejoiced so much yesterday in the beautiful day for your journey, I hardly could regret you were not with me to enjoy it ; and my walk up the hill was full of pleasant and grateful thoughts, both of you and the dear Luce, who had been my last companion on the Downs. With so bright a sky and balmy an air, one could only love tenfold those whom God has given us to love, and feel how little reason one has to doubt his wonderful care over them. I am glad you do not know how weak and faithless my heart often is as regards the future. and how many times there comes across my happiness an unreasonable dread of what is to come; such feelings are however useful, I daresay, and serve to keep up a sense of our dependence and need of help, which might with stronger nerves be forgotten or weakened. We have received such great mercies hitherto, we cannot doubt that the same loving Father will be with us always, whether in chastening or joy. Dearest Augustus, you know how tenderly I love you; and how, when you are absent, my heart cannot help gushing over with affection, for then I feel how bare and desolate life would be without you. It is so blessed a thing in our affection that no blights or spots obscure it, as is often the case in little things, between those who are really attached, from dissimilarity in character, or some unavoidable circumstance of unsuitableness. But I must not dilate on this often-told theme. I hear a voice calling me to give an account of myself, and though it should be ever so unimportant in the eyes of many, to my own husband I know that the details of my day cannot be uninteresting.

. . . "The school was, of course, my first object; where I was much pleased with the progress the children had made in our absence. They had learnt all I had set them very perfectly, and said it very well, and I was well satisfied that Mrs. Patrick had done her duty thoroughly. . . . Then, what else did I do?—scold Gideon, who did not much like it, and said he should be three days over the work, which three days were short ones, seeing the potatoes were safely *hodded*—is not that the word?—before night.

"*Oct.* 30.—No dear Sunday work to-day—no sermon to pin, no date to write, no hymn to hear. The house seems especially dull and unlike itself to-day; and, when the teaching was over, and service ended, I missed the dearest Aug. sadly. The only consolation I could find was that the singers did not choose to sing, and that both morning and evening service were without any relief, so that you would have been tired. The churches were reversed in consequence of the frost this morning, which made the great church too damp for use; but this afternoon we had service there, and *our* seat, I am happy to find, has been new boarded at last.

"I have been reading Chalmers' 'Civic Economy.' How admirable what he says of the advantages of Local Districts, and the bringing teachers and people into contact; and the want of more labourers in the vineyard to make the harvest plenteous. In how many places one hears complaints of the want of churches, and ignorance of all the people; and yet people talk of no Church reform being necessary. The danger is, lest in these change-loving times, a stone or two may be pulled out, which may chance to be the main prop of the whole, and the whole edifice may come down at once, where repair and amendment only are needed. We must labour all the harder whilst means and time are allowed us; and, if in this little spot we could sow some of the good seed, it will be a blessed support and comfort when the great earthquake does come. I pray for my dearest Augustus that he may be strengthened and confirmed in his own faith, and enabled to win many over to the Truth, and may we both make many shoots upwards, if it is only as a sign of our thankful love for all the blessings given us.

. . . Sleep well to-night, and do not dream about standing up before the Bishop to plead your Anti-Founder's cause, and do not let all the ghosts of poor Wykeham's much injured and greatly beloved kinsfolk haunt you. When may I look for the dear step, 'that has music in it, as it comes up the stair; for there's nae luck aboot the hoose when my gude man's awa'?'"

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*London, Oct.* 31, 1831.—We were at it till dark. Sir Herbert Jenner learned and composed; Erle, strong, clear, and very good; Phillimore, as yet, weak as water, save such strength as in spite of himself Wykeham's statutes give him. He has got half through his speech, and will proceed to-morrow morning. Then comes Lefevre, who will, I fear, be powerful. We have the right of reply, and all is done. You would have been amused at the objection taken at the beginning of the case against my presenting the Appeal, because I was no longer a member of New College. He also read a passage from the statutes against those who, 'at the instigation of the old Serpent,' plot any innovation on Wykeham's statutes. So that all my labours have been at the instigation of the Devil! Truly, if so, he has been a worse paymaster than usual, for he has given me none of his coin.

"*Nov.* 2.—Our argument was resumed yesterday. I got to the Court a quarter before ten, and found Phillimore at work. They had begun about ten minutes. But what sort of a place is the Court? Why, like any other Court, with one end raised, like a horse-shoe, with a great round chair in the centre, wherein sat the Visitor, with the collar of the Garter, but out of lawn sleeves. Patteson was on his right, and Lushington on his left, on less conspicuous seats. These filled the centre of the horse-shoe; we occupied the right of it, Phillimore and Lefevre the left. In the centre, below us, was a large green-baized table, round which sat the reporters and the audience. When Phillimore ended, up got Lefevre, very serious, and wisely diffident. With the Canon and Civil Law he had the good sense not to meddle. His best point was an attempt, and I expect a very just one, though it made little impression on the Judges, to infer from a variety of old documents that the questions discussed before Bromley and Laud were *not* of degree, but of pedigree—and, if so, the main prop of our argument is cut away. Jenner replied, and made some good points in reply to Phillimore, and would have made more, but Phillimore, to break the effect of his speech, kept interrupting him every other sentence. His law was dull and lengthy, and I half wished the reply had fallen to me. I woke the night before with my head full of what I should say if I had to speak. About four the business closed, and the Judges departed, not half so tired I hope as I was. My impression of the ignorance of Doctors' Commons is unchanged. With Jenner's industry and attention I have every reason to be satisfied. But most assuredly, if the case were to be re-argued, I would go to work myself; and I will venture to say, that with the insight I have gained into the bearings of Civil Law on the question, and the advantages of great and good libraries, I could do better, or at least provide better materials on the question."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Nov.* 2.—What is the dear Luce about, that I have not had a word to comfort me in my solitude? but, indeed, you are with me now in every walk, and it is quite curious how you rise up in my path wherever I go. It is no longer an occasional thought and wish that you might sometime or other come here, a feeling I used to have when breathing the Down air—this Lucy would enjoy;—but it is the certainty that you know every bye-lane and house and field around us, and that to your mind's eye they are often as present as they are to mine in reality. The little sparkling old Hannah Baillie told me the other day, 'I never can help thinking of *she* as I go down that lane, nor should I if I lived to a hundred!' And then she told me of your sitting down and reading to her there, and of all that was said on both sides. The dear little woman is as eager to hear and to learn as ever, and there is a sincerity about her which one must hope much from. 'Ah,' she said, 'I hope God Almighty will bless that good lady for all she did here—indeed her pleasure seemed to be amongst the *poor*;' and, little as it may seem to many, by you the prayer and blessing of poor Hannah will not be despised. All hands and minds are just now as busy in getting in potatoes as they were in gleaning when you were here, and few people are at home. Do you remember the canting old man, who talked of how many chapters he read in a year? Since we went he has sent his son and daughter, and their children, away, and taken his *sweetheart* to live with him. So much for the good his chapters did him! I begin to think his former wife was not much to be wondered at for having a distaste for texts.

"And have I written all this, and not said a word of the dear Master, the chief subject of my rejoicing over your visit that you have learnt to know and love each other? It is such a pleasure to me to think that there is now one person who knows what he is, and there is no one but you who does know it in the same degree, and there is a sensible difference between thinking it right people should love each other, and thinking it impossible they should do otherwise."

"*Saturday Evening, Nov.* 12, 1831.—Augustus has not gone down to the Study. He is walking about in the drawing-room, then sitting down, and scribbling as fast as he can, then referring, it may be, to the newspapers before him; for his subject is the cholera—his text, I believe, is 2 Chron. vii. 4—and what a subject it is! How soon has England followed the fate of its sister countries, in spite of that sea, which so many hoped would save it from the scourge. If the evil really comes home to our own doors, God will, I hope and trust, strengthen us to meet the trial. At present, I confess, I shrink at the prospect, and feel very faint-hearted in thinking of the winter before us. Sometimes I am quite ashamed of the indescribable dread I feel of all the trial of our faith likely to beset us, and the more we love each other, and enjoy our present happiness, the more I tremble for the sad reverse it may please God to bring upon us. For the first time, I now really rejoice that I have no children to watch over and add to my anxieties, and, in the present state of this country, I feel sure it is far better to be as independent of outward circumstances as possible. My faith is sadly weak at times. Pray for me, dearest, that I may have grace given to help and support me, and to enable me to set my affections more upon things above, and that my Augustus may be helped to rouse the sleepers and excite the slothful to watch and be ready. The liability to fevers in this vale has taken away one's confidence in the *treeless* openness. Augustus brought from London a medicine chest full of the proper medicines, and he has been giving orders to get the unsavoury lane purified, as well as a dry path made for the people to come to church.

" And now, to turn to a more agreeable subject. What do you think he brought me from London? the most beautiful little Greek Testament you ever saw. Then I have a Parkhurst like yours. With these excitements, I hope to get on much with Greek, and, by-the-bye, I can comfort you with the experience I have had—that, having for a long time been forced to study every word, and fancy it was all uphill, and I was getting on so slowly, all at once I found myself far more advanced than I thought, and got on much more rapidly. It is much the best way to read only a little, and make yourself thoroughly mistress of it, as you seem to be doing."

"*Sunday Evening.*—How I wish you could have been here to-day, and have heard the sermon. Augustus began by saying that he should explain what the danger was that the form of prayer alluded to, and entered into all the details respecting the disease, its beginning, and gradual approach; read out of the *newspaper* the symptoms, and also the advice of the physicians about temperance and cleanliness; then specified how this country, from its thick population and rapid communication, was, more than any other, likely to have it spread in every part; entered into the *details* of how every house should be ventilated, and how both personal and domestic cleanliness were essential as precautions, and all this *before* it came to our doors. When it was really come—if it did—'the first thing, to put the patient into a bed as hot as possible, the second thing to come *to me*,' without a moment's loss of time—an hour's delay might be fatal: he had procured all the necessary medicines. When, from the temporal danger, and the precautions necessary, he turned to the far more important need of timely repentance, and the impossibility in this sickness of turning to God at the last hour, and was gradually warmed by the subject to exhort and beseech their consideration of these things, you may fancy how the dear Augustus's countenance was lighted up, and how all the feebleness of bodily fear (of which he has by nature much in cases of danger) was subdued and conquered by the bright hope within him and the prospect of serving his Lord and Master; and when his appeal to their soul's welfare ended by his triumphant question of, 'What have Christ's servants to fear?—a little sickness, a few pangs, a plunge into the grave, and an issue thence to life and glory!' the impression left was far from being the melancholy one which all the earlier details of his sermon might have led one to expect, and I really feel more comfortable than I have done for some days. It was in Great Alton Church, and the people were, as you may suppose, all attention, and some, I believe, in tears. God grant their hearts might be touched. Augustus got through it very firmly, but could scarcely get through the blessing. At this moment he is resting upon the sofa, and I have been playing and singing the hymn in times of danger,—'And when thy sorrows visit us, oh grant thy patience too.'"

A. W. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Nov.* 22.—The dear Mia and her husband unite—when are they disunited?—to send greeting to their dear Luce. They wish she was here to keep the birthday to-day, and to rejoice with them in their happy lot. . . . . I have taken a great liking, a great respect, rather, for Pontin. We were asking him about bedding, and he said, with the greatest simplicity, 'Oh, we are very well off now—we have got sheets.' 'But, to keep you warm?' 'Oh, yes, and we are warm enough with the sheets—we do very well, thank you.' And his little girl the other day, seeing our Jack and Dull coming down the brow, put down her umbrella, though it was raining, and hid it under her cloak. 'Why did you do that, my little girl?' 'Not to frighten the horses.'"

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Nov.* 22.—Augustus is just gone off to the barn, having been busy studying the 'Sermon on the Mount' for to-night. I wish for you so much in our daily evening lecture. Sumner's book is very good for the purpose, and, of course, Aug. puts in explanatory bits of his own, and he sometimes reads one of Reginald's hymns. The people bring their Bibles, and look out any references, and it is just what I have long wished for. We have to-day finished, *together*, Malachi, and shall begin to-morrow with Lowth's Isaiah. You, too, will be studying this prophet, for he is in the course; so you may think of us, and I know you like to know our line of thought and study."

JULIUS HARE *to* M. H.

"*Cambridge, Nov.* 22, 1831.—Very many happy returns of the day to you, dearest Maria! and on very many 17ths and 22nds of November may you and Augustus drink each other's healths, each of you blest in seeing the other by your side, both of you blest in living amid a flock to whom you are administering the comforts of earth, and whom you are guiding towards the bliss of heaven. Dearest Maria, it is a great joy to think that one of my brothers, the dearest of them, is blest with the choicest gift that Heaven can bestow, a good and loving wife. For myself, though I know full well how to prize it, though there is nothing on earth that my heart reveres so much as the graces of womanly virtue, my destiny has cut out a path for me, from which I can only gaze at it from afar, but which, God be thanked, has many pleasures of its own, far more than enough to content any heart, not a prey to morbid cravings. Still, I rejoice most heartily that one of my brothers has met with the goodlier lot, the choicer happiness; and may God bless you, Maria, for being the source of it—for making Augustus so happy! I wish I could give you my greetings by word of mouth, and could drink your healths in your presence. As it is, I must content myself with doing so in my lonely tower: and yet I ought not to call it *lonely;* for it is thronged with immortals, though the outward shell of mortality is rarely seen in it.

"When you come here next spring,—and, as you have set your mind upon dragging me away from my *beautiful* rooms to Hurstmonceaux, in order that you may stay in your *beautiless* parsonage of Alton, you positively must not put off coming here, God willing, beyond the coming out of the leaves next spring,—you must make yourself at home here for at least a week, and then you will have time to find out what noble-minded persons I am living among.

"Edward Stanley seemed thoroughly well pleased with his stay here, and told me that our great men were the best people he had ever met with, talking wisdom and nonsense in the same breath, and with the same unconstraint, and pouring out their knowledge as liberally as if it was dross."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Penrhos*, *Nov.* 15, 1831.—My week of solitude, unlike yours, has seemed only a day long. I have done so much Greek. No study ever came in one's way at a better time; it puts everything else out of my head and makes the hours fly: and living as I do so much alone in thoughts and interests, though with many round, it is very wholesome to have some one engrossing study; and to look steadily at the times before us, with the almost certain approach of cholera, requires a steady and continual practice of *Faith*, which though I can enforce strongly, I shrink from at times myself in looking forward to all that may be in store for those I love. One thing always will come into my prayers—that if the cholera does come, it may not reach *Alton*.

"*Nov.* 22, 1831.—The first thing I remembered when I woke was—your birthday, and my eye fixed on the dear Alton picture over the fireplace. The first verse of the morning Psalm is the proper language of rejoicing for this day—oh, how often we forget to thank God for the present blessings he is loading us with, while we are anticipating a time when they may cease, forgetting that if we are *his* children they never can cease. God bless you *both*, is the constant prayer of my heart. Do not fear the cholera. Put all into the hands of that God, whose eye is ever over us. You may say of me—'she talks to me, who never had a husband, and I am very weak in Faith'—but we both know there *is* a Rock and Shelter from every storm. There is a beautiful passage on Faith in our favourite Leighton,—'Faith rolls the soul over on God,—Faith sets a soul in Christ, and then it looks down upon all temptations, as at the bottom of a rock, breaking themselves with foam,'—or something like this."

"*Alderley*, *Dec.* 22.—I dreamt last night I was at Alton, and you told me in consequence of something Augustus had said at church, that Mary Brown had decided on going to the sacrament at Christmas. Often, when I am on my knees in prayer, the white cottage, or the dirty lane, have come so visibly before me, it is no exertion of thought, but quite natural to pray for *her*. Poor thing, the more one feels the perfect joy it is, to walk under the light of God's countenance, the more easy it is to pray for those who are for a time suffered to walk in darkness. All this would be *Greek* to poor Mary, but tell her I thought of her last Sunday in church, when reading the Collect and Epistle, and the Epistle struck me as one just comfortable and short for her to learn. It is a good Christmas greeting. 'Rejoice in the Lord always; and *again* I say, Rejoice'—as if there was nothing more else for God's people to do, but to rejoice. I shall rejoice much with you this Christmas, for I shall spend much of my time with you. I hope Julius will have some sunny days to walk up Old Adam, and if he calls the view from thence *beautiless*, he will be only fit to live all his days with the noble-minded sages of Trinity College.

"Augustus would be ashamed of me (though *you* will not) if he knew how I delight in all the smallest things you can tell me about him, the Mia, and Alton. You need never fear speaking of him, though it be in *praise*. Remember I have lived under the same roof for three months, and love him *so* much, that I can well understand your loving him almost *too* much. If all Christian pastors were like him, there would be a different spirit in England now. The seed you are now sowing in Alton will not be lost, but after *many* years of perseverance and trial, with God's blessing on your labour, may we not hope a little Christian band of rescued souls will, from that apparently barren soil, enter into heaven, there to prove your crown of rejoicing."

"*Dec.* 29.—Your note has just come. Such brings sometimes more comfort and love and healing on its wings, than pages of writing. If much talking is bad, a word in season is *very* good. If God indeed is our God, we do well to rejoice, but very ill to complain of any little passing trouble. It is in the storm and amid the rocks that the Anchor and Beacon are most prized, and many a blessed promise in the Bible would remain a sealed promise, if the key of sorrow, or trial, or temptation, were not sent to open its stores, and send warm to one's heart such words as—'Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid.'

. . . . "I have been trying lately to like old Jeremy as well as I do Leighton, because Augustus does, but I cannot help finding my greatest delight in the meek and spiritually minded Leighton. Jeremy puts a great staff into my hand, but Leighton does the same, and at the same time puts a rose into the other hand."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Dec.* 14, 1831.—I am just returned from the top of Old Adam, having thought of you as I can scarce help doing always on those green sloping Downs, with all that wide country spread below one; and watching, not the busy gleaners and the waggons loading, but the slow, toilsome plodding of the horses and oxen at the plough. The soft mild air and autumn gleams make one's position so high above all earthly fogs and smoke as wholesome for mind as body, and I am come home all the better for the pure air I breathed there.

"Augustus gives an extra lecture this evening to as many as like to come, about the Sacrament, and will have more next week upon it, preparatory to Christmas. He takes increasing delight in this part of his work, as well as in our *domestic* lecture, and I do hope and trust that God's blessing may attend his labours.

"The cholera seems gaining ground. . . . . My really greatest fear of future trouble and sorrow arises out of the conviction I have, that such would lead me nearer to God, and that my heart does need often a greater exercise of self-denial, and to be taught a greater dependence on happiness not of this world. I want to be helped to be ever ready to let, 'Rapture, comfort, present ease, as Heaven shall bid them come and go.' One thing I do feel, and that is after moments of greatest depression, there comes across me a bright and cheering hope that God *will*, when the hour comes, He *will* make a way for us out of the trial, or strengthen and support us through it. As we were reading on Sunday evening of dear old Latimer's last moments, how glorious did one feel a Christian's end to be, and what the triumph over human impurity and weakness which such a spirit had gained.

"Last Sunday as Augustus had preached in our church in the morning, he had not been able to write a second sermon for Great Alton, so he took a volume of Bishop Wilson's sermons, which are very plain, up into the pulpit, and after a few words explanatory about the good old man, he read them a very good Advent sermon, with his own little alterations."

"*St. John's Day.*—I longed yesterday to have answered your dear letter, but the sun shone so bright, that, when Shop was ended, I could not resist a ride till our early Christmas dinner. When I came into the house I met Augustus in the passage, his face radiant with joy, and he pulled me into the study to see a parcel just arrived from Aunt Louisa, containing three most comfortable warm shawls for our three best old women, and a parcel of warm stockings for the men. Cannot you fancy the dear man's happiness over them: I could not guess what had happened. Our Christmas Day was perfect, except that in consequence of some dissension amongst the singers, we were deprived of our waking carol, and I was obliged to be satisfied with the good news being communicated by a voice sweeter to my ears than a more harmonious one would sound to many. Perhaps the moment of greatest joy in the whole day was when I saw the red cloak and black bonnet of little old Hannah Baillie amongst those who were round the altar, and saw and heard Augustus, with eyes full of tears and such a smile of joy, and his voice trembling with emotion, give her the blessed bread and wine. He could hardly say the words, and the affectionateness of his manner to her, and the simplicity of heart with which we knew she was receiving the blessing, were most touching. Poor Mary Brown, alas! had no heart to come, but I saw her in the evening steal across the fields to church, and I hope she picked out a great deal of comfort and good from the sermon."

M. H.'s JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"*Jan.* 4, 1832.— . . . . . Perhaps it is for me the more desirable to have some written trace of my present enjoyment left, since I bear about with me a constant impression, a feeling I can hardly give words to, that my present life is as it were a dream, from which I shall be awakened before it has lasted any great length of time, to find myself once more alone in the world, with God only as my refuge and comfort. This is no new feeling or view of things, although it is of course strengthened by the circumstances under which this year has begun—circumstances which, I must own, press at times heavily on my mind, far more so, I fear, than a faithful trust would allow of. 'Be not faithless, but believing,' is a charge I too often need as regards temporal things; for though I have a *firm* belief that with the trial will come strength meet to support it, if we only seek and ask for it, my faint heart is sadly apt to shrink from the prospect of trial and suffering, and from the possibility of having my greatest earthly comfort and treasure taken away. Most deeply do I feel the weakness of my faith and how little it practically works within me, when fears and doubts and anxieties cross me about a future which is all in the hands of Him who has so mercifully ruled all the past for my happiness, and who will not leave nor forsake me, even should He see fit to call to himself the heavenly spirit he is now preparing for heaven. To that home we are both journeying. Oh! may we never turn aside from the strait way, but whatever rocks beset our path, may we be permitted to tread it together, and may the light, as we go on, ever brighten before us and lead us on from hope to hope, forgetting what is behind and beside us, and pressing forward with greater earnestness to the prize of our high calling."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Jan.* 22, 1832.—Augustus has now an evening school on Mondays, and studies as much for it as if it was a scientific work, in all the School-Books, to learn the best mode of drawing out the sluggish understanding of his untaught lads. It has always been a subject of reproach to me that we had made no attempts to teach this class who are above the Sunday school in age, though far below it in knowledge, and the prospect of confirmation just gives us a *handle* for instructing them. There are many grown people who express a wish to be confirmed, and we shall not dissuade them, as it affords a pretext for talking and reading to them, and enforcing an examination into the state of their souls, and may eventually lead them to come to the Lord's Supper with fewer scruples and more hope of benefit. Every way opened for one is so good a thing, for it requires some courage, and I fear more boldness than we have, to press the subject on people uncalled for.

"We dined with the C's. the other day, and at this dinner party an agreement was made amongst the clergy to meet at our house on the 10th of February to discuss how they might form a society amongst themselves to meet at stated times and communicate together on professional and religious subjects. The difficulty will be how to make it *general* enough to admit members of different opinions and degrees of zeal, which, in order to do general good, must be an object; and how to make it, as Mr. Majendie well said, a meeting not like a common dinner-party of neighbours, but one from which each might return home better, and encouraged and stimulated on to further exertion. The hope is that the decidedly uncongenial will not join, and that those who are only a little *sluggish* and partially asleep may get some little good.

"I wish you had seen Augustus's grateful face the other day when he had been talking with old Pontin, who came to him for advice about confirmation, and who did express himself so thankfully for all he had received, more especially for the spiritual instruction he got in the barn. I came in at the moment, and, when the good old man left the room, Augustus cried like a child. Truly it is a blessed office to have thus to minister comfort and consolation to the sick in heart, and with even one's weak and imperfect endeavours to be able to do some little good; and whilst so much remains to be done, and so much is undone, I trust we shall not be tempted to bow down to our own acts, though one must be ever watchful, for of all the deceitful insidious ways by which self sets itself up, there are none more so than through the medium of things *done*. When there is something tangible to lay hold of, then self erects its head: 'I have done all this,—spent this money, or time, or trouble!'"

"*Jan.* 9.—The Master began his sermon on New Year's Day by telling the people what was meant in the world by 'a happy new year,' and then dilated on what *he* wished for them by the expression, in referring to that blessing as including all he could most desire to be granted them, and explaining to them all it included. It was a very happy New Year's Day, and the first week of 1832 has been most blessed. Every day we seem to grow happier and more united, and often do I tremble and turn away from the thought that it is so, in dread of its being thought fit to withdraw it from us.

"I quite long for you to read Neander. To be sure it does make one groan over the change from Early Christianity, and yet he is so fair and impartial, he does not in the least attempt to conceal that human nature was then just the same as now,—just as prone to set itself up and rest in the change produced by forms, just as ready to slacken its zeal whenever persecution lessened. Neander thinks so much more of the inward than outward service, that you will see he is not very *orthodox* according to our Church on outward forms of government, &c., but the Christian life he does set forth most beautifully, and I can hardly conceive a person reading through his book and not feeling more impressed with the feeling and understanding of what spiritual Christianity ought to be, and how it should leaven our whole life and amalgamate itself with our habits. In a passage quoted from Tertullian on the blessings of a Christian marriage, you will, I hope, think of us. About prayer it is excellent. I will quote a passage as a specimen: 'The spirit of thankfulness to a heavenly redeeming Father, the spirit of childlike resignation to Him, the feeling in regard to Him of the needfulness of his assistance, and the consciousness of being nothing and being able to do nothing without Him, must animate the whole Christian life. This life must, therefore, be a continued thanksgiving for the grace of redemption, a prayer of constant longing after an increase of holiness by communion with the Redeemer. This was the view of prayer which the New Testament was designed to substitute in the place of that which had previously prevailed.'

"We never take 'the Sabbath day's journey' now; it is too late after church. It is now only in the new orchard walk, and thence we see all the dear people going across the great field in their smock frocks and red cloaks. The church is fuller than ever.

"*Feb.* 21.—Whenever anything is going on I long to tell you, because I know you will rejoice when we rejoice and sorrow when we sorrow. Augustus has been very busy the last day or two bringing into effect his long-wished-for plan for giving the cottagers each a piece of land for their own, and Maslen having consented to give up a part of our glebe which he rented, Augustus has determined to let it out in lots to every family in the parish in proportion to its size. Gideon, as our ambassador, went round to give notice, and yesterday, after the Shop was over, every man having a house in the parish came, and they all stood round the kitchen while the happy rector put down the quantity of land each wished to have, and read to them his conditions and rules, to which they all joyfully consented.

"It is since I last wrote that the cholera has made such near approaches to us. In consequence, Augustus gave notice on Sunday in church that he had always determined when it came so near, to have weekly prayers in church, and he therefore now told them that it was his intention to have them at half-past eleven o'clock every Wednesday, the time at which he hoped it would be most convenient for them to come,—that they were not to be alarmed at the approach of danger, but meet it with the boldness of Christians. And then he told them how the *heathen* fled from their sick in time of pestilence, and how the primitive *Christians* nursed them and devoted themselves fearlessly in the service of others; and after a little further exhortation on how they should feel on this occasion—how it behoved them more especially to repent and turn to God in earnest, he said that he hoped those who were not able to come and join with us in church in imploring God's mercy and forgiveness, would, when they heard in the field the church bell summoning us to this service, put up their own prayers for the same purpose.

"We are looking forward with great impatience to the Feast day, which is to succeed our Fast, and you will fancy how the dear Augustus chuckles over the thought of our *dinner-party* in the barn, of Becky King, Hannah Baillie, and all the old men in both parishes. They know nothing of it yet. These would seem very egotistical details to any one but you.

"*Wednesday Evening.*—Our congregation was thirty-five besides children, which was satisfactory, and shows they liked the plan. Of course Augustus chose and shortened the prayers a little, so that they might get to their work in time."

A. W. H. *to* L. A. S.

"We have just got Arnold's second volume. As far as I have seen them, the sermons are quite a model: they are aimed with great care and skill at the congregation he is addressing, and he generally hits between wind and water. You must read them. . . . . . He ought to be a bishop; though his promotion will occasion a great outcry. An excellent high-churchman said of him the other day, 'I know him and revere his virtues; but I will not buy his book: I may perhaps look into it; for he is just the man to do incalculable mischief.' So was said of Wilberforce; so was said of Luther; so will ever be said of those clear-voiced men whom God raises up from time to time to speak plainly in the ears of his sleeping people."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Alderley*, *Feb.* 15.—I long to read Dr. Arnold. All my prejudices are in his favour; it seems to me the present times are particularly calculated to keep prejudice low and humble. The narrow road to heaven, though still we are sure as strait as it was when our Saviour described it, is, to the human eye, now so broken up into very narrow lines, that some good men walk side by side, their eye fixed on the same object, their feet avoiding the same stumbling-blocks, but yet with a wall between them, which prevents the more lowly on-creeping traveller from seeing that they are walking together. How differently the world speaks of and judges two such men as Dr. Arnold and Mr. Girdlestone; and how differently they themselves *see* human measures and things,—yet they are *one* in spirit, and *one* in labouring to do all for their Master's glory. Many, we may trust, are loving members of that blessed invisible Church within a visible Church, which Cowper speaks of, who are, to earthly eyes, walking very far asunder.

"*Feb.* 28. I open your letters with a little blessing, and I close them with another. From the first day I heard of the cholera being in London, I have said an additional prayer, with my evening one, for you, my darling, that your faith might be strengthened, and that you might be enabled to cast all your care, your *one* great care and treasure, wholly and entirely on God. The moment I heard of the cholera, I remembered what Augustus said about having prayers, and hoped he would. When I read of the dear people standing round the kitchen, listening to their rector, my heart was as full as if I had been one of them.

. . . . "It is very comforting to see how strong the spirit of Protestantism still is in England and Ireland, that if there really is danger, thousands will flock to their post, and *as yet* a Radical Ministry will not be England's Law. I have felt so often lately how much easier it must be to 'act the martyr's part,' than the patient *waiter* and *truster*,—how glorious and enviable must have been the last moments of some of our Reformers, their *human* feelings, knowing what a legacy they were leaving to their country,—their *heavenly* eye seeing what St. Stephen saw. If there is so much dispiriting and sad in the present state of England and Ireland, there is much also most reviving; and, perhaps, if actual danger should come to England in a political or religious form, all party spirit will be forgotten, and the true Christian Martyr and Patriot again appear united."

The intimate knowledge which Augustus Hare had now attained of all the family and domestic interests of his parishioners had drawn the tie between pastor and people at Alton so very close; and the grateful affection with which they regarded him, the warm welcome with which they greeted him on his morning walks (for the very small size of the place enabled him to visit almost every cottage daily), had brought the Alton villagers so near his heart, that he looked forward with dread to any possibility of separation, and felt that in any other event, except that of the wardenship of Winchester being offered to him,—a post for which he felt himself peculiarly qualified, and whose duties he could not venture to evade,—he could not endure to be separated from them. No pecuniary advantages could weigh in his mind against the comfort of his quiet home,—a home which was not so much marked by any outward site, as its foundations were laid deep within the hearts of his people. Thus the prospect of the rich family living of Hurstmonceaux, in view of which he had married, and which he knew would be offered to him by his brother, upon the death of his uncle Robert Hare, had ceased to afford him any pleasure. Unlike his brothers, whose affections clung around its old castle, and who were attached by the associations of childhood to its every field and wood, Hurstmonceaux had never been his home. He had only been there on occasional summer visits with Lady Jones, and associated the place with his mother's increasing struggles against poverty and ill health, and her complaints of the rudeness and uncouthness of its people, who were contrasted by her with the grateful peasantry, to whom she had been accustomed near her villa at Bologna. He remembered also, that his mother herself, as she observed the nervous susceptibility and delicate refinement of her little Augustus, had felt how unfitted he would be to cope with such a people as that of Hurstmonceaux then was, and how much she would prefer seeing him established elsewhere, and her quick and ardent Julius in the family living. All these circumstances Augustus had for the last year urged upon his brother Julius, entreating him to take the richer living, when it fell vacant, and to leave him undisturbed in the humble rectory of Alton.

Since the death of Lady Jones, to whom he had been most tenderly attached, and with whom he had been in the habit of staying whenever he could get away from Cambridge, Julius Hare had had no other home than his beautiful rooms in the tower overlooking the Lime Avenue at the back of Trinity College. Here he had rejoiced in the constant society of a noble band of friends, Whewell, Worsley, Peacock, Thirlwall, Sedgwick,—and, in a younger generation, Sterling, Trench, Maurice, and Cavendish.

At this time also, the professor of Italian at Cambridge was the Marchese Spinetta, whose clever and charming wife had been a Miss Campbell, of Craigie. With her, in great measure, lived her handsome sister, Jane, widow of Sir Thomas Munro, Governor of Madras, who had died in India in 1827. A close intimacy with the Spinettas led, two years after his separation from his cousin, Mrs. Dashwood, to the second engagement of Julius Hare, with Lady Munro—an engagement which lasted for many years, far into his Hurstmonceaux life.

JULIUS HARE *to* M. H. (Inserted here as belonging to the subject.)

"*Trinity*, *August* 30, 1831.—I have two long letters to thank you for, dearest Maria, and both of them, especially the latter, are exceedingly delightful and affectionate. The subject of that latter one being so much the most important, I will say a few words about it first. Much that Augustus said, and many of your arguments, have had very considerable weight with me. If my blessed mother's plan was really such as he says, and events, in spite of apparent obstacles, have thus, in a manner, been working together for its fulfilment, I should be most loth to hinder it, for the slightest expression of her will would be to me like the law of heaven. The greater fitness of a small parish for Augustus's health, I also admit. I believe, too, there is a greater likelihood of working with efficiency in your parish than at Hurstmonceaux, where, from all I hear, the flock are in a very wild state, almost at enmity with their shepherd. Your farmers again are a good deal more tractable than my uncle's. All this, on thinking over the matter, I see clearly; but on the other hand, I do not like to think of you shut up for life in that beautiless, uninteresting country, with your no garden. The house might do very passably; but the no garden to me would be an insuperable objection. However, of course it must rest with you to balance between the advantages and disadvantages of your present station; if, when Hurstmonceaux becomes vacant, you still prefer remaining where you are, it will then be my duty to think about taking it. Remember, however, that nothing that has passed is to be considered by you as imposing any obligation upon either of you. You are at the most perfect liberty to change your mind to-morrow, next month, next year, or whenever the living falls; you excite no expectations in me, no wishes, and consequently you will disappoint none. I am always averse to forming plans, to making decisions about the future, which the very next month may utterly frustrate; and more especially in the present state of England, how impossible is it to calculate what will be the state of any living in England, or whether there will be any livings at all, next year! If the Birmingham political union take it into their heads to say there shall not, our ministers and our parliament will crouch before them, and execute their decree. So far as concerns myself, I should be very sorry were any event to happen soon which would take me away from my present station. And this leads me to your very kind sisterly admonition. Now both you and Augustus seem to me to have forgotten that, according to the principles and the universal practice of our Church, the education of youth at both schools and universities is especially entrusted to the care of her ministers; so that he who is engaged in that office is labouring in his vocation. These principles and this practice seem to me to be perfectly justifiable and right. It is a narrow notion of the duties of the Christian ministry to conceive that a Christian minister is not following his calling unless he is employed in pastoral duties; though these are perhaps the noblest and heavenliest part of his office. So that if you tell me I am not performing my duty as Christ's minister, I will answer, Yes. But that is owing to my own weakness and waywardness, and is no way chargeable on the post where I am standing. It is perfectly true that the welfare of England, perhaps her very existence, depends mainly on the activity and zeal of her ministers, and on God's blessing prospering their endeavours. But it is also of great importance, more especially at this season of the intellectual chaos, that the fountain-heads of knowledge should be under proper care, and that the young men who go forth by hundreds every year to act in their several callings, should be duly stored with sound principles. Such being the case, I think it may fairly be left open to any individual to select that sphere of the ministerial duties on which he chooses to enter; supposing his choice be regulated, not by caprice or indolence, but by a calm weighing of his own qualifications, and of the good he is likely to accomplish. Now it seems to me that the task I am engaged in is of all others the one I am best fitted for, by such talents and acquirements as I possess; and little as may be the good I do here, I think God has so constituted me that I might do more good here than I could in any other station. At the same time, by peculiarly fortunate circumstances of time and place, by being in this glorious college, and having such noble contemporaries, I am most singularly blest. Several times in the course of last summer, in conversing with persons I became acquainted with, and hearing them speak of their situation, did my heart bound with gratitude for my singularly favoured lot. It would be a sad exchange to give up my beautiful rooms, my friends whose converse strengthens and steadies my mind, and the brother of my heart, Worsley, whose bright face kindles a feeling of the same sort in me every time he enters my room, whose step is so gladdening a sound on my stairs, for the dismal solitude of that great, big house, with not even a cottage within half a mile of it, and not a soul nearer than my friend Townsend at Brighton, with whom I should have a thought in common. I speak with the utmost sincerity, when I say I do not think I should make an efficient parish priest. I know not what, but there is an incapacity about me for conversing with the lower orders; part of it may be constitutional; habit may have much increased it; the very nature of my pursuits, of my studies and speculations, withdraws me more than others from the commerce of ordinary thought. I find a great difficulty in carrying on a conversation except with a very few of my friends: my thoughts don't seem to move in the same line as theirs; my views, my interests, seem to be so different; it is hard to find a point of union. This grows upon me year by year. I know not how to check it; and I fear I should never get over it. I fear I should never learn to talk to the poor as they ought to be talked to; in time, perhaps, I might learn to preach to them; but that you know is a very small part of what a parish priest has to do. Thank you again, dearest Maria, for your very kind, sisterly letter. I have tried to show you that it is not mere selfishness that makes me averse to exchange, and that I am at a post where, if I work zealously, I shall be acting the part of a Christian minister. At all events, you will see that it is very, very questionable whether you would be consulting my happiness in placing me at Hurstmonceaux; and therefore you must not allow such a notion to have any weight with you in refusing it."

The news of Mr. Robert Hare's death arrived at Alton on the 27th of February, 1832; but, before that time, having obtained the consent of his brother Francis to the transfer, Augustus had secured the promise of Julius that he would accept the living of Hurstmonceaux. Both brothers went into Sussex to attend their uncle's funeral. Thence Augustus returned happy to Alton, and Julius made up his mind to leave Cambridge, but decided upon spending a year in Italy before entering upon the duties of his parish.

M. H. *to* A. W. H.

"*Feb.* 29, 1832.—The eight o'clock coffee is just finished —such a good new loaf, pity the dear master is not here! And now I may talk to the dearest Aug. without fear of interruption. He knows full well how the fountain is bubbling up at the very thought of him, and how ready it is to pour itself over on the paper. I should like to know where you are this evening, whether at some dirty inn, or at *Julius's Rectory*. God be with you wherever you are, and watch over you, and bring you safe back to the loving wifie, the dearest, the Mia. I think she cannot ever have loved you before when you have been away. It was only make-believe. Now it is real, if there is reality in anything."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Feb.* 29, 1832.—You will guess what we felt on Monday when the packet of letters came in, and three with black seals at once convinced us what had happened. Certainly, the first sensation was joy, to think that everything was settled, and that there was no longer a question left about our leaving Alton. We could not help putting ourselves in a different situation, and fancying what we should have felt had it been otherwise; and I think Julius would have been quite satisfied had he heard us, that we had acted for our own comfort. I daresay with the additional income we should not have been able to do half so much for our people there, and so much would have had to be spent in *unprofitable* ways; and when we were vainly striving to excite some feeling amongst a scattered people living at a distance, how often should we have thought of our little *family* at Alton with regret and sorrow. No; I am quite certain we have decided for our own happiness, and, hoping as we do, that it may be a means of calling forth all Julius's power for the good of others, I cannot think we have been wrong in following our own inclinations."

"*March* 13 (*Sunday evening*).—This has been so beautiful a day, that as I was walking about the fields between services, and studying my afternoon's lesson for the children, it made me seem to see you and your class under the trees on those lovely summer Sundays last year. I do love a fine Sunday; it seems to cheer and lighten the way to God's house, and fill one's heart with deeper thoughtfulness, to know all alike can enjoy it; and the dear Augustus was so earnest, and applied his subject so *home*, that I do trust the seed might not fall quite in vain on some hearts present."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Alderley*, *March* 3, 1832.—I do hope, dearest, you have indeed chosen best for your own happiness, as you surely have for those around you; and we will hope that Hurstmonceaux will be no loser. . . . Tell Augustus, that when I read the letter which fixed him at Alton, I lit a large bonfire in my heart, round which all the old men and women and little boys and girls of Alton shouted and danced for joy.

"I have read almost all Arnold's 'Sermons,' and like them much. They are like 'Watts's Hymns for Children,' so beautifully simple, yet containing all the deep truths of religion."

JULIUS HARE *to* M. H.

"*Trinity*, *March* 9, 1831.—Your sisterly letter came at a time when it was most acceptable; for, finding that half measures, as usual, were good for nothing, I betook myself to my bed altogether last Friday, determined not to leave it till my foot had regained its usual dimensions. You will, perhaps, tell me that my malady was sent to convince me that a college is not quite such an Elysium as I appeared to fancy, and that, at all events, it is a bad place to be ill in. To be sure, as Worsley is not here, I have had a very great number of lonely hours these last three weeks, seldom interrupted except by a flying visit of inquiry or two; and with no great aversion to solitude, still, not being in a plight for hard-working, I should not have been sorry to have heard a little more of the human voice. The letters of my friends, however,—and especially, as women know best how to comfort a sick-bed, of my female friends,—have supplied me with a delightful substitute for it; and among them, yours has chimed in very sweetly with those I have received from Anna and Lady Munro. What I said to Augustus will have proved to you, that unless he has changed his mind, which I did not think likely, mine is made up. As I was talking to Thirlwall on the subject the other day, and speaking of my happy removal hither, and of the well-spent ten years I have passed here, he said, 'Yes, this has been a very pleasant Purgatory; may your next removal be to a Paradise!' This struck me the more, superstitious as I am, from its coincidence with the expression I made use of in my letter to Augustus. Be this however as it may, whether Hurstmonceaux is to be a paradise to me or a wilderness, or, as is more likely, something between the two—my lot is now cast. I am to quit this goodly college, with all its goodly inmates, and to take up my rest there, in all probability for life. Indeed, when I have once grown familiar to it, I think hardly anything in the world would ever induce me to leave it. I agree entirely with you, that 'a life of mere literary activity is not all that is required from a minister of Christ's Church;' indeed, for my own part, I do not think a life of *mere literary activity* can be wholesome for anybody, it ought always to be combined more or less with *practical activity*. If I were not engaged in tuition, I would grant to you that my present life is not suited to my profession; but, by the practice of our Church, as well as that of the Roman Catholic, the education of youth has been consigned almost exclusively to the clergy; nor do I think it at all desirable that the clergy who are employed in this task should combine it with the cure of souls. That this practice of committing education to the clergy is wise and wholesome, I do not think you will deny: if you do, I will leave Augustus to prove to you that it is so; but this you leave wholly out of sight in your objections to my merely literary life. The question then ought to be, there being these two posts for a clergyman to fill, for which I am the fittest, naturally and by my acquirements? I fear such a question must be answered in favour of my staying where I am, so that I have many scruples of conscience to mingle with my numerous personal regrets. However, as it is the sad wedding that makes the happy marriage, so he who feels no pain at leaving one home, is never likely to find, and indeed does not deserve, to find another. Happy are they who discover objects of interest and attachment wheresoever it pleases God to place them; and I believe He has blest me with the power of doing so in rather more than an ordinary degree.

"It was singular that it was only on the Saturday night I sent to Thirlwall the last page of our second volume of 'Niebuhr,' containing our little prefatory note, and on the Sunday morning I heard of my uncle's death. But there is still a third volume to come; and I am already engaged in the Philological Museum, which, though I trust it will not stop, will hardly go on so well when I am removed from its immediate superintendence; yet I should be sorry to see it discontinued, now that, after having been so many years projecting it, I have at length started it, and in such flourishing plight. Perhaps Thirlwall will undertake some portion of the editorial cares, as, I rejoice to say, he is to succeed me as lecturer, and probably in my rooms, unless Whewell does so, so that I shall have a rich fulfilment of that noble prayer: 'May my successors be worthier and better than I.' However, while these rooms are still mine, you must positively come and see them. I should like to have the leaves out when you are here, so that you may see my avenue in its beauty; and I should like too, if possible, to manage that you should be here with Lady Munro."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Alton*, *March* 19, 1832.—I have enjoyed a little visit to Oxford much, partly because I saw so many people that it was pleasant both to see and hear, and partly from the pleasure of seeing the dear Aug. so pleased. Many of the people you will not care to hear about. They were interesting to me chiefly from having for many years been associated with Augustus, and from the interest they seemed to feel in seeing him again. But there were one or two people that I wished for you to see and hear with me. One was Mr. Pusey, the Hebrew Professor. I had a good deal of conversation with him, and was much delighted with his extreme goodness and modesty. All he said about the poor, about a country clergyman's life, of which he spoke with envy, was so right feeling, and his manner was so encouraging, that I felt as if I could have said anything to him ; there was truly in him the humility of deep learning. He talked to Augustus about Neander, with whom he had lived as much as he could when in Germany, and said it was of such as him he was thinking when he praised the theologians of Germany, and not of the Rosenmüllers, &c., whom he had been accused of favouring.

"Another person, not less interesting, Augustus took me to call upon—Blanco White. He is sadly out of health, and was walking up and down his little room, wrapt in a great cloak, and complained of being unable to do anything. However, after a little time he got animated, and forgot his grievances. At first his good English would make one forget he was not an Englishman, but by degrees the foreigner showed itself in the cast of countenance, action, and, when animated, by a little hesitation in bringing out his words. He spoke of the work he is now writing on the Inquisition, and said he had been tracing the origin of it in persecution up to the times of Theodosius, but he said it was very painful and irritating to his feelings dwelling upon it. 'They are not dead, these old fathers; they are every one of them living. I see them all.' He talked a good deal of Whately, who was a great friend of his; and then got upon the signs of the times, and that he thought everything was at work for a change, and of course in the struggle, evil must be produced, and would perhaps for a time seem to overbalance the good, but he had a confident hope good would prevail—just as a body in a state of fermentation appeared to be in one of decomposition; that the error of the present interpreters of Prophecy seemed to him of the same nature with that of the old Jews, when they looked forward to the temporal kingdom of Messiah on earth. There was a remarkable mildness and suavity of manner mixed up with his energy, reminding one of the Spanish priest, whilst his evident sincerity and enlightened views showed how he had broken through the bondage.

"Living in a college seems to me much like living in a magnificent prison, being surrounded by such high walls, but the Warden of New College has a very good house, and it is pleasant being there. I think, on the whole, my impression of Oxford was even much more favourable than I had expected; that there certainly are a great many who are very excellent and labouring to do good, whilst many who sometime ago would have been content with the *form* of godliness, are by degrees being leavened with a much larger portion of its *spirit*."

A. W. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*March* 25, 1832.—The dear Luce will probably like to hear a little about our Fast and Feast. We got back from Oxford just in time to allow of my preparing a sermon on Lev. xxiii. 27, as a kind of preface to Wednesday's service. Monday and Tuesday passed much like other days, except that two of the farmers told their men they should be paid for a day's *no*-work on the Fast-day, provided they came to church, and kept away from the beer-shops. How many came for this promised pay, and how many from a right feeling, I know not—though from the interest which they manifested about the Fast, I hope and trust the right motive predominated. But, between the two, the church was filled fuller than it has ever been in my recollection, excepting on the first Good-Friday after our coming to Alton. Unluckily, I was rather out of voice; however, by the help of singing 'a hymn proper for the day,' I got through my long service; and, during the sermon, the interest gave me back my lungs again. The text (I know you like such little particulars) was from Luke xxi. 34—36. The subject was first an exposition of the chapter, and its division into its main parts, namely, the destruction of Jerusalem, and the treading down of the Jews till the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled; the signs which are to intervene between the fulfilling of those days and the coming to judgment; and the practical lesson which the text affords of the conduct to be pursued by us, if we would not be taken unawares. The practical lesson, of course, formed the main part, in its two branches of drunkenness on the one hand and worldly cares on the other, and I never saw the people more attentive. Our Fast was kept on vegetables, the servants abstaining voluntarily from dressing meat for themselves as well as for us. In the evening I had a supplementary lecture in the barn; so passed the day. And then came the Feast. There had been all sorts of consultations; what should be ordered? and who should be asked? But we will suppose them well over—the ox's head and skin for soup, and the cut of the—I forget what—for boiling, safely brought into the larder; and the guests invited; and Mary busy preparing the savoury viands. 'But where is the suet for the puddings? It is two o'clock. Very odd of that butcher disappointing mistress. Betty Perry, step over to All Cannings, and see why they have not sent it?' Thus spake the careful Mary, but the assisting Betty did not disobey her word, but she stept forth, and stept, too, pretty hastily, for she was back again from All Cannings in an hour and a quarter with the long-expected suet: so active are people when they go upon their own errands, and serve with a ready will. We had Majendie to dine with us, and J. Sloper, too, rode over, which made us a large party in the drawing-room waiting the announcing of the company. And now the door opens, and John says, 'Please, ma'am, they are all come;' and the dear wifie has put on her cloak, and we are all gone together into the barn, where, ranged on the two sides of the long table are standing—three old Kings, and old Hailstone, and old Perry, and old Hams and John Swanborough, and Becky King and her good man with the large appetite and weeping eyes, and Hannah Baillie, and Sally Browne, eleven in all. And at the top and bottom of the said table were tureens of good, rich, substantial broth; with Sloper at one end, and the Master at the other, to help the same. And now the Master has said grace, and the standers have become sitters, and the spoons are in full activity; and Majendie and the dear wife and Mary are waiting upon the full-mouthed guests. And they are all looking very happy, and saying that this *will* be a day to talk of, and drinking our good health, as the sober mug of beer is set before them. After the broth came the beef, and then the puddings, which I think were the favourite part of the feast; and then another grace, and we are once more in the drawing-room, pleased at having been able, and with how very little money and kindness and attention, to please so many of our people. And so, having finished my story, what remains but to wish the dear Luce good-bye, and to commend ourselves and our parishes to her prayers.

"(M. H.) The dear Master's report will not preclude my say, for he has not told what two dear, appropriate graces he uttered before and after the Feast, nor how the old men raised up their hands together as he said them, and prayed for a blessing both on the receivers and givers, and joined in their hearty amen; nor has he told that of the remnants six families have had an abundant meal sent home to them to-day. You may fancy the delight the dear Aug. took in his evening; and I scarcely ever felt more thankfulness, more love, not for the dear people, nor for the precious husband but for Him who gives the means and inspires the will. How I wished for you on Wednesday. You would have liked the sermon much, and would have spent the day to your heart's desire. The chief part of the sermon was urging the necessity of making the day a symbol of our future life by greater self-denial, more continual prayer, and deeper humiliation, that it might not pass away in a few hours' service, and that perhaps lip-service, but in a real fast of the heart.

"*April* 1.—We have, though not as yet actual death, dangerous sickness before our eyes just now, and our last two days have been taken up almost entirely by attending three sick-beds. One of them is at Stanton, whither in Mr. Majendie's absence they sent for Augustus yesterday morning, to a poor sick-boy of seventeen, who had had a horrible accident; falling from a hay-cart on the sharp teeth of a harrow, which went in through his back four inches, and of course his torments were excruciating. Both times when Augustus went yesterday he was scarce able to speak, except in ejaculations of 'Lord, have mercy on me!' but his father's account was very touching, how he had prayed, and how he had warned him about his future life; and once, when he woke from a doze, he said 'Father, I have been a long way. I saw in my dream a great hill, and there was a narrow path up it, and I wanted to go along it, but there were so many bushes on both sides I could not get along, and I saw Christ at the top calling me to him, but I could not get to him till He held out his hand and helped me.' Is not this a singular and touching story? The father never left him, while the mother and sister were going on, unconcerned, with their work below stairs, only seeming to grieve over the loss of the father's day's work.

"Of our own two cases, one is the blacksmith's daughter, a young pretty girl of sixteen, who lived with Miss Miller as servant, and came home a few days ago with constant sickness, which has now turned to inflammation on the brain, and I can hardly think there is a chance for her. She was quite insensible herself to-day, but after helping to hold her whilst the doctor bled her for the third time, Augustus and I knelt down with the poor afflicted father and sister, and he prayed for her and for them, and more sincere prayers, I am sure, were never uttered. Augustus could hardly get through them, much less wish them good-day afterwards. Our other patient, poor James Powell, is nearly in the same state, and I believe from the same cause—inflammation on the brain. Both these cases show how vain is the hope of administering spiritual comfort even, and much less spiritual instruction, in dangerous illness. Neither of them could even join in the prayers, but for the survivors it is a call that may not be in vain, and some words uttered in such moments, when sorrow has opened the heart, may go home with God's blessing on them. You may suppose how wretched poor Avis Powell is; and really here, where we live so much amongst and with the people, two such cases of affliction throw quite a sadness over everything. I suppose were we oftener summoned to such scenes, the heart would grow in some degree hardened to them, but we have had so few of them, that Augustus was quite worn by the feelings they excited. Poor Prudence I feel the more interested for, because she has all winter been one of my Tuesday's confirmation class, and seemed to take such interest, and be so grateful for all I taught her: she appeared to be a thoroughly good girl, and perhaps to one in her rank of life this may be taking her away from the evil to come. When the poor have strong feelings, it is the more touching, because they come out so naturally, and the father's hard features, moistened by tears, following so anxiously to know what one thought of his 'darling' (so he called her), and so resigned to think it was best if God did take her, were very hard to hear unmoved. We have just sent John off to Pewsey (eight o'clock), to carry the last news of the poor patients to the doctor. Augustus is about his sermon—'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,'—and I have tried to make you present with us by setting before you the subject of our thoughts and employment to-day and yesterday. In returning from such sick-beds, how grateful do I feel that hitherto God has in mercy spared us such anguish. Whenever the time comes, as come it must, when we too shall be tried, we shall have your prayers, dearest Luce, and He who is our rock and fortress will be with us and support us through every storm.

"*Sunday Evening.*—This morning Augustus sent Gideon off to Devizes for Dr. Brabant, that nothing might be left undone; and he came whilst we were at church, and pronounced both cases to be utterly hopeless. Poor James is not so insensible as Prudence, but only seems occasionally to recognise those around him. When Avis said to him to day, 'Do you hear Mr. Hare praying by you, James?' he muttered, 'I shall soon hear more than I have ever done yet!' but generally he appears quite unconscious of who is there, and only holds up his hands, as if praying inwardly. You may suppose how solemn a day this has been with us all; how my first class wept over their dying companion as I touched upon her state to them; how Augustus alluded in his sermon to the two cases of extreme sickness, and besought all to be ready; and how many tears were called forth. If anything can touch those hitherto careless, surely death, when it calls the young and healthy and the stout and robust, as James was a year ago, must preach most powerfully.

"*April* 17.—Two hours ago I watched the remains of poor Prudence consigned to the grave—ashes to ashes. It was such a lovely evening, and the view of the hills above the little cottages from Great Alton churchyard in the still evening light, with Augustus standing over the grave, reading those fine words, and the group of people all round, sobbing their responses, was truly a sight not to be forgotten. I do not wonder at the effect of field preaching. There is a solemnity in the scene where the sky is above one and nature all round, that is far above the most hallowed aisle. It is an affecting sight to see a young maiden borne as this was by young men, and the white sheet carried over the bier by eight young girls all dressed in white, with white hoods over their bonnets. In this case also the bearers were true mourners, and wept bitterly over the loss of their companion, and besides her own family, there was scarcely a dry eye in the church, which was nearly full of people. Augustus took the opportunity, and in a few touching words, after the lesson 15th Cor. was ended, addressed the congregation assembled. Pointing to the coffin where lay the body of her who one little fortnight since looked forward to life with as much confidence as the healthiest amongst us, and who was now called away almost ere she had entered life, he said how only two days before he had been called upon to perform the same office over a man in the prime of life. He was cut off without more time for preparation than this delicate flower which had scarcely blossomed. Could any one say that the summons would not call him next? Could any trust that he should have longer warning granted? Could any feel that he was ready? Which did they think of the hours spent by this young girl did she now look back upon with most pleasure and delight,—those spent in idleness and wasted in folly, or those devoted to her God? Be it then our care so to pass our days here, that when, like her, our earthly forms are laid in a narrow box, we may look back on hours of piety and devotion, and that no dreams of wickedness may disturb our rest. Something to this effect was said. Then as we went out of church he spoke a few words of comfort to the poor afflicted sisters and brothers and father. 'Remember, my good friends, that those who sow in tears shall reap in joy.' The mother was too ill to attend the funeral, a great sorrow to her, poor thing, for they consider these things so much. Her grief is very touching, for it is I am sure hallowed by the true source of comfort. She kept up as long as life remained, and never left her darling's bed, watching her with such intensity, never heeding my going in, but addressing to the poor unconscious girl such words as these—'Yes, you are going to be a blessed angel in heaven with your dear Saviour, are you not, my child?' Both she and poor James died the same day. It was on Sunday evening that we followed him to his last home. Avis and her five children were there. His illness had excited great interest amongst his fellow-labourers, and God grant that the softened hearts which shed so many tears as his body was consigned to the grave, may bear in mind that they like him may at the last have no time for making their peace with God. The 40th Psalm was, by his own desire, sung during the funeral service, and a hymn over his grave. . . . . These to others might seem trifling details, but you will be interested in them, knowing how we live as one family with our people, and really the last week these two families have excited all our interest and sympathy. I quite longed for you at the funeral—to stand with me by my earthly treasure, and pray for me that strength of faith and love may be ours daily more and more till we are called hence too. I think I could have stayed by Prudence as I saw her this morning in her coffin for hours,—she looked so calm, so peaceful, and there is something so mysterious in death. Is it not curious that my last lesson to her was that very chapter of Cor. xv."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Alderley, April* 13, 1832.—By this time, I think, poor James Powell can be no longer one of your *living* congregation, but, if he is gone to God, if he should be the first shock of corn gathered from the little field given in charge to Augustus, we may now see how his illness of last summer was sent to prepare his soul for its long journey. How well I remember Augustus telling us one day, after one of his visits there, that he had been teaching him—'I must work the will of Him that sent me whilst it is day—the night cometh when no man can work,' and how much struck he seemed with it. The night has soon come to him; God grant it prove to him eternal day. Tell Avis, with my best comfort, I prayed for her and her family this morning, and send her this verse from which every Christian family may take comfort. 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widow trust in me.' Since I left Alton, I have been so daily in the habit of following you in all your known and fancied pursuits, that I feel as much with you in all you tell me, as if I was really there. During prayers, I have so often found myself walking up the hill towards that white cottage. I used to carry so light a heart up that dazzling hill. I do not think the happiness of any one creature was ever so thoroughly *felt* by another, as yours by me. Everything you speak of, joy or sorrow, hope or fear, I instantly see reflected in my own heart; and I do feel it a blessing that the never-failing friend of my early life has a husband, whom to know well, is to love. I cannot in the least describe the effect knowing him has on my mind—the sort of effect that it is to the eye, looking out on a landscape through an orange-coloured glass window, that makes everything look sunny."

JULIUS HARE *to* M. H.

"*Trinity*, *April* 4, 1832.—Alas, what sad tidings the papers contain! The mightiest spirit that this earth has seen, since Shakespeare left it, is departed. But he departed just like himself, in the perfect healthful possession of all his faculties, as a man who has fulfilled the duties of the day, and falls into calm sleep after it: and even his last moments were moments of enjoyment, he was just expressing the pleasure he felt in the genial warmth of the spring. What a pleasure it would be to possess the arm-chair in which Goethe closed his eyes, after having gazed on all that this world could produce, and behold, 'to him it was very good,' and I doubt not that to the very last moments he felt the truth of his favourite stanza:—

'Liegt dir gestern klar und offen,
Wirkst du heute froh und frei;
Kannst auch auf ein morgen hoffen,
Das nicht minder glücklich sey.'

Dear, glorious old man, would I had seen him before he was taken away; would I had heard his voice, and beheld the calm majesty of his face.

"What if—the thought has just struck me—we erect a joint Hare monument to our mother and aunt in Hurstmonceaux church? That would be appropriately a Hare monument; and I think it seems likely to be the place with which we are to be most intimately connected, and if there is to be another generation of us, we may teach them to venerate the two blessed sisters, our double mother."

On April 25, the news of Marcus Hare's return to England reached Alton, and the rector left for Plymouth the next day to meet him and preach on board the *Southampton*, the admiral's flag-ship, to the commandership of which his brother had lately been appointed. He rejoined his wife at Sheen, and they afterwards went together to pay their long-promised visit to Julius at Cambridge.

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*Devonport, May*, 1832.—Marcus says that when the *Crocodile* sailed for Sydney, they left one of the crew in hospital there, with a dog that was much attached to him. On they sailed, and no one thought any more of the man, till one night the sentinel came to the officer on watch while they were off Van Dieman's Land—'Very strange, sir, but M—— has just walked up the gangway, and his dog with him.' Then came one of the seamen—'A curious thing has happened, sir; I saw M—— just now standing between these two guns.' The seaman said nothing about the dog, and there had been no communication between him and the sentinel. This became the common talk of the ship, and they found on their arrival at Sydney that the man had been buried the evening he was seen, and, what is a curious coincidence, the dog had been missing at the time for two or three days. This last fact was mentioned by Colonel Lindsay, in whose hospital the seaman had died, and who came on board to inquire into the story,—it had been so much talked of."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*May* 3, 1832.—Have I not followed you closely, my Mia, all through this last week? Did I not see Augustus open the letter, and give the jump? and did you not hear me wish him joy of the arrival of 'the dear Marcus,' whom I have heard him speak so much of? and did I not see you sending him off to Plymouth, trying to persuade yourself to get through a few days without him, which I will give you full credit for having managed very ill?"

M. H.'s Diary.

"*May* 12.—To Cambridge. Trinity College. Dr. Whewell to dinner.

"*May* 13.—Sunday. Sermon, Professor Scholefield and Mr. Rose. To the Marchesa Spinetta.

"*May* 14.—Mr. Kenelm Digby to breakfast. To Babraham. Dinner in Julius's rooms. Thirlwall, Rose's, Spinetta's, Whewell, Romilly, Airy's.

"*May* 15.—Library. King's College Chapel. Dined Thirlwall's.

"*May* 16.—Breakfasted Mr. Rose. Called Marchesa Spinetta. Mr. Landor to dinner. Dined Marchesa's.

"*May* 17.—Mr. Sedgwicks. Luncheon Marchesa's. Dinner Whewell's, Professor Smythe, Rose's, &c.

"*May* 18.—Left Cambridge."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*May* 11, 1832.—I have been looking in Heber's journal for all he says of Lady Munro. How highly he speaks of her, and the estimation in which she was held, also her beauty and pleasing manners. She must be the most likely person possible for Julius to like. You would like to have such a sister—and one who knew Reginald, too, in India. Now, dearest, I have written enough to show that I think of my darlings when they are absent from their cage, but shall much congratulate them when they hop into it again, and the song is sung, and the perch returned to."

"*Alderley, May* 26, 1832.—At this moment you are returning to Alton, and are, perhaps, descending Dull's long hill—oh, no, I forgot, you come the other way—or you may be just turning in through the gateway, or standing at the drawing-room window, feeling, I need not tell you how, while the Aug. is gone to visit his pig, and his cow, and his meadow, and now you may, for a while, forget the kingdom full of troubles, and lead the life you best love. I could scarcely be more with you at present than I am in fancy this evening, and Mary is rejoicing, and Brute is sitting erect for joy, and the quince-tree is in full leaf, ready for another swarm of bees.

"I mean this letter to get to you on the 2nd of June. How I shall be with you on that day I need not say. I shall creep after you to the study, go through the service with you as you read it with your dear husband, then collect the flowers in Mrs. Pile's garden, and get the table ready for the children. I shall not long to be with you; but be happier thinking of you at a distance than I was—present—last year, for then, oh how much less I loved you both than I do now.

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Alton, May* 26, 1832.—I have no need to say one word of description to my dearest Luce. On many an evening as lovely as this have you sat out with me on the little peaceful grass-plat, and listened to the blackbirds, and enjoyed the extreme quiet and shade of our little home. On many such an evening have you walked up the toilsome hill, and sucked in greedily the little breezes of fresh air that met one at the top; and then, when we had come down the green path of the corn-field, we called in at Brown's cottage, and found John with prayer-book or Bible in his hand, and said a few words of comfort to poor Mary. Just so have the dear Aug. and I spent this delightful close of a summer's day, and often does it make me think of you, to return so exactly to the blessed days of last year, only wanting you to enjoy them with us. Nor did we the less miss you as we drove along the lanes yesterday evening in the Dull carriage, and I could almost have fancied you seated in the vacant seat, repeating Keble as we went along. The joy of getting home, and in such weather, was, as you may guess, very great; for we have been in so many different places, and seen so many people, that it seems a very long time since we went away, and, surely, no pleasure we have had during our absence has given us half the gratification of hearing poor sick Charles Gale's expressions of joy at hearing our carriage-wheels, and thinking it *must* be Mr. Hare, or of being told by so many that they have 'missed us *desperate*.' Yet, much as we enjoy our return, I do not regret that we have been away. It is wholesome, both for mind and body, to have the variety and change of scene, air, and society, and gives us food for future reflection, as well as making us begin our work here again with greater zest from the temporary break. I believe it is quite necessary, for one's own individual good, to mix occasionally in the concerns of *Earth*. It draws forth other, and often more trying, points of character than are called out in retirement, and is very humbling to one's inner man in showing how hard it is to be tolerant when others differ from us, how difficult to be charitable when one's own standard is not followed. That we are, not from any merits of ours, but from God's good pleasure, placed far away from the temptations and trials of the world, I do most gratefully feel as a most merciful privilege and favour; but, at the same time, I am fully aware that there remain temptations and trials *within* us, quite sufficient to make us watch and fear, and that we must be more diligent in our inward search, since the outside has much less need of cleansing; and I do not think I ever return to our happy life without feeling as if the absence had strengthened and confirmed me in my love for heavenly things, and taught me to know myself better.

"Julius's rooms at Cambridge are most perfect, looking as they do down that glorious avenue, and the Gothic windows are filled with beautiful geraniums, &c.; his walls literally lined and papered with books, except one side, over the fire-place, where Raphael's 'Madonna and Child,' and two or three other good pictures are. I fully enter into his feeling of the unworldliness, the freedom from care, the leisure afforded by such a life, and with him the warmth of friendship keeps alive the affections, which, in general, must lie dormant in a college; yet I shall be much surprised if, after two or three years of his country life at Hurstmonceaux, Julius has not received more of real happiness than in many years at Trinity."

L. A. S. *to* A. W. H.

"*June* 2, 1832.—Dearest Aug., to-day one year ago I heard you say the grace for the school children on the lawn under the cherry-tree, and I felt from that moment I should like you. It seems a very little while since this day last year, yet in its course we have both had many joys and little troubles, now passed away; and on looking back nothing seems to have been really of consequence, but how we have done God's work. You have both been fed in green pastures, and in leading others to the waters of comfort, have been yourselves refreshed and nourished, and may there be a *deep* well now filling at the door of your hearts from those very waters, to uphold and strengthen you when God shall call you to a more arduous task than that of feeding His lambs and enjoying His mercies. It does not lessen your present happiness to be prepared for a change; and who can look on England now, and not involuntarily turn round to see if the sword and armour be ready? I always think of you both, as the two, not *best*, by I hope many hundreds, but quite as the two *happiest* people in the world, in your lot and perfect oneness of mind. It is always a holiday to my thoughts when I let them have a ramble to the dear Alton, only they would be there much too often if I did not keep them in order; but on the 2nd of June they are to be with you all the day."

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*June* 2.—

"No youth ere drank his exiled prince
So zealously as I drink thee,
No nun ere hung around her cross
So fondly as I'll cling to thee.

"What words! a wife—by God's own hand
To man the last, best present given;
Love—the religion of the heart,
The only foretaste here of heaven."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*The happy Alton Rectory, June* 2.—The evening of this blessed day is come, and our dear Luce is sharing our thanksgiving over its third anniversary. Never were three years more rich in mercies, more sparing in trials and troubles; and how can we be grateful enough or loving enough for being so tenderly treated? You know, and none so well, all the cause we have for blessing and adoring God that He has brought us together and permitted us to serve Him, and, 'by love's supporting power, to cheat the toil and cheer the way;' and it is a comfort to think that we have your prayers that we may not make this our earthly home the only one to which we look, but that we may press onward, feeling in every added mercy an added link to that chain of love which should bind and unite us to our heavenly home; that so our future pilgrimage, be it set with roses, as the past has been, or, as is perhaps more likely, with thorns, may still be leading us heavenward, and that our union may be perfected and completed hereafter. I was almost afraid we might have a wet day from the showers of the last two, but the sun shone as brightly as on the last 2nd of June. The table and benches were spread under the cherry-tree, with chairs for the lookers-on; the jars of flowers placed upon the table; the children, consisting of twenty-four girls and seven of the little boys, arranged in order. Then came the Master, and said a grace resembling the one of last year in substance, only with the addition of a few verses read first out of the parable of the marriage supper. After the second grace the children sang their hymn, and then all the little ones performed their little exercises, and so ended the feast. After the company had walked round the orchard, they took their leave, and my darling Aug. and I were left to ourselves. Whilst he betook himself to his sermon in the afternoon, I went to fulfil his duty of reading to poor Charles Gale. I do not know whether you remember him—quite a young man, with a wife and three little children, but since last summer he has never been out to work again, and is now in that slow, lingering consumption, which wastes away day by day, without any severe pain, though he suffers much from weakness, &c. He has, however, none of the false excitement and hope of life which usually attend this disease, and has for some time felt that he was beyond the skill of any earthly physician. A more humble and grateful patient I never visited, and as he is able to read, and takes great delight in it, he is far better taught than those we have generally to deal with. Whilst we have been away he has read quite through the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and he talks of all the different parts quite as if they were realities. He was very much interested too in Hooper. He is so very thankful for being taught, and says he never missed anything so much as 'not seeing Mr. Hare,' while we were absent. He has not much of the joy of believing; he mourns so much over his own want of love, and that, from his weakness, he can pray so little: and he said to-day, 'When God is so merciful to me, and has done so much for me, it seems so bad not to love him more. Ah, this is the grief!' But his sorrow is a much softer and more Christian sorrow than poor Mary Brown's, and though he has not an *assured*, he has a comfortable hope, I think, at times, and is turning to his Saviour as his only trust and confidence. His poor wife sits by with a sick child on her knee, that will scarcely outlive its father, and I would fain hope that she is learning where she must seek for hope and comfort when her trials come, as they must shortly do.

"There was a wedding this morning to celebrate the day, and the bells have been ringing quite suitably. It has been such a warm evening, and the boys have had their supper under the cherry-tree, too, at eight o'clock; and now bed-time is come, and I must end my talk with you, and rest my tired body to be ready for to-morrow and its duties.

"*Monday.*—It was the most delightful day yesterday, and our new church arrangements answered very well. We had a very full congregation in the morning, when Augustus preached on Psalm lxviii. 18. In the afternoon all the Stanton people (the church there is being rebuilt) came with Mr. Majendie to Great Alton Church. Augustus went, and I stayed at home to teach the children, for which it gave me a nice long time. We dined at four, had a pleasant rest for reading on my part on your seat in the garden, and for Augustus to walk about and meditate on his lecture till a quarter before seven, when Little Alton church bell again called us together, and we had a very full church. Aug. made variations in the lessons for the benefit of those who had heard the regular ones at afternoon service, and, instead of a written sermon, he took up Arnold's sermons, and took one of those on Faith as his groundwork, adding a great deal of his own, and it had in fact all the impressiveness of an extempore sermon, to which I have no doubt he will, after a little practice, get used in this sort of way. Nothing could do better, and earnestly did I entreat a blessing on his words, that some of those listening so attentively might take them home. How the dear Luce would have enjoyed her Sunday; but perhaps one spent less agreeably would have been more profitable, for outward advantages often make one less watchful, and it is not in proportion to the external that the internal work goes on. To those who have to teach others, too, it is more difficult to turn one's thoughts home and *learn* for one's self, and I find myself thinking so much oftener of what will benefit others than of taking the lesson to my own use, that there is its danger even in every duty.

"Our laburnums are in such beauty—they make the place look so gay."

"*The Luce Seat, June* 21.—Before me is the large field, and just beyond it the tower of Great Alton Church peeping out of the trees; on one side of the field old Maslen's farmhouse, on the other side a bit of our wee church. The great elm-tree spreads its shade over my head, divided from me now by no fence, only a gravel walk, running along on one side into the orchard, and on the other, through an archway of honeysuckles, round the corner to the flower garden. And here I sit, where Luce so often used to sit, where so many Greek lessons have been said, so many newspapers grieved over, and so many comfortable words read from the Book. Scarcely could I believe it another June; for in the field behind me the Master is hard at work in his hay, and all our little household are engaged in making the most of one of the finest of summer days. . . . . . I am sure it will need little exercise of fancy in you to place before you the dear Master looking so pleased over his work, and singing his chirping notes of joy as the sun shines, and the pleasant breeze gives assurance of the safety of his favourite hay. Nor will you have any trouble in picturing the bustle yesterday, just after dinner, at the news of an approaching storm, and how the *walking* haycocks were speedily seen traversing the field and uniting into one rick, the tall, thin bearer bending under his load as he went along. Nor would you less have been present a few days since, when we were called out by a swarm of bees around the house. They clustered round the chimney, and made an alliance with the former occupiers, and we concluded they were from our own hive; but up came a man soon after to claim them, and our own we found afterwards in the hive. When they swarm, I do not expect that anybody will let us keep them, for everybody comes here after their bees, so fond are they of coming to our garden.

"Poor Charles Gale is dead. He had not seemed any worse the day before when I was with him, but he has left behind his weak and suffering body, and I trust his soul is in that rest for which he so earnestly longed, and yet to the last so much feared, lest it might not be for him. Such assurance of hope as many seem to possess is not given to all, but I think one cannot doubt that where the heart is looking to Christ, and trusting to Him, and doubting only from the greatness of personal humiliation, the obscurity and dimness which hides the glory from the earthly body will all be removed the moment the spirit quits its weak tabernacle here. I have always been accustomed to incline to think perfect assurance either a presumptuous feeling or a gift to but a few favoured servants of God, though fully aware that it has been constantly united with the deepest humility

"*Friday*.—What a change of weather since yesterday! Instead of bright sunshine, and summer's sky, all is gloom, and wind, and rain, and the poor master's hay must take its chance. We were all set to work in a great hurry yesterday afternoon, and they got a good deal carried before the rain began."

"*July* 18.—We have had a great alteration made in our little church, which is such an improvement. That little arch which hid the pulpit and its inhabitant from all the chancel end has been taken away, and a large opening made, which gives room for two pews in addition, and will enable every one to hear and see. We have been obliged to have service in Great Alton Church for two Sundays, and next Sunday our own will be re-opened. Aug. means to speak about the change, and take for his text a verse out of 2 Kings x. 21—'And the house of Baal was full from one end to another;' showing how the church may be filled, and yet not by worshippers of God, and that the purpose of it is not for people to stand and sit unconcerned with all that is read or spoken, as so many seem to think. Our Sunday is now a very busy day, for between the morning and evening services, that is, in the afternoon, Aug. catechises and lectures the class of young men and women for confirmation from two till half-past three or four; then we dine, and have service again at seven, with a sermon more especially addressed to the young persons, and a good deal put in extempore."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Leamington, June* 12, 1832.—On Whitsunday we went to hear a Baptist minister, who preached 'in a large upper room furnished,' the last time we were here. They have now built him a chapel. There was nothing finer there than a straw-bonnet; the singing was literally singing God's praises; and his sermon the pure simple truth as it is in Jesus. Here we shall go while we stay at Leamington; for a church is only a building unless it has a soul, and the church here has no soul.

"Nothing can exceed the attention and tenderness of Dr. Jephson. He has come regularly every day since I wrote last; and every time we see him, we feel our interest in him increase. An old and venerable clergyman who was at the door yesterday when he came in, said to him, 'Ah, doctor, if you would but take my medicine as readily as I take yours.'"

L. A. S. *to* A. W. H. (After a remonstrance from him upon her attending the Baptist Chapel.)

"*Leamington, June* 27, 1832.—Yes, all the *world* of Leamington do fill the Church of England Chapel every

Sunday, twice or once, to receive dispensation and encouragement to commence another week of vanity and folly. There stands at the door a boy, with a heap of dirty tickets in his hand, and a man stops pulling the bell, and says, 'do you want a pew?—give that boy a shilling, and he'll give you a ticket.' You give your shilling, and a clerk, in appearance and expression a close resemblance to Mephistopheles, and who walks about all church-time serving Mammon, takes your ticket, and shows you into a crowded pew. I suppose it is possible, when there, for some few so to abstract their minds from the present scene, as to worship God in spirit and in truth, but *I* cannot do it. Woe unto you, if you look up, you find a hundred pair of eyes, under the smartest bonnets, looking about as if at a spectacle. I cannot be so independent of my senses, when I hear the mockery of worship, as to gain the least benefit from any part of the service: it seems to me that it is making an idol of the church, if we do not make a difference, according to how it is served. If one was starving, and saw a palace, with a fine service of plate set out, but no food on it, and just opposite, a wretched mud cottage, with good food on pewter plates, would not the hungry traveller enter the mud cottage and eat. The blessed little Baptist Chapel here is the mud cottage, and Mr. Coles the means of leading many souls to Christ. . . . But there is no fear of the most excellent Baptist minister who ever preached, making me desert the Church of England. Every time I go, I feel more strongly how beautiful our service is, and, in my own parish, I would not leave my parish church for any dissenting chapel; but here, where I am unknown, with no ties, no duties to leave, I feel it would be turning my back on a door which God himself had opened, if I did not go thankfully to Mr. Coles' chapel."

A. W. H. *to* L. A. S.

"I am sorry to hear so bad an account of the Church at Leamington; but it is one of the advantages of our good Church, that *we* (meaning by 'we' the educated) are only very partially dependent on the qualifications of the minister. If he can read, and most clergymen can do that much,—he must read the liturgy,—all his stupidity, if he be stupid,—all his carelessness, if he be careless,—cannot unmake that into anything unscriptural or undevotional. And as to the sermon, Herbert has said enough about that; you know Who, according to him, when the preacher is incapable, takes up the text and 'preaches patience.'

"The day after to-morrow, Julius reads in at Hurstmonceaux. God speed him in his new vocation! I cannot regret that he should be likely to travel with Landor, though I do regret the abuse I hear of the latter. Southey, and when I mention him I mention one of the first literary men in England as to sterling moral worth, has the following passage about Landor in his 'Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ.' 'Walter Landor, whom I have pride as well as pleasure in calling my friend.' And this is the man who has been described as being, 'without honesty and principle!' I wish that I could speak publicly in defence of a man whose heart I know to be so large and overflowing; though much of the water, from not having the branch which Moses would have shewn him thrown into it, has unhappily been made bitter by circumstances. But when the stream gushes forth from his natural affections, it is sweet and plentiful, and as strong almost as a mill-stream. For his love partakes of the violence of his character; and when he gives it a free course, there is enough of it to fill a dozen such hearts as belong to the ordinary man of pleasure, and man of money, and man of philosophy, and to set the upper and nether mill-stones in them a-working. The loss of Missolunghi, a friend of his who was at Florence at the time told me, made him ill for a fortnight. 'He ought to have been more resigned,' some respectable man would say at hearing this. Perhaps, sir, he ought: perhaps he felt too much: but what shall we say then of those who felt too little, who felt nothing? what shall we say of the tens and hundreds of thousands of Englishmen who did not eat a mouthful of toast, or drink a spoonful of tea the less, for hearing of the subversion of a Christian fortress, and the destruction of its heroic garrison by hordes of barbarous unbelievers? And what I so strongly feel is, that while our estimate of ourselves must be the strict standard of the Gospel, our estimate of others must be comparative. He who feels any wrong, or cruel, or base thing more than others, and would go further to prevent it, must always have my good word. And being such a one, I must continue to value Walter Landor, while praying that the good he has already may be improved and hallowed, and that from being a man of men which he now is, he may be changed and lifted into being a man of God. Doubtless, there are passages in his 'Dialogues' which I should wish away; and amongst them, most of his attacks (and they are incessant where the subject admits of them) upon Popery. I do not like pulling and tugging at even a decayed branch of a fruit-tree, lest the tree itself should be shaken, and some of the fruit should drop off."

XII.

THE SHADOW OF THE CLOUD.

> "A religious life is not a thing which spends itself like a bright bubble on the river's surface. It is rather like the river itself, which widens continually, and is never so broad or deep as where it rolls into the ocean of eternity."—BEECHER.

IN the summer of 1832, Miss Clinton spent a month at Alton, where her warm affectionate interest in all that went on made her a general favourite. With her, the Hares had more enjoyment of the natural advantages of their home than they had ever yet done, making many pleasant little excursions in the "Dull carriage," or long rambles amongst the Downs, taking "Jack" the pony, and riding it alternately, and then stopping to sketch. During these expeditions, Miss Clinton's vivid perception of the beauties of nature, and her power of seizing and making the most of the picturesque and interesting points which even the dullest landscape affords, seemed to open a new world to them.

In the middle of August, Miss Clinton returned to London, and a few days after, the Hares left home to join Mr. and Mrs. O. Leycester, and be their guests at Tenby, instead of the annual visit to Stoke. When they reached

Swansea, after a very stormy passage from Clifton, they found the cholera raging there. In the next house to the inn they first went to, a number of people lay dead and dying, and the friends, not allowed to enter the doors by the town regulations, were standing in an agony outside, waiting for news. To their relief, they found, after some hours, that the hotel where the Leycesters expected them was in another part of the town, and they moved thither; and the following day, by carriage to Tenby. Cholera was at that time supposed to be exceedingly contagious: the favourite remedy was a glass of port wine, with twenty drops of laudanum, to be taken on the first symptom.

The remembrance of the summer at Tenby was always a source of peculiar pleasure to my dearest mother, because she thought that when they were together there, her father first learnt to appreciate and love her husband, to whose marriage with his daughter he had given a most reluctant consent, and with whom he had never got beyond a mere outside acquaintance, during the short summer visits at Stoke. She greatly rejoiced in the sensation which was created in the little town, whenever her husband preached in Tenby Church, as an opportunity of showing her father and Mrs. Oswald Leycester how much he was appreciated by others. And for herself, the summer was filled with days of entire enjoyment, spent in rambling with him amongst the rocky coves, sketching in their caverns, or in longer excursions to Pembroke, and Carew, and to Manobeer, where Augustus cut his name, and that of his Mia upon the ruin, and declared that if she were taken from him he should return to live there as a hermit, as the most utterly desolate place that he knew. Each day's companionship increased the delight which they derived from each other, and their entire unity already began to make their friends tremble as to what the effect of any separation might be upon the one who was left. This was peculiarly the case with Lucy Stanley. Speaking of the life which the Parrys (see page 228) were now leading at Tahlee, in Australia, she wrote at this time:—

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"Their happiness so much resembles yours. The foundation is the same—the oneness of mind, the sunny view, ever seeing the bright side of things; and if Bella is entrusted in her children with the one blessing withheld from you, she has to set against it, in her anticipations of the future, the thought that *this* is probably the most peaceful spot of her whole life, as from the very nature of his profession and character, it is unlikely that he will sit down idly even by the happiest domestic hearth, as long as there is anything to be done in the service of his country. You, darling, have a 'happy warrior,' whose arms you may help to brighten, and who is most at his post when by the side of his own 'wifie,' and in the midst of his people. May God bless you all *four*, and long continue to others the happiness of rejoicing in yours."

M. H.'s JOURNAL ("The Green Book").

"*Tenby, Sept.* 23, 1832.—Why is it that ruins of old buildings, independently of their picturesque effect to the eye, interest and please us so much? May it not be that they form a link between God's works and man's, having by time and the operations of nature become harmonized, softened, and in some sort likened to rocks and picturesque objects of natural beauty, whilst retaining the associations of former animate life? awakening within us imaginations of what has been, and calling up those feelings of sympathy for times gone by, and people who have lived before us, which in the ordinary course of life are altogether put aside. The suspicion and jealousy with which a pious mind perhaps is inclined to look at the works of mere man's creation, is here lulled to sleep, by the approach which such remains of former glory seem to make to works fresh from the Almighty hand. There is none of the hardness, the limitation, and the consideration of worldly interest, visible in the broken fragments left, which in a complete building fit for present use seems to draw the mind only to earth and its cares and pursuits. All harsh lines are done away, and the roof of open sky seems to connect the perishing materials of earth with the hopes of heaven. God's finger seems to have been at work here, no less in causing the decay of human art, than it appears elsewhere in the formation and arrangement of what are styled *Nature's* works, and wherever that finger is clearly visible, then one is inclined to admire in *adoration.* If we looked deeper into things, doubtless we should oftener trace that finger; but we are very much influenced by external things, and look not within: else how much should we find to glorify God in, from the works of *man* proceeding as they do from the most glorious work of God, the *mind* of man."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Tenby*, *August* 29, 1832.—Whilst you are enjoying the rocks and waves in your bays at Penrhos, I am delighting in them here. Our large drawing-room has a balcony overhanging a little garden; the said garden has steps immediately leading to the rocks, over which at high water the waves eddy and rush just as they do on yours: and at low water there are delightful sands for a couple of miles all along the shore. There are the ruins of an old castle on a promontory forming one side of the Bay of Tenby; and the rocks on the other are beautiful in colour and form. Then on the other side of the castle rock, where we are situated, we have the open sea before us, with a very fine rocky island called St. Catharine's close to the shore, and many caverns amongst the rocks, which are at the base of the houses. There are a great many people here, but they are not in one's way; and if the weather becomes fine, we shall find many a snug seat amongst the rocks and little bays or on the old ruins. I never saw a sea-place I thought so enjoyable or beautiful in itself as this, uniting so many advantages."

"*Sept.* 9.—Our days here pass by so quickly. How I should like to have had you by me last night as cloud after cloud, black and heavy as pitchy night herself, sailed over the beautiful moon, which from under them all shone so bright in the sea. . . . . Our Sunday temple for this evening has been amongst the rocks, watching 'the mighty waves of the sea,' as they came rolling up, one bigger than another, or dashing with their white curling foam over the rocks. They are now still raging and fuming below our windows, and the moonshine is sparkling most brightly on the wide sea beyond; but I will take my eyes off to talk with the dear Luce whose heart has doubtless this day, with ours, been raised up in grateful adoration to Him 'who is mightier than the noise of many waters.' We have not hitherto had much stormy weather on our side the coast, and it is one advantage of this place that one may always go to a calm or a windy shore as one pleases, by choosing opposite sides of the town. There is not a great deal to see in the neighbourhood, which I rejoice in; for I grudge the time not spent amongst the rocks and caverns here, and

I find endless subjects for drawing. We have been to see one old castle, Manobeer, and Augustus was so delighted with its lonely situation, he settled how if he lost me, he should like to fit up a couple of rooms and spend two or three years there, with no other companions than his books and the sea-gulls. He has hitherto been occupied since we came, chiefly in transcribing his Visitation Sermon for the press, and he makes himself very happy here: his delight in the waves and rocks is quite as great as mine, I think, and we enjoy seeing this fine scenery, the first we ever saw together."

"*Bath, Sept.* 28.—A Quakeress came with us in the packet from Tenby to Bristol, and I had a great deal of conversation with her. She was a druggist's wife, but we should never have detected any lowness of origin from her conversation: it was so sensible and full of love that all want of polish seemed done away. She told me so much of their discipline and modes of proceeding, and gave me some of William Penn's tracts. The gratitude she expressed for my talking so much to her, and the over-estimate she had formed of me during our voyage, quite humbled me. I wish I could tell you all our conversation. She said her heart yearned towards me from the first, when I sat near her in the packet, long before I spoke."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Penrhos, Oct.* 3, 1832.—Welcome back to Alton, my Darling. In your 'goings out and comings in' I follow you in spirit very closely. If you saw how I read your letters over and over again,—in the house,—in the tower,—on the rocks,—you would think they were well bestowed. . . . . I am now come up into my tower for the morning,—a wild stormy day, with driving rain, and break up of the summer weather. I have just read the chapter for the day, and I hope you have done the same; I like to think the same verse may perhaps be encouragement and comfort to each, though in a different way. The verse I stopped at just now was, 'and He saw them toiling in rowing, for the wind was contrary to them.' It has been my case lately; though outwardly our sea may look smooth, and the temptations and hindrances be such as the world cannot understand, we may nevertheless be 'toiling very hard,' feeling the wind to be so contrary, we scarcely make any way at all. And then, if the winds from without lull a little, a heavy ground-swell from within comes on, and the poor vessel almost forgets it has an *Anchor* ready, and a Haven worth all 'toiling' to attain.

"There is no verse in the whole Bible that again and again comes to me with such support as—'Be of good cheer; it is *I;* be not afraid. And He went unto them into the ship, and the wind ceased.' Who ever followed Christ, and could not say, Yes, many times He has come into my ship, and the wind has ceased, whether it came from 'fightings without,' or from 'fears within?'

"Last Sunday but one I went to my 'Chapel on the Rocks,' and when I came to the end of the Epistle, I saw under it written, 'Alton, Sept. 4, 1831,' the last dear Sunday I spent there last year, and I shut my eyes to see that little church, and that blessed and beautiful countenance, and the Mia by my side, and the naughty school-children, and the old attentive faces; and then I opened them again on the broad blue sea before me, and thanked God who had given them another year of such happiness as few of His ungrateful creatures will *let* themselves enjoy, for He gives the same materials to many."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Alton Rectory once more, Oct.* 9.—The last day of the fine weather, Dull brought me safe home from Bath, and a delightful drive it was, with the thoughts of Alton and the dear husband before me. There he was in the Devizes road, all ready to welcome his Mia after our three days of separation. You may guess how joyful a Sunday ours was, with Augustus in the pulpit, and all the listening old men and women, in the place of fine bonnets and gay gowns. . . . . I have a new plan which I hope will turn out useful. It is to have a weekly meeting in Gideon's cottage for as many mothers of families as like to come. They are often unable to go to church, and most of them, I suspect, too ignorant to learn much when there, and if I go to their cottages they are generally engaged in washing or something unfriendly to one's doing any good. Betty Smith seemed quite delighted with the proposal, and said she knew many who would be glad of it. So on Thursday, at two o'clock, I am to have the first. Perhaps the dear Master will give us a prayer.

"I am sure there is a good in one's absence from home and the break in one's regular duties, one returns to them with so much greater zest, the people are disposed to be more pleased when they have missed us much, and one begins as it were afresh with renewed hope and energy, feeling all the more how blessed a privilege it is to be allowed to work together as labourers, however humble, in the vineyard."

"*Oct.* 29.—Augustus had a most melancholy letter from Mr. Rose the other day upon the prospects of the Church. . . . . As far as the Church of Christ is concerned we know that she stands on a rock not to be shaken, and, if persecutions do arise, I doubt not many will be strengthened and confirmed in their faith, and much latent zeal will be drawn forth. But for England as a nation, if through love of wealth, or expediency, or principles of *worldly* economy, such as those advocated by political economists, and nowadays even by women (Miss H. Martineau for instance), it casts off that beautiful Christian edifice which has bound together jarring interests and *forced* upon the people that instruction they would in many cases be slow to seek for; or if, by lowering the condition of its clergy, it leaves the higher classes to the influence of all the temptations of their situation, without reverence for those appointed to teach them, what will she have to answer for, and what hand but that of a merciful God can carry us through the evils she may expect to draw upon herself?"

M. H.'s Journal—("The Green Book").

"*Alton, Nov.* 3.—How immediately self enters into everything we think or do! If we are in the course of duty led to any exertion, however small, we are apt to be puffed up by it, 'I have done this,' 'I ought to be thanked.' A return of good crop is expected from the seed sown, and often there arises a secret wish that others should know what has been done. Now this is not that love 'which seeketh not her own,' and of all its characteristics I suspect this is the hardest to make ours. Poor and worthless as we may feel ourselves in the abstract, or when comparing ourselves with the standard of Truth, I fear in particulars, in the *detail* of our lives, we are but rarely conscious how *little* we are. And why is this? Because 'we compare and measure ourselves by ourselves,' that is by others weak as ourselves and who may do less. And even this would not be so unfair a rule as we make it, if our imaginations would only invest our fancied inferiors with the advantages and trusts committed to *us*, and suppose what they would do then. But we take people as they are, with all the circumstances of their relative positions unallowed for, and compare our own doings with theirs, and take credit to ourselves for the contrast, without bearing in mind that our talents may have been five and theirs one. And truly it is an awful thought to consider that God's justice must weigh the means vouchsafed to his creatures in the balance with their attainments when we think what those means have been to us, how singularly great and numerous, whilst the hindrances have been so few; and when, further, the nothingness and weakness of our return is estimated without being held up by the self-delusion of our own hearts.

"'In all reforms I would cut off all abuses that cling round an institution as far as possible, but take care to preserve the principle unimpaired, and to restore it to its original use. In constitutions, as in individuals, what suits one will not suit another, and the true wisdom is to perfect the one you have, and not seek to substitute another that may not adapt itself as well to the different circumstances of the case.' This, or something like it, Augustus answered to my question of how far one ought to concede in such matters as Reform. It requires, however, more skill and penetration than falls to the lot of many to define the exact limits of that principle—how much is the *essential* part, that root which may not be touched, how much the *accidents* that may safely be pruned away. The moment a wound is inflicted on a vital part, the animated being droops, withers, and at last dies; but so nearly is that vital part connected with members not vital, that till the consequence follows, the nature of that wound may be unknown."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Alderley*, *Nov.* 19, 1832.—I have such constant delight in 'Valehead Rectory,' to which I have recourse again and again, when my thoughts grow downwards, from mixture with this most earthly earth. The poetry is beautiful, *after* long acquaintance, and I never close the book without having gained some of the feeling for which I opened it.

'Valehead Rectory' always seems to me in prose what the 'Christian Year' is in poetry, and what Augustus is in human nature."

"*Nov.* 30, 1832.— . . . Since I came back I have been reading much in the works of the holy and beloved Leighton. I never can read many pages of him, and think of anything else, which I can do, most unhappily, with most others. He is so truly the essence of the Bible, and raises one gently above the earth, and the view of one's own sinful self, to the full contemplation of the high standard we are aiming at. Dear old Jeremy always keeps me too much in contemplation of the extreme ugliness of sin, and I think I can get away from it most easily by fixing my eye on the 'Beauty of Holiness;' but *both together*—Leighton and Taylor—would be a religious library sufficient for any Christian who did not live in the fifteenth century."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Alton*, *Dec.* 22, 1832.—I hope this may reach you on Christmas Day, that it may bring us more forcibly to your mind's eye, join us more earnestly in your prayers, and communicate to you something of that share of joy we shall be feeling with you, in the coming again of that blessed season. It is a comfort to think that others are feeling it with us, and that Christmas is to many a quiet hidden soul bringing its glad tidings, not the less surely because it is, alas, in these times, only in secret that the real joy can often be felt. It is, indeed, sad to think that in a Christian country, and uniting as most do in Christian worship, this should be so—that the Name uppermost in our hearts should not be allowed to pass our lips, and that the *real* cause for rejoicing is the one that cannot be even hinted at. But we must not turn to the sadder side. Let us rather think of the many thousands who have, by the first coming of this day, been turned from darkness into light, and of the peace and comfort to our own hearts springing up with the assurance of 'a Saviour which is Christ the Lord'—that He who thought it not beneath Him to lie in a manger, and be subject to infant weakness and human suffering, is now mediating for those whom He has redeemed—watching over their struggles, and sending His Spirit to guide and to help them, more powerfully than when on earth He comforted his apostles by words and deeds. It is, I do believe, our little faith which chains down our thoughts to the mournful recollection of our own weakness, instead of leading them upwards to forget ourselves in the adoration of our Lord and Master, and which so prevents our feeling our hearts burning within us, and makes us serious instead of glad. When, however, we see how little there is of *Peace on Earth*, no wonder if we are often sad; and these days of political excitement are more especially unfavourable to it. We do feel most thankful to be out of reach of it altogether.

"Yesterday, being St. Thomas's Day (on which Lady Jones always gave her gifts), the blankets were given out, and Augustus was as happy as you can fancy him being, calling the people in, one by one. We *lend* them till Easter, and they are most thankful. Truly my path lies through green pastures; my only grief is that I am so little thankful, that I do not love Him more who pours upon me such abundance of earthly comforts. God bless our dear Luce."

L. A. S. *to* M. H. (during an illness of Augustus).

"*Dec.* 31, 1832.—I cannot help the abiding conviction that here all will end well. Klopstock lost his Meta, and George Herbert's wife was left early a widow! Still it is perhaps a great comfort when we feel that sanguine hope, though we cannot always give a reason for it. When the rod falls, we bow beneath it, and meekly and fervently love on. We shall not, shall we, be worse off, for having *hoped* that in our case the cup may for a while pass by, though we know there is no reason why it should. Your Christian letters come to me like angel-songs, from a brighter and purer world. Yesterday I wrote you a long letter, and burnt it to-day, because I thought it discontented, Oh! if we could but remember that our Master's eye is *never* off us,—that He *saw* His disciples 'toiling in their ships,' though they knew it not.

"You and I must feel somewhat differently at the close of a year, though in much together. I shake hands joyfully with the old friend, and hail the new one, as a step nearer *Home*,—not, I trust, with a morbid feeling—I can never be unhappy in this life; but the very thought of what is called Death is a sensation of joy to me, which none but you can understand, and you perhaps hardly yet. I do earnestly hope the feeling is not a presumptuous one, still when I am happiest the feeling never varies, though hardly does it bear putting into words. And it is now on the stroke of twelve; in a few minutes the old year will have passed away. God bless you, my dear ones, and may the close of every year find us with our lamps burning, that if our Lord calls us, we may not fear to follow Him. What a thought it is—that to any one of us, this *next* year may be the entrance into eternity!

"The church bells have just struck up, and they are ringing in the New Year; the hand of my clock is on the twelve. At this moment our prayers may be ascending together to the throne of Grace. Almighty and Blessed God, Father, Saviour, and Comforter in one, bless us and keep us through the year just opened on us,—guide us with Thy counsel, strengthen us with Thy might, and afterwards receive us into glory. To Thee, O God our Saviour, be all glory, majesty, dominion, and power, both now and ever. Amen."

In the autumn of 1832, after he had taken possession of the Living of Hurstmonceaux, and had given directions for the addition of several rooms to the house, Julius Hare set out for Italy with his friends Worsley and Landor, visiting Holland and many parts of Germany on the way. Almost all the interesting letters in which he described his travels and his first impressions of Rome to his brother Augustus were unhappily destroyed by Mrs. Julius Hare. Scarcely any memorial of this journey remains but his letters to his brother Francis:—

JULIUS HARE *to* FRANCIS HARE.

"*Augsburg, Oct.* 27, 1832.—It is a month to-morrow since we (that is, Landor, Worsley, and I) left London: we saw the great Netherlandish towns, and the treasures they contain, pretty well; spent a couple of days at Bonn, one at Frankfort, and another most delightful one at Nuremburg, which we all agreed in admiring above all the towns we have ever seen. Landor says Rome is nothing to be compared to it in point of beauty and interest."

"*Vicenza, Nov.* 15.—. . . . We have been seeing much, especially in the way of pictures, though of course rather too rapidly: and both Landor and Worsley have been most delightful and instructive companions. At Munich the Gallery was closed; but we saw the Glyptotheca, Schliessheim, and Schelling, who, now that Goethe and Niebuhr are gone, is without a rival the first man of the age,—I know not who is the second. We had three glorious days at Venice, that is, in the picture way, for it rained the whole time. Our last morning we employed in buying. Landor got a Schiavone for himself, and, with inimitable skill in bargaining, a beautiful marriage of St. Catherine by Giovanni da Udine,* and an exquisitely lovely head of St. Cecilia (a Perugino, or early Raphael—Landor inclines to think the latter) for me, for a hundred louis,—so that Hurstmonceaux will again bear witness to the family love for the arts. This morning we spent at Padua. What magnificent relics there are there! The hall must have been the finest room in the world, as large, to judge by the eye, as Westminster Hall, and covered with paintings by Giotto, Mantegna, and other mighty painters. What a place, too, is the chapel of the Eremitani. Giotto seems clearly to be, with perhaps the single exception of Raphael, the greatest genius that painting has yet seen, at least in the modern world."

"*Fiesole*, *Dec.* 11.—Here at Florence, from being at Landor's villa, I have not been able to do as much as I might otherwise have done. But I have learnt to worship Raphael more devoutly and reverentially than ever, and I have seen the Niobe. Many other admirable things, too, have come across me. Pietro Perugino is divine, but the picture at Bologna is still lovelier and heavenlier than any here. In Fra Bartolomeo I am disappointed, his drapery is mostly the best part of his pictures: in the famous St. Mark it is the only good one: the expression is bad. The Job seems to me poor, the Isaiah miserable. In single figures, he, as far as design goes, is a thousand degrees below Correggio, the four Evangelists on the cartoons for his frescoes are the sublimest single figures I ever saw. The Resurrection, in the Pitti, is very magnificent; and perhaps, however,

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* There was a replica of this picture exhibited at Burlington House, in the Loan Exhibition of 1871, where it was attributed to Marco Basaiti, 1470—1520.

I should have thought better of him, but that Landor had led me to expect something almost equal to Raphael. The Fra Angelicos in S. Marco, are exquisitely beautiful. John of Bologna, too, is a very great man, though I think, in spite of Landor, very inferior in genius to Michael Angelo; and to place him above Phidias and Praxiteles seems to me to be utter nonsense. The Mercury is a singularly agile figure, but not a god, unless it be a *dieu de la danse*. The Rape of the Sabines and the Nessus seem to me to be much too violent for sculpture, with too many projecting points. His Oceanus, however, and still more his Neptune at Bologna, are very grand. What a grievous thing it is that Michael had not a little of Raphael's meekness, and was not content with doing a thing most beautifully, unless he could astound and amaze. His Madonna and Child at Bruges is worthy of Raphael; his angel at Bologna is as lovely and angelic as any of Perugino's; and yet he could paint that monstrous and anatomical abortion in the Tribune. He is almost always grand however, and full of genius: every time I walk before the Palazzo Vecchio, I am struck with awe by his David, and nothing can be more solemn and majestic than his Giulio de' Medici, and the four figures at the feet of the monuments.

"*Rome, Dec.* 20.—We just arrived here in time to take one walk round St. Peter's before the *venti-quattro*. The general effect of the exterior seems to me much less fine than St. Paul's: the dome does not harmonize well with the flat roof beneath it. But the dome itself, the colonnade, and the interior, are unrivalled. Our sitting-room, in the Via di Monte Brianzo, looks down upon the Tiber, and over it to the Castle of St. Angelo, the Mont Mario, and St. Peter's.

We were greatly delighted at Siena by the admirable

Raphael and Pinturicchio frescoes, and by one of the most beautiful Peruginos in the world. The three Sienese painters are by no means ordinary personages,—at least, Razzi and Pacchierotto are often very great: Beccafumi seemed to us very inferior to his two compeers. We found a beautiful Pierino del Vaga too, though sadly disfigured by dirt, and a number of other good pictures, at the house of a Cavaliere Brillanti.

" *Twelfth Day*, 1833.—Many happy returns of the day to you. This always used in old times to be a festive day with us; and I wish circumstances had allowed of our spending it together. Your children, I trust, are brought up, as we were, with a due veneration for the Befana: she seems to be nearly as worthy an object of worship as many that find votaries here. We do not seem to make much way through the map of materials before us: on the contrary, the horizon seems to widen as we advance. Hitherto, however, holidays and religious ceremonies have stood a good deal in our way: but the puppet-show at Ara Cœli to-day has given us our fill of the latter, and the next, I hope, will be a clear week, without any obstacle or interruption. Yesterday, we spent the morning at the Borghese, but only got through four rooms, and even those incompletely: for when there is leisure, we find it much more profitable to see few pictures at once, and study them, and discuss them, and try to make out the characteristics of the master's style. What a superb collection it is! though even in it are evidently some misnomers, and Sassoferrato has the post of honour, when there are twenty greater painters in the room. The Garofalo's there, at the Doria, and at the Sciarra (the two landscapes in the best Venetian style), have given me a much higher notion of him than I had formed before: surely many of the numberless monotonous repetitions of the same conventional heads in the small pictures fathered upon him, must be by his scholars. The colouring is always good : indeed in this respect the Ferrara school come near to the Venetian : but very often they have little merit besides. Your old favourite, Dosso Dossi, is multitudinous and of all sizes at Modena : but there did not seem to be much in him. The early Peruginesque unfinished Raphael at the Borghese is, I suppose, an historical picture. But I should be inclined to doubt whether the portrait said to be of himself in his youth by himself, is either one or the other. That by Timoteo della Vite is a very interesting picture : his beautiful Magdalene at Bologna had taught me to admire him. Raphael's Deposition is certainly a most beautiful and sublime picture ; but I think the Germans go too far in calling it his finest work. The Spasimo, so far as one can judge from Trochi's fine engraving, seems to be so, or at all events to stand by the side of the Sistine Madonna. In the Deposition the central figure of the corpse-bearer, which people praise for its muscular strength, seems to me a grievous fault. Rubens may make his Crucifixion an occasion for displaying nerves and thews ; but Raphael was too heavenly for such things."

To A. W. H.

"*Rome, Day of the Purification.*— . . . . I rejoiced when I left England in the thought that, till I returned thither, I should not see another proof-sheet ; and lo, they are threatening to pour in upon me of all places in the world here in Rome. Here in Rome, where one has so many better ways of spending one's time ; where authorship seems to be the last thought that ever enters anybody's head, I seem to be fated to publish, and of all things in the world, a sermon. I preached the Sunday before last, and, to suit my sermon to the time and place, took, 'What went ye out into the wilderness to see ?' for my text, and the evils and dangers of living abroad for my subject; and, as I had resolved, followed your example in scolding the misbehaviour in the churches. But you know people rather like to be scolded, at least, when the scolding comes from the pulpit, and is not immediately personal. Vehement preachers have always been popular; and so in the following week a number of the congregation expressed, through Mr. Burgess, a strong wish that I might be induced to print it; and as the applicants were personally unknown to me, I felt myself forced to set about trying to get a papal *imprimatur*. The chief said he had already heard a great deal about my sermon, and if I would take it to him to read over, that he might see there were no objectionable expressions, he would be very glad to give me his license. Here the matter stands now; but people say if the license is granted, it will be a great point, for that it will be the first instance of a Protestant sermon printed at Rome. To make amends for the trouble it will give me, I have had one or two very touching expressions and thanks. Far the most delightful thing was a note from Bunsen (the Prussian minister), who was there, and borrowed the sermon after church, and read it into German to his family in the evening. Next morning, before I was dressed, I received the following note, which I send you in the original:—

" 'Theurer Freund, erlauben sie mir dass ich sie mit diesem Namen begrüsse. Ihre gestrige Predigt hat mir bewiesen dass der Grund auf welchem unsere Verbindung ruht, zu tief liegt um von der Sturm der Zeit berührt zu werden; ein Grund der Gemeinschaft der ihnen meine anhänglichkeit fürs leben verbürgt, und mich mehr als je wünschen lässt ihre Freundschaft fürs leben zu gewinnen.'

" You have heard something of Bunsen, and know that I expected to like him very much. I like him far more than I expected, and hardly know any man who unites so many high merits, without, so far as I can see, a single defect. He is one of the friendliest, most amiable, liveliest, most sensible, best informed, most entertaining of human beings, overflowing with kindness, good humour, with high spirits, most actively and unweariedly benevolent; and I have never discovered the least spark of ill-nature in him, or of selfishness, or of vanity, though we are constantly together. Over and above everything else, he is a man of the strongest, purest, most fervent piety. Circumstances have in some degree given another turn to his studies, else his own bias would have been to devote himself entirely to religion. Even as it is, he has done a great deal. He has made a collection of German hymns, a large octavo volume that he has selected from above eighty thousand. He is engaged, too, in publishing a complete collection of Christian liturgies, and has made great researches in all ages of the Christian Church for this purpose. Nay, he has himself printed a liturgy for his own chapel here, drawn in great measure from ours, or rather from the same sources; but it differs from ours in some very important points, and I think mostly for the better. The German Protestant chapel itself, too, is entirely his creation, and has been of very great advantage, among other things, by having put a stop to the conversions which had previously been so frequent among the German artists. . . . .

"As for Rome, dear Rome, it seems as if I had seen nothing of it; and yet I have seen more than in all the other towns I ever was in put together—more objects of love and of thought. It will be a great grief to me to leave her with the thought that I am never to see her again: yet it will be a great happiness to have seen her, and having been seen, she will become a part of sight."

M. H.'s Journal—(" The Green Book ").

"*January* 14, 1833.—A new year! To how many is it nothing but an old one; new in nothing but its name, old in the strengthening of all former propensities; old in indolent habits; old in time wasted or misused. The point is to ascertain how much it is wise to retain of the old, how much ought to become new. Perhaps in these days there is more danger of casting off too much of the old than there is of neglecting to adopt the new. Change is the cry of the day, and though the new may only be what is old, new-cast and under a new form, still there is the restless desire for change, and the extravagant hope that all good is to be effected and all evil done away by such a re-modelling of things. But I am led away from my first idea, which was rather a practical and moral one—to consider within ourselves how the fresh stage of life ought to be a new one in its most useful sense. Now it seems to me a clear principle of Christ that we should never stand still—never feel satisfied we are doing enough; else why have we a model before us of perfection we never can reach, if it be not to stimulate us onwards, leading us on step by step, and ever keeping before us a point yet further to be attained, both to keep us humble and excite us to action? Each year, then, should be a stage of advance in our own souls, by a growth in Christian grace and a weakening of natural corruption, and also an advance in the work we are called to, whatever that work may be.

"When I look back on the mercies of the past year, how ashamed and humbled do I feel to think how my heavenly Father has watched over, preserved, and blessed me, and how little I have given Him in return—how little of love—how little of prayer—how little of service! Yet let me hope it has not been altogether in vain; that some few seeds of good have been sown though there ought to have been an abundance of them; that some few feelings have been strengthened and realised, though many have been sluggish. Alas! how much readier we are to dwell upon the few miserable little grains of wheat in the year than to seek out and mourn over the harvest of tares! How much more willingly my mind turns to the hope that I have acquired more power of realising to myself the constant presence of God my Saviour, than it does to the more certain fact of how often I have failed in trusting and believing—how little I have shown my sense of His presence. . . . .

. . . . "One thing I am very sensible of in the past year—a great increased perception of the variance between the principles of the world and those of the Bible. The having so constantly before my eyes in our retired life and parochial duties the higher views of Christianity, and the reading so much more than I used to do of theological books, and so much less of worldly publications, has quickened my perception of the difference, so as to strike me forcibly, either when mixing with others or reading the literature of the day. But perhaps I leave out the chief cause—the living with one whose whole life is based on Scripture principles, and whose whole thoughts and practice are alike resting on that sure basis.

"How little am I duly thankful for such privileges and blessings as God has bestowed on me, in my situation and in my most precious husband, with whom I have been allowed three years of such uninterrupted happiness. Oh, may I be more grateful, more loving, more faithful to Him who gives me all His best gifts in such abundance, and may He bless them to us both, so that we may be yearly more devoted to His service, and more earnest in our calling, not forgetting, whilst we strive to better others, that we, too, have a great work begun which has to be perfected, and for which we must not cease to watch and pray!"

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, Jan.* 5, 1833.—Our New Year's Day was a very happy one. After church prayers (which we have on all saints' days and occasional services), the Sunday school, fifty-six in number, assembled in the barn to receive their prizes for their tickets. I invited the Piles and Miss Miller to see, and whilst I sat at one end with the list of names, &c., Augustus gave to each, as called, his or her packet, consisting of the sum for their tickets, made out in scissors, work-bags, books, handkerchiefs, stockings, &c. Being the first reward-day they have ever had, of course it was thought the more of. We made them a speech, and then they begged to sing a hymn the mistress had taught them to surprise me, and away they went. The schoolmaster, mistress, the clerk, Gideon and his wife, and our old cook, came to eat beef and plum-pudding with our servants, and did not seem least pleased with Mr. Hare's going to drink their healths, and wish them a happy new year afterwards."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Jan.* 6, 1833.—The beginning of another year of life does indeed seem overflowing with thoughts and feelings, mercies past for which we cannot feel grateful enough, and opportunities to come for which no prayer nor faith seems sufficiently strong. Last year we began the year with cholera impending over our heads, revolution threatening us. Now we are mercifully freed from one evil, and the other is at least for a time removed to a distance. Still so weak is my faith, that I am afraid I look back with greater pleasure than forward. And yet the same God and Saviour who has been with us through the one will no less surely be near us through the other, and overrule all things for good. You and I must, of course, feel differently on some things; and I can only for myself personally desire to have a continuance of present happiness, with greater earnestness and zeal in making use of the great privileges I now enjoy. Still, blest as I am, could Augustus and I both leave the world together, I should look forward to the moment of entrance into eternity, where sin does not dwell, as a moment to be humbly wished for. As it is, since one may be taken and the other left, we can but resign ourselves wholly into our Master's hands, and entreat him to make our will one with His."

"*Jan.* 21.—Let me tell you of Augustus's first attempt at what in Wickliffe's time was called *Postilling*. It was luckily the 41st of Isaiah last Sunday morning, such a fine chapter, and his exposition was so plain, being extempore and from the desk, that I think many must have learnt much. He prefaced it by telling them how Scripture used to be thus explained till man perverted the practice, and that was no reason its advantage should be now lost, after so many years. He told them a good deal about the nature of the Prophecy, and the different senses it bore, and the difficulties attaching to it, and how its perfect completion was probably not yet come. I suppose it was quite as long as a sermon, and the people were most attentive. We had the real sermon, as usual, in the evening."

"*Feb.* 2.— . . . I am so glad that accident has brought A. and C. together again. All my observation has always confirmed me in my belief, that half our harsh and uncharitable judgments of others would be removed could we but look into the windings of their hearts, and see all they had to contend with, and how much more of wheat lay beneath the tares than we should outwardly guess. . . . . It is well, perhaps, that *we* differ in some points, for I am afraid you are inclined to set us up far too high on your shelf. The many little rubs of opinion which would occur in living together, do not arise in absence, and only what we have in common comes out; so that in thinking of us, you are too apt to associate all that you delight in, and not to feel that were you here, perhaps you might find many things you would not agree in or altogether approve."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

" . . . The next time I clear out the 'Chambers of Imagery,' I will examine well and see whether there is any foundation for the accusation, that I put you on too high a shelf. I think it is just possible; but as I shall probably be absent nine months for once during our lives, you will allow it must be better for one's *growth* to be always lifting up one's head to a shelf *above*, rather than stooping to look on one below; and it is in your power, you know, dearest, to make this mistake, if it be one, useful to you, and equally so to me. Let it make you aim high; strive *to be* all in absence I fancy you are. Whichever of us be foremost in the race, let the other 'urge her with their advancing tread' (St. Andrew's Day, 'Christian Year'). Remember you have a great advantage in being allowed the privilege given to the 'Herald Saints of old,' going forth by two and two; whereas some are those in the situation of the poor man (Luke viii.), who, when he had been cured, and had once heard the voice and seen the countenance of His blessed Master, pleaded hard to remain with Him, but was refused with that striking answer, 'Return to thy house.' Christ will not always let us remain close to Him. He sends us away to work in a corner of the vineyard, where there are perhaps few who can join in our song. He will see whether our love is true, and is it not enough to make us work on, and joyfully, when we do know that the Master's eye is ever on us, though we see it not."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Feb.* 9, 1833.—Yesterday, about three o'clock, your poor friend Mary Browne breathed her last, and I trust exchanged her sorrowing and weak earthly tabernacle for 'the Conqueror's song.' I was with her about ten minutes before the end, when she was perfectly sensible, and knew me as I stood beside the bed. She lifted up her hand when I uttered a prayer for her, and muttered with her lips, but could scarcely articulate. Her cough has been very bad for some time, but there was no change to excite any alarm till a few days ago, when she took to her bed, and has not been up since. From the last Sunday I thought she would scarcely get up again, and, as you may guess, have been every day to read to her, but a dying-bed admits in most cases of but little spiritual assistance. I have in the last year attended four, and certainly the impression left by all has been how little in general a person in so great a state of bodily suffering is capable of thought or attention to the concerns of their souls, more especially amongst the poor, to whom mental exertion is at all times so difficult. With respect to poor Mary, all that she was able to bear or follow was select verses such as she knew before, and chiefly ejaculatory ones out of the Psalms, and the hymn of which you sent her two verses, which she knew quite well. I hope and believe her mind was more at peace for the last two days than she had been previously, and she expressed her readiness to go and trust that she would be happy, while still lifting up her heart in prayer and beseeching that forgiveness of which she so much felt the need. . . . . To me there is a feeling quite beyond describing in standing beside one hovering between this world and the next as she was yesterday; seeing the struggle of the earthly frame, and knowing that the spirit, still alive to visible things, will in a short time have fled to—where—we know not: that in so brief a moment all that is invisible and unknown to us is before her; that she whom one has so long taught in heavenly things will know so infinitely more than we do. She knew Augustus, and fixed her eyes on him as he prayed by her very earnestly. He went up the hill, and returned a quarter of an hour after, and all was over. She has so long been an object of interest, that it seems quite a blank to think one shall never see her sitting in the chimney-corner again, or have to cheer her sad grey eye with the blessed promises of Scripture. Hers was a very extraordinary case. I cannot quite make it out; but latterly I have rarely adverted to her own feelings, thinking it better to lead them forward than allow of retrospect; so that I cannot exactly say how she felt, but not I think till the last two days essentially different from what you remember her. There was then more of resignation than of joy or hope I think, but I am satisfied there was much of bodily infirmity in her, and I always think of her in the seventy-eighth Psalm—'Will the Lord cast off for ever,' &c., 'and I said this is my infirmity.'

"I am always so struck by the different ways of considering death, and the light and indifferent tone in which it is spoken of by those people to whom it *ought* really to be a subject of terror, one should suppose they looked on it as they would on that of an animal, to hear it spoken of as it is by many; but the fact is that what is beyond is to them no reality, but so vague an impression, it exercises no influence over their ordinary modes of thinking and speaking. How can one be thankful enough for the glorious hope held out to us, for the privilege of knowing and feeling the truth!"

"*Feb.* 12.—Your letter to poor Mary Browne must have been written nearly at the time she was breathing her last in this world. On Monday I took it, and with the Master went to find John Browne, who was at work in our field, and there, getting under shelter from the high wind, read (with some difficulty, I confess) your letter to him. He said it was a beautiful letter, turning away his face that we might not see his tears, and put it in his pocket, and I promised to go and read it to him again some day when he was at dinner, that Polly might hear it. . . . . I fully intended to have gone to the funeral, and was ready waiting for it, when so violent a storm of rain and thunder came on just at the time that I could not go; but I saw them from the window, and thought how poor Mary's spirit was rejoicing perhaps, instead of entering the church as on former occasions cast down and disquieted within her. Only one Sunday before the last she was in her corner at church wishing probably for that peace which she has now entered. You cannot think how much I seem to miss her, having for so long been an object of interest, and her last illness was so short. . . . . Sometimes when I look back on my Stoke life and my feelings as M. L., I can hardly believe in my own identity. Either that time or this appears to have been a dream, I hardly know which, but quite as often the latter as the former, and I have at times a very strong impression of the time to come when the dream will be over. But in our brighter moments of faith, one can look forward without trembling, with perfect confidence in that blessed Saviour who has thus far guided us in safety, and will not, we feel assured, leave nor forsake any who look to Him, and Him only."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

Alderley, Feb. 12, 1833.—Poor, and yet most happy Mary Browne, I had no idea her end was so near. Every night when I have gone to bed, for the last ten days, I have arranged my lamp so that its light might fall on the white cottage in your picture which hangs within my bed. I little guessed that her spirit had already fled while I was praying that she might be comforted. How glorious a change for her, for of her safety I trust we need have no doubts. For you, my Mia, it must be very good to live the life you are now leading, and twenty years more of such daily experience in yourself and others will, I think, prove a truer and better key to the right meaning of the seventh of Romans than any searching into man's writings or critical examinings. . . . My own Mia, you know how I may say your earthly happiness is mine, so vividly do I enjoy it with and for you; but do you know that it is my reserved comfort to think that if now God were to cloud over a part or even the whole of that happiness, I could even then think of you without trembling; and this is as much my prayer as for the continuing of that happiness; and may that God and Saviour who has guided you so far bless you both still, and pour into all our hearts more and more of that most excellent gift of charity that we may bear all things, believe all things, *hope* all things, and *endure* all things."

"*Feb.* 20.—There is no command oftener sounding in my ears than this, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works.' Every day I see how it is the more necessary for the lamp to burn steadily and brightly, for the conduct to be consistent, uncompromising, and gentle; for often perhaps, when a word would not be borne, an act of forbearance or self-denial might be remembered in a cooler moment. Yet so often, when my tree is shaken, does there often tumble down a *crab;* any one might be forgiven for doubting the care and attention I pay to the *root.* I fear, by nature, it was such an inveterate crab, it requires a fresh graft every year to make it bear *any* fruit."

M. H.'s JOURNAL—("The Green Book").

"*March* 4.—I seem to myself to have got a clearer notion lately of the different steps which are attained in religious progress, and a difficulty I have felt in reconciling what I see with what I read in Scripture seems to be diminished. There are two distinct classes, say the Evangelicals, those who serve God and those who serve Him not, and I see and acknowledge the truth. Still one cannot look around without feeling there are many who are far removed from being indifferent or careless as to their duty—who do sincerely desire to do it, and to a certain degree do serve God more than the world, and yet that these same people are equally far perhaps from that simplicity and reality of Christian faith which makes Christ's service and his yoke a delight and a joy to them. Now may it not be that such persons are in fact *Jews* in heart and practice? Of *God* they have a reverence and fear—they serve Him outwardly, they acknowledge Him inwardly—but of love as a principle of action they are as yet ignorant, consequently their religious service consists in outward acts. Of Christ as a Saviour and Mediator they rarely think, and consider the reference to Him as the great cause of our hope and dependence, as rather of a fanatical spirit. In such persons year passes after year and no change is visible; the same round of duties is performed, but the spirit which should animate them continues dormant, nor do their worldly thoughts or opinions betray any symptoms of leavening. Of such persons it is untrue to say that they despise or are regardless of God; but their service is one of fear, and their creed scarcely less enlightened than that of a Jew. People do not consider what it is that distinguishes Christianity from Judaism, and fancy themselves Christians before they have left the old slavery of the letter and form."

It was in March, 1833, that a bad cold, affecting the throat, and a violent cough, formed the beginning of the illness from which Augustus Hare never recovered. A slight paralysis of the nerves on one side of the face caused severe bleeding to be resorted to, which materially weakened the system. For some weeks he was confined to the house, and his mind was filled with anxiety. Mrs. Stanley wrote from Alderley urgently desiring to come and assist in nursing him; but to this he refused to consent, preferring that she should postpone her visit to May, when he hoped to be well and able to enjoy it. In April, all anxiety seemed over, and he was able to resume his parochial duties, and delivered an address upon his first reappearance in his little church, which was afterwards printed in consequence of the impression it made upon his people. During his illness they had shown the greatest anxiety about him. "It seems as if one of my own children was bad, not to see Mr. Hare about," said one;—and when he was recovering—"I be just about glad Mr. Hare's better, for he *is* a good friend to all of we."

A. W. H. *to the People of Alton* (Address in Alton-Barnes Church).

"Indeed, brethren, I know not how it may have been with you, nor whether you have missed me, during the time I have been kept away from you: but I can truly say, that I have missed you. I have missed the well-filled benches near me; I have missed the familiar faces in the gallery; I have missed the delight of praying with you, and the pleasure of instructing you. At the season of the great festivals, and especially during Passion Week and Easter, the spirit of the coldest Christian is more alive than at other times. It is impossible to hear the history of Christ's sufferings,—how He was scourged, and nailed to a cross, and left to hang there till He died, amid the mocks and laughter of the bystanders,—it is impossible for men to hear all this with their ears, and to have it almost brought before their eyes, and to know that Jesus went through it all for their sakes, that they might be forgiven, and might live,—it is hardly possible for anybody to hear all this without having his heart burn within him. These then are the seasons when the minister who loves his people has most pleasure in speaking to them and teaching them. He loves to strike while the iron is hot, while the heart is moved and softened, in the hope that at such a time, by God's grace, his words may sink deeper. And yet it was just at this particular season, when I should so much have enjoyed being with you, that it pleased God to affect me with sickness, to separate me for a time from you, my people and friends. Do not suppose I murmur at this dispensation: far from it. God knows best what means and what instruments to employ for the conversion and instruction of his people. If I had been in health, you would have been taught by me alone. As it is, you have had the advantage of hearing different teachers; and it may be, the words of some of them may have sunk deeper in some minds, and have done them more good, than anything I should have said, if I had preached to you. If it be so, God be praised for it! Yea, God be praised for my sickness, even if it had been more severe, if it be the means of calling any one among you to a knowledge of His saving will! But still it did grieve me much, that I could not be praying with you and teaching you. Never did the little church appear more beautiful in my eyes than on those Sundays, while I looked at it with a melancholy pleasure, and watched you as you went into God's house, or returned from it. Truly, at such times, I could well have said with David, 'How amiable, how lovely are thy tabernacles, thou Lord of Hosts! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord.'"

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*March* 27.—'Shall we receive good and not evil at the hands of our Father?' Well may we feel that, bright as our sunshine is and has been from year's end to year's end, we may endure, and bless God that He has thought fit for a brief space to send this cloud to overshadow our joy, and make us more fully sensible how dependent it is upon His good pleasure. Now, when it has pleased Him to bless the means used and give us again a gleam of sunshine, I begin to feel more what a fearful dream I have been in for some days past, and I do more fully cast myself before His throne, who might, had He seen fit, have chastened me so much more severely. My precious treasure looks still very ill, and coughs sadly. Many an anxious moment yet remains before I can feel sure that it will please his heavenly Physician to restore him to former vigour and health; but there is so much improvement, I indulge a hope he will be able to bless me and his people, and do such little humble service as he can render his Master on earth. His own mind has never for a moment been disturbed; it has been calm and serene as the most peaceful lake."

"*March* 28.—God be praised my mind is now at ease, and the cloud is breaking fast and letting the sun shine through again."

"*April* 2.— . . . I have felt during my anxiety that I could not utter long prayers or well connected ones; but that my whole life was a continual prayer, and for this reason I rejoiced to be alone. When I was not in the room with my beloved Aug., which was only at mealtimes, and when I went out into the garden for a short time, I felt I was alone with Him who could help, and would assuredly strengthen if I asked; and though I *could not* feel ready and submissive to resign all at his bidding, I did pray most sincerely to be enabled more and more to be brought to this, and that the present warning might in this way be blest to us both. I am certain I was able to go on better from having no one, no not the nearest and dearest friend to speak to and dwell upon the circumstances when at liberty and leisure to do so. When I was not engaged with him, it was far better to be thrown upon one's own reflections, which naturally led one above this world to seek His grace and comfort, who will hear, however weak and faithless our petitions are, and miserably weak one does feel at such a time. . . . . And now that it has pleased our Lord to take away His chastening hand and restore to us our bright earthly happiness, you must pray for us, my own Luce, that we may not forget *how* thankful we should be. *Now*, indeed, there is no fear of it, with the remembrance of the anxiety so lately felt; but our hearts too soon get used to their blessings, and forget how easily and how readily they may be taken away."

"You may think how sad it is to have Easter without its usual minister to officiate, no Wednesday's service, and no evening lectures. Last night, for the first time, he read a few verses and a collect to the servants, but with so trembling a voice he could scarce get through that, and it made him cough so that I fear it will be long before he will be fit for Sunday duty."

"*Easter Tuesday.*—My darling Augustus is going on well. I wished for you so on Friday. Half an hour before afternoon church, Mr. Majendie came. Augustus and I had arranged the room ready, and he administered the blessed bread and wine to Marcus, Mary, Augustus, and me, and you may suppose all we felt in so receiving it, with the prayer appointed for sick persons. . . . . Marcus went yesterday; he is one of few words, but loves us much."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*March* 29.—I need not tell you how I have suffered with you in these days. I have indeed felt, what I always said, that in *one* affliction I should be to you a miserable comforter, and what else could the dearest and most sympathizing friend be? Well it is for us that there *is* a friend whose ear is open to the feeblest call for help, and whose power to give that help is all-mighty. We must not forget under whose hand we are fainting. Though a grievous east wind has for a little season blighted your beautiful gourd, let us lift up our hearts in humble and cheerful confidence, and rest them on Him who doth never afflict willingly or grieve His children. Perhaps after four years of such unvaried happiness, some little check was necessary, to remind you more strongly that there is danger in giving all our affections to one created blessing, however precious and love-worthy that blessing may be. You do not feel now you *could* say, 'Thy will be done,' and yet it is what God will have his children say, even when he takes away their all. It is perhaps good that you should be obliged to contemplate what nature shrinks from as too hard to bear, and though you cannot now pray long or connected prayers, your whole day must be a *striving* in prayer, to be conformed to God's will and to have none but His; and when our beloved Augustus recovers, though you thought you loved God before, you may find that this was wanting, though by your own heart only the lesson may be known. I am so glad 'Marcus' is coming to you. Tell the dear Augustus I have great faith in the simple united prayers of a loving parish, and if no church can be opened, the prayers offered up by his people for his recovery in their separate cottages or at their work will avail much."

"*Alderley*, *April* 8, 1833.—I feel that you know all I have been thinking in the last week, for our hearts will have been offering up their tribute of joy and gratitude and humiliation at the same gracious throne, and gaining from the contemplation of our Saviour's sufferings and glorious resurrection fresh supplies of strength, to go on our way rejoicing 'with fear and great joy,' as the Marys did when they found the sepulchre empty and Jesus risen —*fear* lest we should not sufficiently honour and carefully follow such a Master, and 'great *joy*' because we know and are assured that in those dreadful hours of suffering He bore the punishment we each and every one must have incurred; and it is not the least thing we have to be grateful for, that we live in these days, when eighteen hundred years have gone on proving the truth of our Saviour's words, and gradually and to the letter so fully accomplishing all things, that we may almost wonder how it is our faith ever wavers, or how such a miserable being as an unbeliever or doubter can still exist. I sometimes think if one could but show to any one the love, the peace, which Jesus can create in our hearts, they must long to feel it too. Yesterday morning, as I was walking through the wood to church, with everything in nature to make glad the spirit—the songs of the birds, the myriads of flowers, the bright sun—I thought how many would allow it was delightful and most gladdening, and say it required no *peculiar* religion to feel grateful and happy while the senses were under such an influence; but *only* the believer knows and can testify that those same joyful and thankful feelings, which bring tears to the eye, and overflowing gratitude to the heart, can be felt when all is dark and dreary around, when the animal frame is under no sunny influence, and when in this world perhaps our way must be lonely and often beset with thorns. God's sun shines most warmly on our hearts when the world's sun shines least; and who that has once felt its reviving rays would not easily spare the other's, if it be his Master's will. . . . . I do not ever remember passing Passion Week in so peaceful and happy a frame of mind as this last has been. I could hardly have felt more glad or *warmed* up; and whenever I was at prayer, it seemed as if the thought of Augustus's recovery was the one drop to make the cup overflow. How clear it is that the Bible was written for the creatures of a changing world; if we had no sin to mourn over, no afflictions to wean us, half its pages would lie useless. There is one woman in the Bible whose example comes oftener to my thoughts than any other, because hers was a simple, straightforward faith I think one might attain, and should if one aimed higher—the Shunamite—she did not doubt for one second but that it was *all well;* but it is so difficult to feel secure with God when a trouble comes. How you will watch over your gourd when it quite revives; but remember, dearest, you must not watch *too* anxiously, or let your heart beat *too* easily; the best way to ensure its stay with you will be to trust it wholly and calmly in God's hands.

"I think I helped my thoughts very much the last week to keep singly to their object, by carefully reading only what was done on each day, and as far as possible bringing before myself what passed; then, not having read any of the chapters before, those on the Resurrection, with all connected, came more forcibly, more powerfully home on Easter Sunday. I do not think in the round of life there is a moment more overpowering, more thrilling, than when the organ peals forth accompanied by those anthems preceding the collect—'Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us.' Oh, we ought to be very joyful all the year round, come what will on our journey, when we think *what* our home will be—who, the Friend, the Master, preparing our mansions in it.

"Alderley is looking most beautiful. The wood is one sheet of daffodils and anemones—larches all greening, and every hedge ready to burst into full leaf. I think even Julius would allow that a mass of young larches, in their first fortnight's unsullied coats, is a refreshing sight."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*April* 13, 1833.—Your plan was exactly one we were talking of one day as so useful—that of realising more the passing events of our holy week; and though there was no church service except on the Friday, as there would have been had the pastor been among his people, at home we got our little chapters and prayers in the evening. Now he is weak in voice, I generally read the verses, and then he comments on them after; he reads the collects and prayers, and I say the Lord's Prayer, and so we jointly get through our little humble service. . . . . Augustus's confinement and inability to do anything is more trying perhaps now when he is better than it was when he was entirely incapacitated; but God's will must be ours, and his time ours, and slight indeed is the trial of our patience He at present sends. May it prepare us for the far greater that may one day be our portion."

"*April* 21.—I cannot close this day—so beautiful without, and so full of thanksgiving within—without making our dear Luce share in its great blessings. The sun has shone with almost a summer heat, and the air, for the first time this spring, has been most balmy and delicious, as if to invite the dear pastor once more to his church. He was afraid of undertaking a full service or the whole morning one, so got Mr. Caulfield to take that for him; and this afternoon we had the happiness of going again together into God's house. Scarcely could I restrain my tears when he entered his desk, and you may think how freely they flowed when, before the general thanksgiving, he rose up and said that, having been so long unable from illness to officiate in that place, he begged now to offer his humble and hearty thanks to God for being restored again to health, and then in the customary place added, 'especially for Thy servant who now desires to return thanks for thy late mercies vouchsafed unto him.' . . . . My dear Luce will need but to be told the facts of to-day to lift up her heart in joyful thanksgiving with us for the mercy God has shown us in thus restoring us to our great and undeserved happiness; and the extreme loveliness of the day, combining to fill and soften our hearts, has made it one continual feeling of praise. Once more did we take our walk in the fields after church, enjoying together the heavenly day; and since dinner, for nearly the first time, I took my way down your well-known lane and up the Luce path, and looked down on the lovely view, with a beautiful sunset glowing all round, and felt that heaven would indeed be on earth were all within as beautiful as all without, if in those peaceful cottages there were no sin, and all were love. I miss sadly poor Mary Browne in her chimney-corner, to speak a consoling word to as one passes by. Patty grinned from ear to ear as she expressed, in more words than I ever heard from her before, how 'comfortable' it was to see Mr. Hare in church again. Old Hannah Baillie almost cried her joy, though it was evidently saddened by his looking so ill. The other day, in coming across the field, she quickened her step most gladly at hearing him call her; but her countenance soon fell as she turned to me—'How bad he do look'—and her merry eyes did not get back their sparkle. I fear the dear old woman is weakening in bodily strength, but if she ripens in spiritual, one must not regret it. She is one of the *little* ones whom Christ will not despise; for she hath given of her two talents, two in return."

"*April* 30.—The dear Augustus has been getting on, though the weather since those two warm days has not been kindly to him. He has been out two or three times in the Dull carriage. Stronger he certainly is, and on Sunday morning, by leaving out the Commandments, he got through the whole of the rest of the service, and once again preached to his dear people. He spoke to them about all the seasons that had passed during his sickness, and his feelings during it, in such a way as to melt a great many to tears, and head after head sunk down. Such occasions it is a great pity to waste; and when their hearts were thus full of affection for him, their minister, we may hope his words were blest with more than usual efficiency to their souls. He got through it very fairly on the whole, and has not suffered from it. The Sunday before, old William Hams told me he could not help crying in church to see 'how bad he did look; but God in heaven be praised, he is out again.'"

"*May Day.*—To-day we are to have all the men of the parish to hear the Rector's new plan for them—that he will pay the malt duty for all who wish to brew at home. Since he formed his plan, Parliament seems to intend taking it off; however, that will not be for a year, and I daresay they will not value his thought for them the less."

"*May* 16.—I am sure you will fancy yourself in the little church. Now Augustus has got to two services again; it seems quite like old times; and yesterday, Ascension Day, we had prayers and a 'postilling,' as usual. What weather this is; I never knew so enjoyable a May. In a week everything has become perfect summer, and the foliage is quite thick. I am writing to the music of a swarm of bees, which, as usual, have betaken themselves to our chimney."

"*May* 28.—Last night we had our thanksgiving supper, the preface to which was the verse out Nehemiah viii. 10.

Twelve dear old people thankfully partook of 'the portion prepared for them,' and expressed much joy at seeing Mr. Hare so well again. To-day the grass was begun to be cut, and the master is full of delight at the thoughts of his haymaking. The orchard was all down by six o'clock, and, after a due consultation of authorities, the croft is now under Gideon's hand and scythe."

"*June* 3.—The dear Luce had her full share of our thoughts and wishes in the happy return of the most blessed 2nd of June. It was a lovely morning, and, weak and miserable as our thanks are, I did feel my heart overflow with gratitude in thinking of the four years of perfect and uninterrupted happiness that has been granted to us, with, lately, the added blessing of Augustus's recovery to health. Here, in church, with all the delightful service and Augustus's two dear sermons—one in the morning, the other at the six o'clock evening service, on the Trinity—you may think whether I wished or longed for any one blessing more, except that of a more grateful heart, and more power to utter all the overflowings of one's feelings. It is a great delight having the Stanleys here, and I rejoice that K. should think Alton a loveable place and a haven of peace and rest from worldly cares and troubles."

AUGUSTUS W. HARE *to* W. W. HULL, Esq.

"*April* 19, 1833.—As to repenting of my intention of fulfilling what we deem to have been our aunt's wishes as to the charities in her will, if I have anything to repent of it is of my pride—supposing it to be pride; but I hope it is a joyful thankful feeling, miscalled pride, that two of the three subscribers besides myself to this charity fund should be my own dear brothers. And Francis would have been of the party too, but for scruples of delicacy, and a notion that, by joining to pay the charities, we are practically censuring and assuming a sort of superiority over those of my aunt's heirs who do not contribute, and who happen to be at least as numerous as ourselves, to say nothing of *his* having already given up three-fourths of his share to the person for whom he believed my aunt designed it. I ought to add, that our fourth contributor is our cousin Mrs. Dashwood. We give £250 apiece, because we see that our aunt in every will set apart a portion for public charities, which seems to us to manifest a settled purpose; and as the money was hers to do what she pleased with, we hold that we ought to be thankful for such a portion of her property as she chose to give to us, her own relations. For the rest, it is not ours, we conceive, and therefore we feel ourselves bound to apply it according to her supposed intentions. On examining the various memoranda we determined that we would take the £4,000 (a sixteenth of her property) as our standard, and our contributions accordingly are in that proportion. We four contributors have received between us a fourth of her property, and we contribute £1,000 between us; and I do feel joy and thankfulness that Julius should have been the great promoter of the scheme, instead of saying, 'Oh, if there had been a will I should have had double or triple;' while Marcus, on the other side of the Indian Ocean, came to the same conclusion after consulting with his own heart, and determined, long before he heard our scheme, to give his money himself, let others do as they might."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Leamington, May* 2, 1833.—Yesterday we went to visit our Wesleyan Methodist friend, Mr. Whitehead. Do you remember in our favourite tract it says, how much easier it is to talk of religion than to talk religiously? He does the latter. . . . . I see that the holy Calvinist and the holy

Methodist walk on the extreme sides of the narrow path and yet their eye is on the same object, their hand on the same staff, and if either faint or fall the same words of Hope and Comfort lift them up. It is impossible not to feel this strongly when living with Christians who are one in spirit, but two in doctrine.

"This is the first true summer day, so very lovely, and 'while the earth herself is adorning this sweet May morning,' I am unfolding, like a leaf, under the sun's influence, and thinking how, if we lived more in prayer and praise, more habitually grateful for the never-dying hope of a Christian, we should feel all the year round something as we feel on such a morning as this; but we cannot have all here, and must rejoice as we can in our poor little houses of clay."

M. H. *to* C. S. (after her leaving Alton).

"*June* 4, 1833.—The house seemed very dull without you all yesterday, and yet the returning to our old ways makes it rather like a bright vision than a reality that you have been here at all. We had a charming drive to Manningford in the evening, though it was tantalising enough to exchange it for a dinner party, even with such a sight as Miss Elizabeth Penruddocke in lilac hat and feathers, yellow lined cape, and a bright green gown."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Malvern, June* 9, 1833.—We reached Devizes from Alton in forty minutes, and as the rich unbroken country on the other side passed before our eyes, we determined that Alton was far more interesting, far more desirable—in fact, its external is but a type of its internal character, all so separated, isolated, cut off from the surrounding world; while in all other places there seems such a mingling that there is no saying where one ends and the other begins."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Stoke, June* 24, 1833.—Stoke looks very pretty, and we are very happy here; it is such a pleasure to see the old man of eighty as young and sprightly as if he were twenty. . . . . It seems so odd seeing and knowing so little of the people, and I feel quite ashamed of myself in having formerly been so little amongst them, and having lived so dreamy a life, for *myself* always. The shadow of M. L. haunts me here and there, and strangely bewilders me sometimes in the changed feelings of M. H. I suppose I shall never quite lose the mixture here, but the result is a most thankful feeling and a strong sense of increased responsibility."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Stoke, June* 26, 1833.—Julius has arrived in England from Italy, and talks of coming here for a day on his road to Cambridge! He is much delighted with the thought of Augustus and Marcus having furnished his dining-room for him. 'My parsonage will certainly be held out as an example of the luxury of the clergy. And now I shall be able to sit at my solitary mutton chop, with my Atlantian sideboard to bear three knives and two forks, and with eleven splendid morocco chairs stuck round the room, calling for ghosts to come and sit on them. My aunts, too, are going to bedizen my drawing-room. I have everything I can want, just as if I had Fortunatus's cap without the trouble of wishing; but the heart-gladdening part of the matter is that the wishes are anticipated by the thoughtful affection of my friends, and that too while I am far away. God bless you all; would I were worthy of you.'"

Towards the end of July, the Augustus Hares went to

Alderley Rectory, and while they were there Marcus Hare was invited to Alderley Park, which he left engaged to Lucy Stanley, the beloved friend of his sister-in-law.

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Alderley*, *August* 28, 1833.—My heart is too full. It is like a cup full to the brim, and I am afraid of letting one drop escape, for fear the whole should overflow. The only thing I am sure of is, that amid all its contending feelings, a sense of grateful happiness is at the top, and that I may cheerfully and confidently go forward, assured that the same Father and Saviour who has led me thus far, will never place His weak and strength-needing child in any pasture so beautiful, as to make her forget the everlasting home, where there shall be neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but when, as St. Mark's hymn ends,—

'The saints beneath their Saviour's eye,
Fill'd with each other's company,
Shall spend in love th' eternal day.'"

JULIUS HARE *to* M. H.

"*Hurstmonceaux*, *September* 9, 1833.—God be praised for the great blessing he has bestowed on our dear Marcus and on us all! I know you will deem it a blessing; so will Augustus, who already loved Lucy as a sister; and I feel as if it will also be a very great one to me, although I have hitherto remained in the background, and perhaps, but for this marriage, might never have become cordially intimate with her. Meetings of two or three days, with years between them, are a scanty foundation for friendship to spring from. Now, however, the ice is broken; she will assuredly do us all much good; and I hope and trust that she herself will be a gainer by the marriage, that at least in this world it will make her happier. It would have been a great thing if Marcus married a person who did not slacken the bonds that unite us; but he seems to have chosen the only person in the world that will draw them tighter and closer. Marcus's speech to Lucy, 'that he had never in his life done what he liked, except in marrying her,' seems to me one of the most beautiful compliments (that is not the word, but I cannot think of a better) ever paid; and we who have known him from his childhood know how true it is. It would be indeed very delightful if I could bring you here from Alderley. I should like to have you here while everything is in full beauty; and though my house will not be in apple-pie order, you will not growl very much at that. Besides, I shall try, if possible, to get Marcus and Lucy for a day or two on their way. I know that every day will be precious to them, and I would not ask it, if I did not think that I might be of some use to them, in talking to them about what they are to see and admire, and showing them some of the spoils I have brought back from Rome, such as prints, casts, and so on, which will prepare them for what they are to find. It is a matter of great importance to have one's eyes properly opened. And oh, what a joy it would be to me to have my two beloved brothers and my two beloved sisters here! My big house would not look lonely again through the whole winter. The very chairs would begin to dance and sing for joy, instead of standing so sullenly round the room, scowling, because, in spite of all the temptations they hold out, nobody comes to sit on them."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton*, *August* 25.—A beautiful day took us from Stoke to Malvern. We sallied out as soon as we had had a cup of coffee, I on a donkey and Augustus on foot, and had time for a charming ride round by the south seat, with a flood of light from the setting sun on the view. Yesterday morning, having breakfasted, we set off on two donkeys and rode to Little Malvern—a beautiful morning, and it quite reminded me of one of our Pyrenean rides. What a lovely place it is, and the church quite beautiful! I do quite delight in Malvern, we enjoyed it so much. At ten we set out on our journey, but Augustus's throat and chest were so bad he could not speak much. We got home at half-past eight, Aug. thoroughly knocked up, and it is very provoking bringing him back much worse than he went."

On the 18th of September, Augustus and Maria Hare returned to Alderley, where the wedding took place on the 24th. While there, his failing health was so apparent that the family persuaded him to consent to give up his duty for a time, and to accompany the newly-married pair to Italy, all difficulties about expense being overruled by Mr. Leycester's liberality.

M. H. *to the* MISS HARES.

"*Alderley Rectory*, *September* 29, 1833.—My dear aunts, the bells are ringing a merry peal to tell the world that Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Hare are one; so let me give our warmest congratulations to you both, that this most happy event is now really completed, and the awful ceremony over, which has linked together for life two so dear to us all. . . . . The morning was very wet and stormy, but the church was as full as it could hold, and the view, looking from the side of the altar where we stood, was very striking, with Marcus and his trembling bride in front of the altar, the bridesmaids behind them, Sir John and Lady Maria on each side, and all of us ranged in the chancel round. Edward Stanley read the service very impressively.

"You will be very sorry to hear that my poor Augustus has been suffering a great deal from his cough, and he took the opportunity, the day after we arrived here, of going over to Bodryddan to see Dr. Warren. Both he and Dr. Brabant agreed in thinking a cessation from duty and exertion of mind so essential to his recovery, that after some trouble, by the united entreaties of all here assembled, he has at last consented to put a curate into our house for the winter months, and leave Alton, in the hope that he may return to it strong and well, and able to resume his duties without suffering from it. And where do you think we are to go to? We have actually decided upon accompanying Marcus and Lucy to Italy, where we doubt not, under God's blessing, our dear Augustus will be restored to health. There seemed at first many difficulties attendant on this scheme, but the chief one, which was the *money*, my father has helped us out of, and all others are no consideration where so great an object is to be attained."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton*, *October* 3.—This has been a sad week. Augustus's cough has been much worse since we reached home, and he has been very weak and incapable of any exertion. Yesterday and to-day I think he has begun to rally a little, otherwise I felt quite in fear how he would bear the travelling, being so weak.

"The way the people speak of our going is very touching. There is not a dissentient voice about the good of it, if it is likely to do Mr. Hare good, though mixed with regret of their own. An old man in Great Alton, who fell down yesterday and broke his thigh, told Augustus to-day, 'Ah, sir, when I could not sleep last night, I did pray God would bring you back to us safe and well;' and that seemed the uppermost thought of his heart in the midst of all his pain. They of course look at his pale face and think him worse than he really is. It would never have done to stay here and be unable to do anything. It grieves him so to be a cipher in his own church. We have some trouble in getting help.

"I dare not trust myself to say all I feel for your great tenderness and affection for us, dearest Kitty. God bless you for it, and make us thankful for having, in addition to our own happiness in each other, so much in those nearest and dearest to us."

"*October* 14.—Our new curate is Mr. Robert Kilvert, who seems, from his great gentleness of disposition and his earnest desire of doing good, to be just fitted to teach our rustic people; and, with his sister to teach in the schools and look after the female part of the flock, we shall leave our parish in great comfort."

L. A. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton*, *Sunday*, *October* 20, 1833.—I know you will quite understand how much easier it has been in the very short time I have been here to wish to write than to do it. I need not say how I enjoyed the journey yesterday, with the prospect of Alton at the end, or how my heart beat at the first sight of the White Horse, and the wild soft Downs; or how the fulness of joy quite equalled all my anticipations, when we drove up through the little gate, and saw first Augustus's head peep out and vanish from the study window, and Maria the same from the drawing-room above. *You* can guess the feeling of finding one's self in this pretty room again, looking out on that peaceful view, and feeling one's self indeed Maria's sister. To-day has been a blessed day, and one never to forget. There was only morning service at the little church, which Mr. Majendie performed.

Augustus had said his taking any part, or preaching, was out of the question. I was not therefore prepared to see him quietly, at the end of the service, open the pew door, and ascend the pulpit, from whence he spoke twenty-five minutes, without any coughing, and scarcely any appearance of nervousness. He took Acts xx. 32, dwelt very slightly on his leaving them, but went through the verse, showing how he commended them to God, and to the word of His grace, and how that could build them up. He ended with the twenty-seventh verse of the first of Philippians. I need not try to bring before you the attentive faces in the gallery, or the occasional blowing of a nose, or Maria's tearful yet happy face, or my feelings of the purest, most perfect happiness I ever felt on earth, when I knelt at that little altar, with my husband on one side and Maria on the other, and received the cup from Augustus—that part he was able to do. No one who had seen him kneeling before the table yesterday, and watched the earnest prayer and expression of his face, could ever forget it. Not one foreboding of evil came across me to disturb the joy, and I think not across Maria. Even when his cough for a moment disturbed one, it gave one no anxiety. I felt sure he would return to his people stronger and better than ever."

Those who were present retain a touching remembrance of the love which Augustus Hare manifested for his people at a farewell supper which he gave to them in his barn a few days before he left England. After he had parted from them with prayer and a short exhortation, he was sitting quietly in the drawing-room, when the singers, underneath the window, unexpectedly began the Evening Hymn. Quickly unfastening the shutter, his face working with emotion, he threw up the sash, exclaiming, "Dear people, how can I leave you!" and then sank back on a chair quite exhausted by the mental conflict, and then a terrible fit of coughing came on.

Tuesday, October 22nd, was his last morning at Alton, and many were the sad forebodings which his looks inspired in the hearts of his people. "They seemed," wrote Mr. Majendie, "to realise during his sermon on the previous Sunday that they were about to lose him, and they then began to sorrow most of all that they should see his face no more. His manner during that service reminded one of the lines of Baxter:

> "'To preach as if you ne'er would preach again,
> And as a dying man—to dying men.'"

On the Tuesday morning, Miss Miller, who had become especially endeared to him, went in to take leave. He gave her a little plant to take care of for him, and then said, "You also are a young plant, you know, and a young plant must make great shoots. I shall expect, when I come back, to find you have made great shoots—shoots of grace and holiness." As she was going sadly away across the little field in front of the house, he called her back. It was to speak to her of James Norris, one of her father's workmen, who had taken to drinking. "You must treat him very tenderly," he said; "he cannot be driven; he must be very tenderly dealt with."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Southampton, October* 23, 1833.—From dinner to tea yesterday Augustus had a succession of people come to say good-bye. He had them in the study, and gave a suitable word of exhortation to each, and was much touched by the simple and varying manner in which they spoke of our going. Tuesday happily was a fine morning, so that I could go round and take leave. Poor old Maslen sent a message to say if Mr. Hare had any orders to leave, he begged he would write them down, for he could not bear to come and wish him good-bye. . . . . At half-past eleven we got into the carriage and drove away, and certainly, by the time we had got over the 'Brow,' I felt the relief of its being over.

"We reached Southampton at half-past six, and found Marcus, Lucy, and Julius. You can imagine no enjoyment more perfect than that of our evening together. Lucy was at the summit of happiness."

The amusing difficulties of Julius's housekeeping were the chief topic of that last evening; he had already spoken of them by letter.

JULIUS HARE *to* A. W. H.

"*Hurstmonceaux, October* 15, 1833.—With regard to pupil-taking I wanted to know your opinion. . . . . I myself am no less averse to it than you can be, both from taste and from principle; for I fear that even without them I shall have little time enough for anything beyond the work of the week, and I cannot help grieving at the thought that all I have been doing, all I have been labouring to acquire for the last five-and-twenty years, is to be utterly thrown away, and for what? In order to do, or rather to fail in doing, that which tens of thousands would have done quite as well, and thousands far better than I can do. Your womankind won't understand or sympathize with me in this; but they are no authority on such matters. Women are too purely heavenly-minded—that is to say, when they are so at all, religion is to them everything; and they cannot see religion in anything but religion. Science, philosophy, statecraft, they know nothing about, and therefore of course cannot care about. But as I am two thousand pounds out of pocket by my living, I am not sure that I *ought* not, as a matter of duty, to take pupils, so long at least as that I may lift my head above water, and clear off my debts. What Marcus says about my parting with my servants I do not attach much weight to. Elphick is the only one who would be a great loss, and he would rather cut his hand off than quit the place; only, if his wife goes, he will cease to be an indoor servant. . . . . I must say a little more about Mrs. Elphick. It is true she is not your Mary; but where can I find another Mary? She has lived before in this house; and where could I get any one else? My cow, though an Alderney, and a delightful gentle creature, certainly gives very little and poor milk. This may be partly owing to the badness of her pasture, which, as we had hardly a drop of rain for above twelve weeks, is, or rather was the other day, so wretched on my hill, that the cattle took to browsing upon the sweetbriar hedge. I myself saw Elphick churning away, and no butter would come of it. That this is not a thing totally unheard of appears from that delightful passage of Ben Jonson quoted in the Phil. Mus., ii. 211. That Mrs. E. is not inexpert in dairy lore she proved last year, when they bought an old cow of my uncle's for four pounds (mine cost eleven), and made near two hundred pounds of butter in six months. But that was with an old-fashioned churn; mine, that gives nothing, is a new-fangled one, that is turned round like a wheel. On my return from Alderley, when I was asking whether the cow was improved, she told me what struck me as strange, that they never used a drop either of milk or cream for the servants. With her, she says, it does not agree, and that she never eats any butter. 'But what have the men for breakfast?' 'Bread and cheese, and meat and beer.' Well, this accounted for the magnitude of my butcher's bills, and my great consumption of beer. But of course, unless it be the custom to allow them only bread and milk for breakfast, I can scarcely set the example. The women have tea. 'What is done with the milk then?' 'Given to the dogs, or thrown away.' This set me on inquiring. 'Thrown away' does not mean given to the pigs, for I have none yet, nor a stye. Such vulgar animals were not allowed to come near the rectory under the *ancien régime*, and the carpenter has had too much to do hitherto in providing lodgings for my books, which even I thought deserved to be helped first. As to *dogs*, I believe I have none of Arctis sort. But George (my foot-boy), who has a great love for animals, has a spaniel; and a Newfoundland was brought the other day for approbation, but was too beautiless for such a slave of the eye as I am. So after some days he was dismissed.

"I had a letter to-day telling me that another beloved friend is on the point of taking a wife—Digby. His letter is one of the most singular I ever read, one of the most melancholy, and one of the most beautiful. He mourns over the prospect that he must no longer be melancholy, over 'having been made to know the very alarming truth that he is a rich man,' about having 'been made to hear that he is supremely happy in this world!' 'I do feel,' he says, 'a secret horror at the thought of rest and happiness on earth.' I have also an interesting letter from Arnold, who says, 'As you met Bunsen in Italy, you can now sympathise with the all-but idolatry with which I regard him. So beautifully good, so wise, and so noble-minded! I do not believe that any man alive can have a deeper interest in Rome than I have; yet I envy you nothing in your last year's stay there so much as your continued intercourse with Bunsen.' And all these men are my friends, my dear fond friends, loving me and esteeming me, so far above what I deserve. I can never keep my heart from bounding with gratitude, when I think over the long list of great and good men who have deigned to call me friend. . . . . And now I must have done. So God bless you, and mind you, as our dear aunt used to say; for body-minding at least you are in sore need of."

END OF VOL. I.

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